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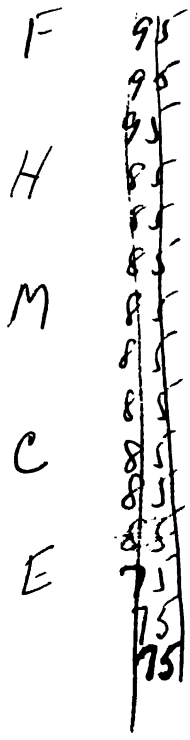
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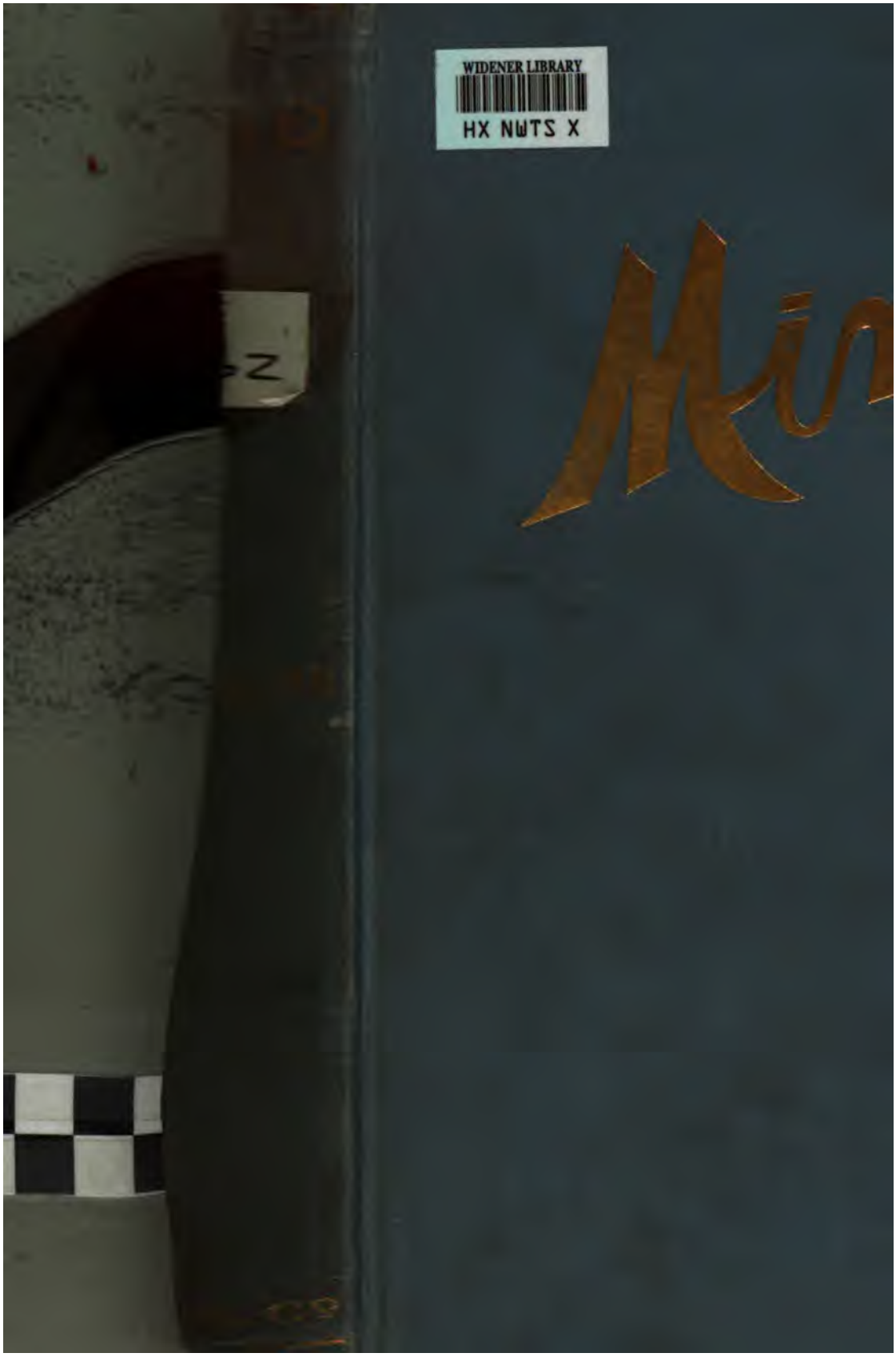
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MIND

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1897—MARCH, 1898.

NEW YORK
THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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In liberated moments we know that a new picture of life and duty is already possible. The elements already exist in many minds around you of a doctrine of life which shall transcend any written record we have.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

MIND: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL AND ADVANCED THOUGHT.

JOHN EMERY McLEAN, Editor.

Business Announcement.

MIND is issued on the first of every month.

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PROSPECTUS CONDENSED.

Sincere friends of the cause of spiritual freedom and universal brotherhood have for some time been impressed with the need of a strictly high-class periodical representing *all* phases of the "new thought." It is confidently believed by keen observers that their fundamental principles are identical, and that the establishment of this unitary basis would greatly facilitate the work in every legitimate field of action.

In full recognition of this demand, The Alliance Publishing Company begs to announce the publication of "MIND." This periodical will owe allegiance to no school, sect, system, cult, or person. Its sole aim will be to aid in the progress of mankind through a cultivation of the knowledge of Truth wherever found, regardless of individual prejudices and preconceptions. The responsibility for statements made in signed articles will be assumed by the individual contributors; but it shall be our constant endeavor to get such material only from authoritative sources.

A question of vital importance to humanity is the prevention and cure of disease through the understanding and application of Law, which regulates life in its varying phases of spiritual, mental, and physical development. Our treatment of this subject will be truly instructive and educational. The teaching will relate to practice as well as to theory. Although this science of healing through mind is taught under many names and has various modes of application, yet it is essentially simple and practical, and we shall hope to give to the abstract principles a concrete setting at once beneficent and convincing.

Among the many occult and psychic questions that may be regarded as within the purview of this magazine are: Reincarnation and Adeptship; Telepathy, or direct thought-transference; Hallucinations and Premonitions; Phantasms of the living and Apparitions of the dead; Clairvoyance and Clairaudience; Psychometry and Psychography, or independent and automatic writing; Inspirational Speaking; the Mediumistic Trance; Spirit-photography, so called; Phrenology and Palmistry; Astrology and Symbolism; Hypnotism, its therapeutic and medico-legal aspects and attendant phenomena of auto-suggestion and multiplex personality. The study of comparative religions will be made a feature of this magazine and dealt with in an impartial and satisfactory manner. Well-written articles of moderate length are solicited from competent authorities on these and kindred subjects.

While granting due credit to Hindu metaphysics and the mysticism of the Orient in general, we are yet inclined to look for the development of a Western Psychology that will harmonize with the conditions of life in the Occident, at the same time tending to promote the spiritual welfare of the race as a whole. "MIND" hopes to become a factor of increasing importance in its growth, and in the work herein outlined we invite the co-operation and support of all true lovers of humanity.

MIND.

VOL. I OCTOBER, 1897. No. 1.

PSYCHOLOGY IN LITERATURE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Three obvious reasons why, of late, psychology has so largely entered into literature are, first, for its own sake; secondly, because students of philosophy hoped by its means to solve problems that had long perplexed them; and thirdly, because imaginative writers found in its cultivation broader horizons and more subtle effects. Underlying all these was the fundamental reason that Man is beginning to turn from the materialistic investigations that have characterized the present century to the more spiritual view of the universe which is to be the keynote of the centuries to come.

The Psychical Research Society was early in the field, applying itself to the useful function of collecting data. It aimed to follow the methods of material science, or to proceed by induction. It thus hoped to placate the prejudices of scientific men, while keeping on the "soft side" of those who regard matter as a mere temporary mode of spiritual life. I will not say that between these two stools its professors came to the ground; but it seems probable that they might have arrived more quickly had they stimulated and oriented their inductions with a little deductive speculation. They have accumulated a huge mass of "cases," which they have been at great pains to authen-

ticate; but the influence upon public opinion has not been commensurate with the work done and the time spent.

Spirit refuses to disclose itself save to those who search for it with the talisman of faith. No great enterprise is without its risk. So long as I fear the sneers of the Huxleys and Spencers, I shall never find out anything that is hidden from them. If I insist upon setting forth with the agnostic doubt whether or not spirit is, I shall never prove anything beyond the fact that matter exists. Faith opens an eyesight that was hitherto closed. The objects visible to this eyesight are infinitely more distinct and reasonable than anything that the scientific eye can see; but, for that very reason, they can never be demonstrated to the scientific apprehension. Facts can be proved; but truths, which underlie facts and are the source of their appearance, are above proof. They are discerned by intuition, which is the child of faith. The Psychical Research Society was too timid for faith, and remained consequently blind to the revelations of intuition. Members of that Society have from time to time put forth tentative theories to organize their phenomena; but these theories were necessarily handicapped by the absence from them of spiritual intuition. Although they are by no means destitute of useful features, yet they have failed to win support or rouse enthusiasm.

On the other hand, the deductive method has suffered from injudicious friends. Faith, and the vaporings of ignorant imagination, are quite different things. As human beings we must plant our feet on the ground before lifting our heads above the clouds. We must make our psychical speculations harmonize with recognized physical facts. Persons untrained in natural science and philosophy are hardly competent to undertake the exposition of hyperphysical truths. Nevertheless, many amiable writers have come forward during the past few years with

volumes explaining the universe. Each has had his or her disciples. None of their systems are devoid of truth; but all alike have failed to answer the test of serious and thorough criticism. The books are rich in suggestion and insight, but they do not support one another; and, if all of them were true, the universe would be a polyverse of the most rampant and irresponsible sort.

Meantime art was using psychology in works of fiction. But the story-teller simply combines or adapts to the exigencies of his story such material as the perusal of psychologic literature in general might afford him. He was never bound to any particular theory, or even under obligation to believe in the truth of the materials he employed. He has popularized the results of psychologic investigation, therefore, without advancing it; and he may even have measurably increased scepticism. Doubtless, moreover, he too has been the agent of good. His very freedom from limitations has afforded him a wider and more synthetic outlook. Imagination wedded to true art often produces intuition. Men like Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe often touch the central secret. Indeed, every work of true art is created as nature is created—from within outward; or, as the poet Spenser said, "Soul is form, and doth the body make." But too many contemporary novelists have degraded psychology merely to raise a shudder or involve a mystery.

Marie Corelli, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and perhaps a few more, have, however, done their work in a higher spirit. They have sought to make their stories the vehicle or illustration of their belief and philosophy. Mr. Sinnett occupied an anomalous position; he appears as the mouthpiece of supposed inspirers who cannot err—in spite of which, and of the unquestioned ingenuity of the system he puts forth, it would seem no desperate enterprise to challenge his conclusions. Marie Corelli has won a larger share of

popular approval, though this may be due less to the invincibility of her philosophy than to the charm of her fiction. Mr. Marion Crawford's work in this line is always interesting, because he brings to it a fund of wide and curious knowledge rare in any one, and almost unique among contemporary novelists. But we never can be sure whether what he says is the thing he believes, or is designed only to secure a picturesque effect.

The amount of Spiritist literature, technically so-called, is very large; but it is singularly monotonous, and rather backward in getting forward. The identical promises made in 1848 are put forward now, and their fulfilment seems no nearer. In essential respects, Spiritism, judged by its books and periodicals, appears to stand just where it did fifty years ago. But the army of its adherents is vast, and among them are men of light and leading. The cult has been of spiritual benefit to many, and will have its share, no doubt, in the honor of reconciling this world with the next. But I question whether, in all its phases, it will continue in the next century to command the following it has attracted in the past.

Upon the whole, my belief is that the really great works in the literature of psychology are still to be written.

ALL literature should be guided by truth, a certain kind of artistic and moral truth, even in fiction—a more literal and material veracity in history, description, science, and biography. What do we mean by such veracity of the latter class? Surely it is the simple rule of all truth—the just expression of our impression. Our impression may be more or less nearly identical with absolute, objective fact; but the faithful rendering of such impression in the manner we conceive the best calculated to convey it to another is our truth—that which each of us "troweth."—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

DEITY itself is divine by the contemplating of Truth.—*Plato.*

MIND IN MEDICINE.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

Man is mind, and mind is man. All the rest is "leather and prunella." Science, legitimately so called, begins with man as mind, explores everything in its relations to that central fact, and deduces its conclusions accordingly.

Says J. J. Garth Wilkinson: "When a branch of knowledge has been cultivated for ages, and still remains inaccessible to the world at large, we find it to be a law that its principles are not high or broad enough, and that something radically deeper is demanded." By this test, the metaphysic and the medical notions that have been current for centuries require new handling, and in vital particulars a new development. It may be that this is because God has joined them together, and men have assiduously labored to put them asunder.

Medicine is the art of curing or caring for the sick. Its principles, therefore, relate to man and his normal conditions, and must be duly comprehended in order to deal intelligently with the abnormalities. So far as we come short of this, the necessary resort of the physicians will be to makeshifts, temporary expedients, and to guessing generally. For certainly when we cannot do as we will, we must do as we best are able.

A physician has recently put forth the sentiment that the shortness of human life is occasioned by the overweening influence of a mental persuasion that man's years are limited to threescore and ten, and by the prevalence of a general notion that such is the ordinance of Nature. We

have known three persons who professed to believe that they would not die at all, but they are all dead. Nevertheless, the notion is far from being wholly absurd. The mind and will permeate every part of the body, keeping it in healthful activity. There are hecatombs of individuals that perish because they have no moral energy to live. It used to be a prominent feature of Sunday-school literature that good children "fell asleep in Jesus" in early years. The influence was debilitating; young persons were taught to expect, if not to desire, early death.

Depressing influences become sometimes epidemic in society. If, then, any form of disease chances to be uppermost, it is likely to become general and unusually mortal. Indeed, if we look carefully into the nature of diseases, we shall find them often distinctly correlated with some evil or morbific condition of mind. It is usual in medical circles to consider a psychic disorder as insanity; and, accordingly, psychiatry is a term for the professional treatment of insane persons. A critical inspection will show that there is much mental disorder not recognized as such, and that numerous types of physical disease are occasioned by it. The passions disorder the whole body; anger disorganizes the blood; fear enfeebles the ganglionic nervous system; despondency deranges the digestive process. When the head is sick and the heart faint, the body will become disordered. The weakest part will be the first to manifest it. The body, like a chain, is to be measured by its weakest link.

All this being true, the converse is equally true. The universe—from the Supreme Being to the humblest creature, or even material substance—is the theatre of life. What we call death is an incident, not a principal feature. A *whole* person is a person in health. An invalid is only a part of an individual, and is more or less dead while living. Health is the harmony of the physical organism—

harmony of the mind with the body, and harmony of both with external conditions. It is every person's right, and every person's duty.

The seat of health is in the soul. It is sustained and promoted by the will. Love is the life of man, Emanuel Swedenborg affirms; and a true knowledge of ourselves confirms the statement. To preserve life in its integrity, this vital principle should be kept uppermost. There is no truer way to assure wholesome conditions of mind than by the exercise of charity—the neighborly, paternal affection described by the Apostle Paul. Perfect love, or charity, "casteth out fear"; and as fear is tormenting, the effect follows the cause. A loving person, other conditions being equal, will be a healthy person.

Faith is often flippantly commended, and as flippantly contemned and even vilified. Perhaps this is because we have but little comprehension of what faith is and means. It is the ground of what is hoped and expected, one writer explains; and is active through love, as another says. It is no mere passive credence, but vigorous confidence—the *elenchos*, or earnest conviction of what is not seen by physical sense. No knowledge can be its own foundation, but is based on something higher. Faith, however, the voluntary and even wilful acquiescence, is what lends sanction to knowledge and raises to certainty and conviction that which without it might be mere delusion. It is not knowledge, but a resolve of the will to admit the validity of knowledge. [Fichte.]

The imagination is that energy of the mind by which its works and wonders are accomplished. It creates; it invigorates; it eternizes. It is no mere fabricator of ghost and goblin appearances, but an evolver from the interior world of ideas that antedate all things. By its operation, Eades constructed a bridge and Le Verrier discovered a planet. It "bodies forth the form of things un-

known," and places sublime, vital truth within every one's reach. It is a spirit of truth, taking the things of heaven and showing them to such as have eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to understand.

With these auxiliaries of the Divine world, mind thus strengthened and enlightened may boldly set out on its mission to achieve. It may thus "heal the sick, cast out devils, and raise the dead." This is a rational expectation. We may not realize this ideal as we might; but the way is open, evidences are accumulating, and to the true soul all things become possible. We do right to live up to what light we have, though it be only a doubtful twilight; but we should not, like bats and owls, consider it the true scientific illumination and scoff at the more glorious noonday. Our mind is our *all*, the noblest of our possessions; and it fixes our life. By it we communicate with the higher and have authority to control the lower.

Mind is doubtless the chief factor in the art of healing. We know that it engenders disease; and it is the sole agent by which we may hope to confirm and establish health. Certainly it is in and with all that we do, and we are therefore right in expecting confidently that it has to do with all that relates to the weal of man. "All things are possible to the one that wills."

THE secret of matter is well-nigh divulged in the light and facts of natural science. It is outmost phenomenon; it is static force; it is the lowest phase of substance, the last effigy of form; it is a somewhat; it is an apparition; it is phenomenality. It is non-entity, and cannot therefore also be substantive entity *in se*. It is shadow, and cannot therefore be also the substance which makes the shadow.—*Hiram K. Jones, M. D., LL. D.*

KNOWLEDGE has its beginning from the mind: its introduction from the senses.—*Patricius.*

NEW YORK A CENTURY HENCE.

A CLAIRVOYANT PROGNOSIS.

BY COUNTESS ELLA NORRAIKOW.

Not long ago an advanced student of the occult sciences, a member of several mystic brotherhoods and esoteric societies of the Orient, on a tour of the United States, was one of a small dinner party that had assembled in a private dining-room of a prominent New York hotel. It was the annual banquet of a local psychical society of which the writer is a member. Among the other guests were representatives of the metaphysical, political, literary, and financial worlds, but the conversation was directed chiefly to recent attempts, both in this country and in Europe, to forecast the future of the globe and its inhabitants.

The following stenographic report of the proceedings, transcribed in part from the minutes of the secretary, is not without significance at the present time. Although John Jacob Astor's novel, "A Journey in Other Worlds," and other similar works of the imagination, were accorded their meed of praise, yet our distinguished guest, the dark-hued occultist, begged to differ with them all—at least in their varying descriptions of New York's future. And on my suggestion that he cast Father Knickerbocker's horoscope, he readily consented.

"Psychology," he began, "though still in its infancy, has already lifted to a favored few the veil that hides the future of this great metropolis from the ordinary eye.

Schemes now only dreamt of, and by many considered chimerical, in the year 2000 will have developed in all their grandeur. New York, the globe's largest city, the centre of Western civilization and the queen of commerce, will rear her head in solemn dignity above the proudest cities of the world. Americans, always an enterprising people, having already made unusual strides in many directions since the last 'discovery' of the continent, shall by that time have awakened to the fact that science during the present century has been in a chrysalis state.

"The sea will have been made to give place to land, for the city of New York will find itself extending far out into the harbor. By a new process of 'filling in,' of which scientific experiment will demonstrate the practical wisdom and feasibility, the waste waters surrounding the Battery will have been displaced and many millions added to the city treasury. Governor's Island and other outlying localities will by that time have become integral parts of the city proper, and in these sections many of the 'foreign' quarters will be established. To every one of each nationality now domiciled in this city perhaps scores will then be added.

"New York will then have a magnificent line of docks —possibly worked by electric motors—while her ships of commerce, and her floating palaces carrying thousands of passengers, will be found in all quarters of the globe. The Pacific and Atlantic oceans, north and south, will be dotted with enormous vessels from whose mastheads shall float the Stars and Stripes. Hours instead of days will then be consumed in crossing to European countries, about two days being the maximum allowed for the trip. Possibly a tunnel shall have been built under the broad Atlantic by that time, for engineering science, even in these early days, has demonstrated the fact of its limitless capabilities. Railroad trains shall be run at a high rate of

speed, probably to the extent of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Steam will be no longer used. Electricity will long since have supplanted it—or perhaps a yet unknown force will be discovered. All this and much more science will be enabled to perform."

"And are these improvements to be the product of American genius?" was asked.

"Mechanical and engineering geniuses are springing up in all parts of the world, and thus far those of Scotch extraction have been awarded the palm. But the highly sensitive, nervous temperament of the present inhabitants of America, allied as they often are to the keen-witted Scotch and the plodding Germans (grand exponents of the sciences), will produce a race of people fully equal to the exigencies of the times and ready to manipulate the elements of sea, air, and land for the benefit of their fellow-men. Life will then be a veritable Utopia for the majority."

"Shall there be an end so soon to the bitter struggle for a livelihood that has existed in all ages?" inquired a lady.

"There shall be none of the intense and feverish activity of the present time in relation to business matters, for all laborious work will be abolished. Mechanical contrivances of various kinds will have reduced manual labor to a minimum. The telephone will then be out of use—except, perhaps, for long-distance communications; telegraphy by wire will be no more, and the present unsightly poles, with their myriads of street-defacing wires, will have disappeared. Telepathy, or thought-transference, will be universally employed, and a man sitting in his office will simply will a friend to read his thoughts, when the latter will act in a responsive manner through the law of etheric vibration. This will obviate the necessity for mechanical or human intervention in the transmission of messages."

"Then," suggested a Wall street broker, "there shall be no further need for the inventive genius of a Tesla, or an Edison?"

"On the contrary," replied the oracle, "a greater field than ever will exist for such talents. A new instrument for the registering of thought will stand ready in every office, and as quickly as the mind of the operator conceives the thought it will be conveyed to the 'mentalograph.' In large offices the present scratching of pens and rattling of typewriters will no longer disturb the sensitive ear. Each person, as he wishes to transfer his thoughts to paper, will simply sit before this instrument, when he will find his ideas transcribed in regular order as rapidly as he can formulate them.

"Tiny pneumatic tubes will encircle the city and cross and recross it at frequent intervals. Stations will be placed at adequate distances to insure the delivery of 'mentalographic' letters as quickly as possible. All large business houses will be connected with the stations by this means of transmission, and in a few seconds from the time the letter leaves the sender it will reach its destination. The way-stations will be presided over by neither men nor women; but an electric current, adroitly manipulated, will cause the letter to stop at the station nearest the place it is intended for. As it drops into the slot a click will sound in the office to announce its coming. The magnetic aura surrounding each occupant of the room will attract the missive to whomsoever it belongs. The merchant will suddenly see lying on his desk, dropped as it were from the clouds, the note of his friend or business associate. He will not find it necessary to proceed in the present leisurely fashion to learn its purport, but will by generated magnetism force the envelope to disclose its contents, and the reflex of his brain as he scans the writing will be similarly transmitted to the sender."

"But this would be scarcely practicable in writing to persons in other States or countries," was urged.

"In addition to the present system of cabling to Europe, peculiar instruments will have been constructed whereby semaphore signaling, or perhaps telegraphy without wires, will be made possible between the two continents. This will be even a more rapid method of communication than that at present supplied by the ocean cable. Looking ahead, however, I can see that at the period mentioned this system will not have reached perfection, and will be used only for the transaction of international affairs between the two great republics of the world—America and Greater Britain; for by that time monarchy on the other side will have been deposed, the governments being those of the people."

"Is it too much to hope that New York will by that time have solved the rapid transit problem?" asked the lady's escort, a prominent real estate man.

"The present noisy and unsightly system of elevated railway, with its overcrowded vehicles and inadequate accommodation of every kind, will have been razed to the ground, and in its place there shall be a gigantic system of underground railway, which, like the tubes employed for the transmission of 'mentalograph' letters, will not only encircle the city, but will also intersect it at important points. But the dense population of New York will call also for other means of rapid transit, which the viaduct system will supply to the fullest need. The conveyances on both the underground and viaduct railways will be of the most elegant description, and will in all respects conform to the luxury of the times. The present system of street railways will be abolished, and the streets will be beautifully paved and kept perfectly clean. For this latter purpose new implements, subservient to electric power, will do the work which the primitive brooms and white-

clad sons of toil now perform. Bicycles will have given place to air-boats, and messenger boys will no longer be permitted to try either the temper or patience of the then existing New Yorker.

"The transmission of goods through pneumatic tubes is, I can see, another innovation that will command the widest attention. These tubes will be connected with every mercantile establishment in the city, and will even extend into the suburbs, and within a few minutes from the time an order is received the goods will reach their destination. New methods of packing will have been discovered, and every transaction will be conducted with the greatest rapidity and safety."

"Can you discern much change in the architecture of the city? Shall there be 'sky-scrapers' in those days?" asked the same inquirer.

"Houses that now seem to tower heavenward with their sixteen and eighteen stories will then mount to a height of thirty or thirty-five stories. The rapid increase of population will demand this. These structures will be supplied with automatic chairs, and all that will be asked of an arrival is that he shall sit down in one of many always found at the entrance. The visitor will see on the walls of the vestibule a number of push-buttons. On examination he will touch the one whose number corresponds to that of the apartment he wishes to visit, and instantly this automatic chair will be carried upward till the friend's floor is reached. The same touch that starts the chair throws open the entrance and places the guest within the apartment, where the host or hostess stands ready to receive him.

"This is only one means of upward transit. In the centre of the building will be luxuriously-upholstered conveyances capable of holding a score or more of persons, who may thus be carried with rapidity to the upper floors

without stopping. This is the principle of the modern express train applied to perpendicular transportation. On the roof of almost every house will be established an observatory, containing telescopes of such construction that the surrounding country can be scanned for several hundred miles. A system of communication will also be established between these observatories, by means of a peculiar phosphorescent light yet to be discovered. Airboats will be launched from these high altitudes, and the visiting of friends by this means will become a matter of every-day pleasure.

"The fire department will no longer exist, for the reason that all buildings will be constructed of non-combustible material, and those of the old *régime* existing at that period will be made invulnerable to the fiery element. If by any possibility fire should make its appearance, chemicals will be at hand to suppress it within a few seconds. But this contingency will be so remote that people will live in the utmost peace and safety.

"This is not all that will be noticeable in the year 2000 in this city of vast possibilities. Religion will have assumed a different phase. Greater unity of creed will exist among the churches. Religion at that time will have become humanitarian rather than sectarian, while intercourse with the spirits of the departed will be as common as prayer is to-day. Moreover, the occupation of the medical doctor will long since have departed. Man's spiritual power shall then be put to more or less practical use by every human being, and disease will disappear. The healing power of mind will assert its supremacy among all races, as immortality becomes recognized by science.

"With the popular enlightenment that always follows in the wake of scientific discovery, men will lose their greed for gold, and a more equitable distribution of property than now obtains will ensue. I do not mean by this that

communism will become a concomitant of municipal affairs; but with the lapse of years life to all classes will take on a different hue. The deplorable poverty of the masses of the present day will in a great measure have passed away, and the adage of man's inhumanity to man will have become comparatively pointless."

"But Tammany, I presume, we shall always have with us?" suggested a Republican politician.

"The present system of municipal government will to a certain extent exist, but in no one man will be vested great executive or administrative power. Many of the existing official positions will pass away, and what is now under the virtual control of one unofficial person will be then governed by a truly representative body. Political preferment will be accorded to the intellectual and scholarly people of the community. Science will thus be permitted to play its proper part in the city's welfare and advancement. Every branch of the government will be conducted on scientific principles, and the greatest good of the greatest number will be made the study of those in authority."

IT is hardly rational, when we observe the endless forms and grades of living things in the realm of objective nature, that we should imagine a total blank of all life about the spiritual world of being. Our plummet may not find a bottom to the Infinite, enabling us to dredge up living substances on the floor of that ocean; yet we are not therefore authorized to affirm that there is no God, or to deny that there are intelligent spiritual beings. Our own souls are of this nature, and we are conscious that they therefore rule our life and destiny through the power of the Father. We have but to look a step further in order to perceive the Foreworld, of which we and all the bodied and unbodied souls are denizens alike. By our good disposition and activity we bring the good about us, while evil thought and action evolve the evil.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

NO MAN was ever great without divine inspiration.—*Cicero.*

MENTAL AND PHYSICAL CORRESPONDENCES.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The law that demonstrates that force displays itself by working from within outward is the only rational explanation of the visible world. The form expressed by force is of no significance in our comprehension of the law. If followed from its origin outward, it will be cognized as but a sign or symbol corresponding to the thought within.

If the human body corresponds to the mind within, does it fairly represent it? Or may we take into account the tension, resistance, and pressure of other things and conditions without? Such influences are impelled chiefly by human thought. We live in an atmosphere of thought-currents—of thought-vibrations. Unless, by the law of correspondence, there be that within our own mentality that corresponds to this disturbing thought-influence of others, no reflex action is possible from within to the human body without. Hence, we are the arbiters of our own destiny. We must place ourselves in perfect harmony with the law, and build our house upon a foundation of rock.*

Even the effect of ante-natal thought-influence upon the mentality of a child (evidenced upon its body) can be overcome by knowledge and practice of this law. Happiness may transfigure a countenance of very ordinary appearance to one of beauty. Where there is beauty of form, interior harmony or beauty of thought must exist to a

* "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."—*Matt.* vii., 25.

great extent. Perhaps for generations some peculiarly harmonious quality of mind has asserted itself, and, unconsciously adapting itself to the law, has produced the outer expression of a beautiful being. In turn, such beings, by cultivating discord and inharmony through adverse thought-action, can change their appearance and that of their posterity to imperfection. In each soul, however, lies dormant the power to surmount these conditions, to free itself from the shackles placed upon it by other and stronger minds, to assert its sovereignty, and to blossom under the sunlight of true thought into the bodily expression of a perfectly ordered mind. Therefore, we cannot altogether hold others responsible for the effects of untrue thought-action upon our bodies.

The principle of correspondence between mind and body is based as follows: Man is heaven within—earth without. The Divine spark dwells at the very centre of his being. His garment of clay, which is the outward manifestation of his being, belongs to all that is external in creation. Man unites within himself two worlds—the outer and the inner; but one law acts through both. The outer is the natural sequence of the inner, which is the vital spark, the enduring nature of man. All growth proceeds from this inner man. The outer is of itself nothing, *i. e.*, it is entirely dependent on the inner being. Every change that affects it is the result either of growth or of lack of growth. The body is at best but a transitory manifestation of mind.

These two entities, the outer and the inner, appear to be separate; but they have a very real connection. The true correspondence of any outward condition is only to be found through a knowledge of its inner representative. The whole visible creation is but an expression of thought. All outward manifestation is but the symbol, or clothing of thought, which is constantly shaping for itself new ap-

parel. Man derives all knowledge, at first, through the medium of symbols. All spiritual teachers have, in the past, used symbols as a means of instruction. The spiritual plane is the plane of causes; the physical plane is the plane of results. Everything material proceeds from a spiritual cause. The process is, first, the forming of spiritual thought in the mind of man; secondly, the consequent direct result evidenced in his nature. Materiality, therefore, is the result of spiritual thought. Everything begins and ends in the being of man, who is an embodiment of the Spirit of God.

The conditions of material life are transitory and changeable. Their forms lead from, and return to, the spiritual. This is the mystery of life: A process with an ever-changing form, visible in all things—whether of the mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdom. "One state is swiftly succeeded by another; there is no permanent state or condition of form."*

Let us now consider the intimate relationship that exists between matter and spirit—body and mind. Metaphysical healing has fully demonstrated that the imaging faculty of man is responsible for all the ills from which he suffers. One disease is no more imaginary than another. Everything we do or think must first be imaged in the mind; hence, everything in the intellectual and physical man may be said to proceed from the imaging faculty. Our thoughts are first ideated, then expressed outwardly. The expression must correspond to the inner thought. If this is inflamed, inflammation will make itself felt in the body. If a person is given to thinking harsh, unkind thoughts, or saying cruel, cutting things—if he is sarcastic in his remarks—it will certainly be found that this mental state has produced neuralgia; or, if he is sensitive to the unkind remarks of others, the suffering experi-

* Spencer: "Direction of Motion," page 231.

enced inwardly will express itself outwardly in neuralgic pains.

There is a fourfold action between mind and body that should be understood. The primary cause for everything originates in the mind, and thence works outwardly. First, the mind acts; this is followed, in turn, by a responsive action of blood and muscles; then comes mental reaction, which is followed by physical reaction—the body thus responding to the ever-varying moods of the mind. Consider as an illustration the action of anger. We know that this is a mental emotion, but note its instantaneous effect upon the blood and muscles. The heated and contracted mental state produces a corresponding physical state; and, according to the laws of being, the excessive action produces a corresponding reaction. When this reaction takes place, there is a decided lowering of tone in the mental condition of the angry person, which is inevitably followed by a weakened state of the body. This law applies equally to emotions other than anger.

For everything real in life there is an unreal semblance, which is its contradiction. For every true impulse that enters the mind from the soul, there is a simulacrum that acts on the mind from without, producing a false emotion, which, in turn, tends to destroy the physical organism. One builds up; the other tears down. One works from the inner outward, while in the other this action is reversed. True emotion is caused by the inner impulse; its contradiction is caused by persons or conditions external to the personality.

Wherever mental contraction is found, you will find its physical antitype. Muscular contraction is often caused by sorrow for loss of friends, or of money. Wherever loss is felt to a marked degree, corresponding contraction takes place in the body. Muscular rheumatism frequently results from grief for the loss of friends. Paralysis is usually

caused by mental shock. It may be regarded as a withdrawal of the life forces; *i. e.*, the blood, no longer flowing naturally throughout the body, fails to carry sufficient nourishment. Paralysis may be caused by different kinds of mental shock—anything that strikes deeply into the life of the individual. A failure in business often causes paralysis, the lower limbs in that case being affected to a great degree. The limbs correspond to the sustaining power; and, through the loss of money, the personality believes the sustaining power to be withdrawn. Sometimes, without shock, when the rest of the body seems perfectly well, the limbs lose their power of locomotion and refuse to carry the body. This is usually caused by the loss of friends or others upon whom the person was dependent, or by the loss of worldly goods. The true sustaining power—the power that will sustain in any or every emergency—is to be found in the "One Source of Life," the only Power that sustains us eternally.

All the different senses have their inner correspondences. We see with our minds, and according to our mental vision will be our physical sight. A person with very little mentality may see clearly at a great distance as well as near at hand; but, regarding this and all other faculties, the plane to which the person belongs should be considered. Comparatively little is required of a person on the animal plane of existence. Obedience to the law on that plane is the only thing necessary; therefore, one who has advanced no further might be remarkably advanced, physically, without showing any different order of intelligence from that displayed by an animal. But even on that plane it is necessary to have all the wisdom of the animal kingdom; thus, throughout all the varying planes of thought, the outer must ever respond to the inner.

Those who are "far-sighted" will be found to have some condition of mind corresponding to that weakness. A

careful examination will show that, regarding things apart from themselves, they can see clearly. Possibly they are interested in the welfare, habits, or customs of other nations; but concerning surrounding conditions and people they are blind, or form but a weak conception. A correspondence may be found between family neglect and this condition. The opposite condition, near-sightedness—whereby people see objects near at hand distinctly, but very indistinctly those at a distance—finds its correspondence in interests confined too closely to family matters and an immediate circle of friends: thoughts that give but little if any attention to outside matters. Very often the conditions are inherited—the thoughts of the parents have left an impress on the mind of the child, and the latter, not having overcome these parental conditions, continues in the same line of thought.

We should all see clearly, both at a distance and near at hand. In recognizing immediate duties, we should not be unmindful of the fact that we are members of one family; that each part of the human race is essential to all other parts, and *vice versa.* When our sight becomes clouded, and we see objects but dimly, we may become cognizant of the correspondence if we examine our own mental state. We are sure to recognize a decided limitation in our mental vision, and if we remove this condition our physical sight will quickly correspond, become improved, and in time fully restored.

A change of sight attributed to advancing years proceeds from an altered train of thought. With most persons the eyesight is better in youth and early manhood than in middle age. There are periods in life when the sight certainly changes. Dimness of vision occurring at middle age corresponds to a lack of mental perception regarding many things that were thought to have been clearly understood in the past. Instead of each day add-

ing clearness to our perception of their attributes, we find our ideas becoming more vague; we do not rely upon our own view, but resort to other means to have the subject placed more clearly before us. These methods correspond to sight derived from without, rather than from within; from books and from the minds of others, rather than from our own. Occasionally, aged people experience a renewal of sight; this corresponds to an awakening of the spiritual powers within—to the inner perception of truth.

Many persons are said to hear better with one ear than with the other. This is easily explained. Some people care to hear only one side of a question—that on which their sympathies are enlisted; they are not willing to hear both sides. Again, there are persons that do not wish to be disturbed by having to listen to a recital of the sorrows of others. They consider it an advantage not to have their conscience ruffled by the knowledge that such misfortunes exist; accordingly, they close their ears, harden their hearts, and go through the world in total disregard of the welfare of their fellow-men.

The relationship between the blood and its circulation is of great interest; for the blood symbolizes the Principle of Life, which is in all and through all. Soul-impulses acting on the blood produce a healing influence; purity of thought begets purity of blood; true mental action causes the blood to flow normally throughout the body. Conditions acting on us from the outer world are largely responsible for mental impurity and improper circulation of the blood. A disturbed circulation can nearly always be attributed to the emotions.

One who thinks to excess will find that such action produces an untrue movement of the blood, causing it to flow unduly to the head. The brain demands both rest and nourishment. The circulation should tend as much to one part of the body as to another. True circulation is

effected through an even development, so that no one faculty shall predominate. All unpleasant emotions have an adverse action on the blood. Anger, hate, malice, etc., so poison the blood that it cannot give the desired nourishment to the body. It is not the food we eat, but the thoughts we think, that produce impure blood. "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man," but out of the mind proceed evil thoughts, which defile the blood. Keep the thoughts pure, and the blood will be correspondingly pure. Control all unreal, emotional conditions through the higher understanding. Digest that which is essential to your highest welfare, and the mental digestion will become physical; the food eaten will digest thoroughly, become assimilated, converted into blood, and serve to nourish and strengthen the body. A pure, unselfish mental and moral life purifies the physical life. Strong thoughts make strong bodies.

WE talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled.—*Sydney Smith.*

SOME critics are like chimney sweepers; they put out the fire below, and frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it.—*Longfellow.*

ASTRONOMY is one of the sublimest fields of human investigation. The mind that grasps its facts and principles receives something of the enlargement and grandeur belonging to the science itself. It is a quickener of devotion.—*Horace Mann.*

VIBRATORY AFFINITY:

A STUDY IN HEREDITY.

BY CHARLES B. NEWCOMB.

"The soul looketh steadily forward: creating a world always before her, leaving worlds always behind her."—*Emerson.*

The true Science of Mind is found in the study of thought-vibration. When we have once admitted that all growth is from within, and that the external is but the expression of the interior life, we are logically led to the conclusion that in the history of the soul the facts of heredity and environment are but the *registration* of its *progress.* They cannot be positive factors that govern its development.

If we recognize the absolute freedom of the spirit, it must choose its own pathway and govern its own methods of development at every point. Our parentage then becomes a matter of personal choice. "Circumstances" are the conditions arising from it. They cannot result from any caprice of nature. They can never involve injustice to the individual, whatever may be the appearances. They must operate in harmony with the law of vibration, which manifests itself in all the forces of the universe that we have yet discovered and governs every detail of our lives. When we admit that all vibration is ruled by thought we perceive that there is no force of which we do not hold the lever.

Vibratory affinity offers us a key to the vexed problem of heredity. Like chemical affinity, it inevitably draws to

itself its sympathetic complement. Is it not probable that the ego, seeking a rebirth, is led by the force of its own nature to choose for parents those that vibrate in harmony with itself? It thus moves upon the spiritual lines of least resistance. It secures the most fitting opportunities for the study of those mortal lessons in which it has recognized its greatest need. In this view we are not subject beyond our choice to hereditary influences or environment. We choose these with the intelligence of the free spirit—as a scholar selects his university and tutors.

As a result of this theory, sex in offspring must be determined by the thought-life of the parents, not their preference. The character of children must follow the same law. A child is the materialized thought of its ancestors —an entity that has been drawn by its own responsive vibrations into the mental life of its progenitors and so launched upon the ocean of objective being.

If we study carefully the traits of our children we will easily discover the mental phases and experiences of our own life which each represents and reflects, and through which we were passing at the period of their conception. Every child is a revelation of his parents in some points of their character and shows both their faults and virtues. It will frequently be found that the first-born embodies most of the ideal, and later children the more practical phases of their parents, as they advance toward the years of maturity.

The experience of death, which is the birth into the subjective state, must be also governed in all its circumstances by the same law that determines birth into the objective conditions. It must be a consequence of previous thought-action, and unconsciously determined by the individual mind—whether slow or sudden, violent or peaceful. It is the natural and inevitable result of the life that has gone before it. The law must be as infallible

in death as in birth. There can be no accidents in a universe governed by law.

Whatever may be the attitude of ignorant man toward what he calls the phenomena of life, it must be true that Nature itself knows no caprice. Every act is at the same time a consequence and a cause. Every circumstance is a link in the chain of being, forged by the individual himself.

In the name of science and of the eternal equities, we deny hereditary limitation. We also deny that any life can be enslaved by its environment.

These same vibratory forces dominate the religions and the politics of the world. We can no longer call them tyrannies if they are the choice of the people themselves and the manifestation of their point of evolution. When better things are demanded they are always attainable. The mercury in the bulb of the thermometer is not responsible for the temperature it registers. The hands of the clock are not the cause of the hour. Heredity, environment, religion, politics, society—these are but signs that mark the spiritual temperature. They are the hands that point to the hour on the dial of human progress.

Higher spiritual atmospheres are always accessible to those that desire to inhale them. Every soul surrounds itself with its own atmosphere. Nothing can set aside this law. The flowers that grow in desert sands are nourished by the same sun that shines on palace gardens. The desert flowers develop a rare and delicate beauty with wonderful variety of form and color—even in a soil that we call barren. Doubtless it is the soil best adapted to their particular growth. Their own rate of vibration attracted and rooted them there.

If we are not controlled by our heredity or our environment, which relate us to the community in which we live, neither can we be controlled by so-called "planetary influ-

ence," which relates us to the universe through the planetary system. Doubtless the planets also register our progress and indicate results. In a certain sense they seem to be an index of our lives—as the study-card of the collegian is an index of the course of lessons he has elected to follow in the university and an indication of the progress he has made in former schools. But the index has no active relation to the university course. It is not a governing influence in the student's life. It is always subject to his will.

The principle of personal responsibility is the chief corner-stone of all spiritual work. We can build nothing of value or stability in our lives till we have accepted this fundamental truth. Whatever we are, or wherever we are, is the result of our spiritual choice, whether made consciously or unconsciously. It matters not that we have not yet succeeded in tracing all the steps of the long road we have traveled. If our theory be true, it must apply equally to all planes of existence.

We often hear of "lower" and "animal" planes, as distinguished from "higher" and "spiritual" planes, and we are told that planetary influences govern them. All planes are spiritual, and we have no reason to think that at any point of our development have we been exempt from this law of personal responsibility. It is the eternal and unchanging law of Evolution, which is being emphasized with every new discovery. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

If we admit that birth, life, and death are the legitimate consequences of thought, then there can be no such thing as danger. A man is just as safe upon the battlefield or amid wreck and ruin by sea or land as in the comfortable seclusion of his home. The event may provide occasion but not cause of death. Man can never really be a martyr, or a victim. Each life determines its own issues.

It comes and goes as the result of the workings of its own spiritual will. Is not this the only true meaning and possibility of freedom? Does not this view of life also take away all our old, miserable thought of burden-bearing?

We do not encourage the child at school, whose lessons have been carefully selected and adapted to his age and aims in life, to whine and lament the burdens of his spelling-book as soon as he comes to words of two syllables, or to grieve over his sums in long division after he has learned his tables. We know they are the very things he needs to develop the powers that will win him success in life, and to secure for him all that his manhood will deem most desirable in possession and accomplishment.

Self-pity is a grievous fault and weakness. We cannot see straight nor clearly while we permit it to remain. It must be destroyed in all its roots and allowed no tendril or hiding-place. Nothing but the recognition of our freedom and responsibility at every point of our existence can destroy this thought. If we build our lives upon these principles we work with confidence and satisfaction—even though it be sometimes true, as Matthew Arnold writes, that—

"With aching hands and bleeding feet
We labor on—lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat of the long day and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern."

THUS was the Sphinx's secret revealed, the mystery of ages and times; and its apocalypse is Man. The drama of Eleusis exhibits the riddle in a mystic guise, but the end was only the grand lesson which all the sages endeavored to inculcate: *Gnothi seauton*—Know thyself. —*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Automatic writing, I will say for the information of those not acquainted with the phenomenon or with the literature relating to the subject, is writing that is done without thought, volition, or conscious effort on the part of the person by whose hand it is executed. "It is," as Binet, in his essay on "Double Consciousness," says, "a most important phenomenon, and is worth the trouble of being carefully studied. Automatic writing forms part of a class of movements that have now for a long time been a subject of inquiry in France, and which may be described under the general name of unconscious movements produced by ideas." He expresses the view of the class of investigators to which he belongs when he says: "The first consciousness furnishes the idea, and the second consciousness determines the manner in which the idea shall be expressed; there is accordingly a concurrence of the two consciousnesses—a collaboration of the two egos for one common task."

Binet assumes that there is a secondary consciousness which exists side by side with the principal consciousness, and that it sees, hears, reflects, reasons, and acts at times as if it were separate and distinct from the ordinary life and thought of the individual. The explanation, he thinks, should be looked for in the formation of psycho-motor centers, or centers of consciousness that function independently of the common center. The two or more personalities having their physiological bases in these brain centers, according to this view, are unacquainted with one

another and unlike in both character and disposition, because the centers are apart, distinct, and different in location, size, complexity, etc. Some investigators regard this view of the French physiologists, and of the French psychologists of the class to which Ribot belongs, as a hypothesis not only unproven but insufficient to explain the facts of automatic writing and kindred phenomena.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers, of the Society for Psychical Research, after several years of careful study, has reached the conclusion that the contents of the messages received through automatic writing are drawn very largely from the mind of the automatist. Frequently there is written what the automatist once knew but has entirely forgotten, and which this automatism may be the only way of reviving in the ordinary consciousness.

There is also, Mr. Myers holds, a small percentage of messages that contain facts quite unknown to the automatist, but known to some other living person in the company or connected with him, from whom the facts are obtained by telepathy. There is a residuum of the messages which Mr. Myers thinks cannot be thus explained—messages containing facts known neither to the writer nor to any living friend of his, but known to some deceased person, perhaps a total stranger to the living man whose hand performs the writing. "I cannot," he says, "avoid the conviction that in some way—however dream-like and indirect—it is the departed personality which originates such messages as these. I by no means wish to impose these views upon minds not prepared to accept them. What I desire is that as many other men as possible should qualify themselves to judge independently of the value of the evidence on which I rely; should study what has been collected, and should repeat and extend the observations which are essential to the formation of any judgment worth the name."

Mr. Myers lays stress on the content and capacities of the subconscious, or, to use his term, the "subliminal" strata of the human mind. Below the threshold of consciousness, he maintains, are powers not obviously derived from terrestrial evolution—knowledge acquired from sources and by methods unknown; and that knowledge so acquired may be communicated by the hand of the automatist when the information has never been in the automatist's conscious mind.

If it be true that the mind has subconscious depths in which is knowledge not obtained by observation and experience in the objective world, and that from these depths arises knowledge to the threshold of consciousness which is made known through the hand automatically moved, the fact is significant in its bearing on experiential systems of thought which may have to be revised so as to give to the word "experience" a larger meaning than it now possesses. According to Mr. Myers, it is through those powers and capacities which belong to the subliminal part of man's nature (what Mr. Hudson calls the "subjective mind," to distinguish it from the ordinary, which he terms the "objective mind") that departed personalities can make their influence felt and sometimes their thoughts known by automatic action, of which automatic writing is one of several varieties.

My personal investigations, through many years and under exceptionally favorable circumstances, enable me to state confidently the following facts in regard to automatic writing:

The automatist, during the writing as well as before and after, may be in the ordinary waking state, wholly conscious and entirely normal, with not the least indication of trance or reverie. The hand is used mechanically, the automatist often waiting passively for the writing to begin, and, like any other spectator, watching the process

but taking no part consciously in the creation of thought, in the composition, nor in the movement of the pen. The writing is often done two or three times as rapidly as the person can write by conscious effort, and the messages may be in several handwritings, which bear but little and in some cases no resemblance to one another. The automatic handwriting of one person known to me is quite uniform, but it is so unlike that person's ordinary handwriting that no expert would suspect the two were by the same hand. If chirography is an indication of character, these different autographic writings are alone sufficient to suggest the question whether in one individual may be different personalities or "strata of consciousness," with unlike mental and moral characteristics, peculiarities, and idiosyncrasies.

A curious fact is that theories and opinions presented in these writings are frequently in direct and total opposition to those of the automatist and to those of persons who may be present propounding questions. One who has almost an aversion to the doctrine of reincarnation receives automatically long and ingenious arguments in favor of that philosophy. The hand of another person whose views in regard to religion would generally be regarded as extremely heterodox, at least from the evangelical point of view, is made to write what would be acceptable to the most devout and orthodox believers.

Among the automatic writers with whom I am acquainted is a Christian minister who preaches acceptably for a society in the West. Many of his sermons, according to his own testimony, are written without conscious thought or effort, so far as he is concerned. His hand moves as if it were used by some invisible power, and a sermon is produced which he does not seem to take any part in thinking out, or, except passively, in reducing to writing. When there are passages from which he dis-

sents, he erases them and writes in whatever he chooses. Thus the sermon is often a patchwork of his own conscious work and that done by his hand without his volition or effort.

The thought and the language in many of the automatically-written messages which I have seen apparently far transcended the automatist's known attainments and power of expression. Such writing may be preceded or followed by communications of a very inferior character, below the capacity of the automatist, though purporting to be perhaps from some distinguished person—some great thinker and writer who has passed from this life. I have seen statements written several times, automatically, with details circumstantially given, in regard to matters of which the automatist knew nothing, showing that the intelligence producing the writing had access to sources of knowledge to us unknown. I have even seen written and signed to one of these statements the name of a man dead, which corresponded with his known peculiar autograph, when the automatist had never seen a word or a letter written by the person whose name was thus given.

These are curious facts, and doubtless they seem to most readers, as they once did to me, antecedently incredible; but the most stubborn incredulity will have to yield when the facts are carefully investigated, whatever theory be accepted to explain the phenomena. Perhaps none of the explanations thus far advanced in regard to automatic writing have more than a tentative value, for not one of them is free from difficulties; not one is a finality of thought, and not one is wholly satisfactory to impartial and discriminating investigators of unusual psychical and psycho-physical phenomena. Further study of the subject will lead to larger knowledge, and ultimately, I have no doubt, to a correct theory of automatic writing and of the different varieties of automatic action.

VISTAS OF TRUTH.

BY E. A. SHELDON.

It is in the nature of a vista that the opening in one's surroundings discloses a marked contrast to the nearer environment. The contrast may consist of different natural objects; it may consist of the more elusive element of distance appealing to imagination and reason, while the more remote objects seen in the opening may be the same as in the near foreground. The vista may be made up of houses or other structures built by man, giving rise to a different class of thoughts in the beholder's mind. Lastly, it may consist of a combination of all three. While enjoying a vista it is tacitly conceded that all the near environment is a part of it even though we do not seem to notice or speak of it; indeed, we might be surprised on a closer examination to find that each object in itself is the center of a vista.

Truth in itself is the center of all vistas; its expression is its environment. In our mental infancy we perceive it at a distance as akin to objects of sense perception—as intangible and yet not quite void. We try to define it and find it as elusive as any of the other abstract principles; yet the word is withal continually on our lips, and its demonstration is one of the practical affairs of life. Finally, we perceive all things in life as manifestations of truth.

For the sake of pointing out our uncritical thinking and to call attention to the illusions we create thereby and worship as truth—also to show that there must be a

power of intelligence back of all these erroneous thoughts —I wish to introduce here a sketch from child-life, as it is commonly found in babyhood when it begins to take notice of things and connect them. I do this because I find that child-life in contact with objects is so directly analogous to our mental childhood in its contact with ideals.

Every object noticed by our little one in daily life has a few central, living objects to revolve about. For instance, her "kitty" forms one of those centers. The kitten's fur is very soft to her touch, and, early in baby's experience with objects, grandma's cloak received the name of "kitty." Mother's boa fell in line, and a neighbor's tippet decorated with a head received the name of "kitty bow-wow." Even her own soft-edged glove became "kitty." All things, from fleece-lined goods to feather trimming, are so named. A lead-pencil sketch caused her bright eyes to seek my own as she cried with much elation, "kitty!" Hence lead-pencils, and even slate and slate-pencils, have now joined the ranks.

One evening, while musing over the law of association that made these different objects one with the child's central idea, my imagination readily pictured the room full of infant philosophers, each carrying in its hand some one of these different "kitties." I watched the endeavor of these little ones to persuade one another that its "kitty" was the true one. While their striving seemed somewhat amusing to me, yet to them it was a very serious matter. And it will become equally important to us through the simple addition of years to these children; through seeing these young philosophers as people of our own growth—every-day folks like ourselves: provided, of course, we are unable to solve our own problem with the accuracy with which we can solve a child's.

Every man striving to know truth finds himself faced on all sides by creeds of religion, science, medicine, and meta-

physics. As each is insistent that itself is the whole—the only life-giving principle; the true way; the Truth—he finds it is indeed a serious matter. It may seem to him as if—

> "Creed becomes a tyrant,
> And for its pottage
> The love of friend we give."

It is the position of Pilate. Is it any wonder that he, a man of affairs, practical in the application of law, thought it a serious matter? Confronted as he was by these contradictory creeds and interests, was it any wonder that he asked, "What is truth?" The indistinct outline or vista of truth that we gain here is through the possession of a power to perceive the conflicting statements and to formulate the question. It is the arrival to the consciousness through Pilate's wife that there is truth, and that it is not to be found in its wholeness in these creeds. It gives us a glimpse of another vista—that there is a power in man struggling to formulate and express truth. This brings the question home to the individual, to be answered by himself. He has found the formative point of light by which all vistas will become illumined.

The avenues of approach to truth, through association, in one form or another, are many. History and mythology play their part. Can we not induce Time to draw her veil and give us a view of truth? While we have the world's history as a common reading-book from which to draw comparisons through the light of our own experience, yet the truths therein recorded are of no value as personal possessions or realities until a like dawn in us reveals the world-incident to make it intelligible. Historic truth must stand in vital relation to our experience before we can measure its importance. If our breadth of ideas be limited our perspective will be limited. We forget the

greatness of the individual soul as the measure of all things, and regard as authority for truth that which we read about rather than that which we know or think about. We never give as authority the words of a man whose ideas are antagonistic to our own. Hero-worship has no deeper foundation than this.

History, in its twofold nature of recording aspiration and realization of races, gives us the thought and results of its application as a working basis from which to conduct a more extended research. We may profit by the experiences of others if we go into humanity's world—nature's world—and test them for ourselves. So far as we are concerned, the formula only is given; the measure of gain depends upon us. What work we make in trying to be practical! Practical theology to-day is dyspeptic in trying to digest Jonah and his whale.

For the sake of illustrating the misconceptions that we fall into through not perceiving the symbology of mythology, I wish to introduce my little philosopher with her problems once again. She is very fond of her picture-book. "Read! read!" is her demand; and, remember, the story must be illustrated or over goes the leaf. The melody that has the greatest attraction for her is illustrated by the energetic cow in mid-heaven accomplishing the wonderful feat of jumping over the moon. We feel assured that she accepts the picture as a representation of facts; for, upon showing her the brilliant orb on the western horizon early one morning and explaining that it was the moon, she instantly inquired for the cow!

From a more critical examination, we older philosophers find a like belief woven into our fibre. Mythology is the background of the religions of all nations; and, when viewed from a standpoint other than that of symbolism, an absolute law governing everything in the universe becomes impossible. Regarding these ancient wonders from

a rational point of view, and considering what is possible in nature to-day, we are led to conclude that the age of miracles is past. It gives rise, however, in some minds to a belief in the supernatural—the miraculous. Mysticism prevails; heresy trials become common. But when mythology is viewed from the standpoint of symbology it becomes beautiful as illustrative of the soul-growth of the race.

A great Hebrew doctor gives a fixed rule for the interpretation of the sacred books which should never be forgotten. He says: "Every time you find in our books a tale, the reality of which seems impossible, a story that is repugnant both to reason and common sense, then be sure that the tale contains a profound allegory veiling a deeply mysterious truth; and the greater the absurdity of the letter the deeper the wisdom of the spirit." Let us see if we can make any use of this illustration in accounting for some of our errors in applying laws governing truth. We cannot measure the truth of all things in the Bible from the standpoint of one phase of development, any more than we can understand the problem of $x + y = z$ from the standpoint of $2 + 3 = 5$. Though they are the same equation, and mean the same, and each belongs to mathematics, yet the algebraic equation demands a broader knowledge of mathematics than does the arithmetic problem.

This illustration also points out one way of accounting for the birth of illusions of a certain class. In striving to demonstrate a problem on the higher grade of spirituality by a law on another plane of life, we find that there are missing links, or discrepancies. We think they are illusions, or appear to be what they are not—as my little one will eventually learn that the common, every-day cow does not jump over the moon. The common, every-day whale does not swallow men. This witnesses the birth of mir-

acles (or that which transcended law in the past) for some, while with others doubt and scepticism will predominate. But when viewed from the standpoint of an allegory of the soul's growth, using natural objects for symbols, do we not find that, when we fail to live up to the light of truth as revealed to us, we are cast into a sea of turmoil and unrest and are completely swallowed up in the whale of materialism?

The things we read in books are not true because we find them written therein, but they are true for us, in whatever way we take them, because we think along certain lines and observe, or think we do, in humanity and nature, laws in operation in accordance with our thought. And when we cannot account for them by any natural law we have observed, we create an illusion of a supernatural law, which will disappear when we change our relative position. Then will cease also the other illusions of birth and death.

Our vista of truth thus far gives us the eternal Now of consciousness as the central point. While history brings all its precious gems of art, literature, painting, and sculpture, mythology adds allegory and symbolism. The resplendence of the avenue of approach depends upon the degree of consciousness that flashes forth intelligence. Philosophy now steps into the foreground. Philosophy literally means "to love wisdom." It is through the windows of philosophy, in one or more of its phases, that we give character to life. Let us illustrate: In photography it has been made possible, through taking negatives of the same place through different colored glasses with right chemicals, to throw on a screen an exact representation of nature by combining the pictures in the lantern. Under the inspiration of philosophy, when we can combine perfected plates of science, religion, and ethics, we will find that they do not disagree, but are harmonious in bring-

ing out the image and likeness of the Supreme—nature being the screen.

As consciousness is mind made tangible, we find that truth in itself is far different from the process of attaining it—and right away we walk into another vista. Philosophy becomes the avenue of approach; for a soul's consciousness or thought made tangible to the degree of its attainment does not *love* wisdom or philosophy, but *is* wisdom. It is this calm picture of truth or wisdom acquired, shining in our consciousness, that creates the feeling of unrest at our supposedly ineffectual daily works. We are always building better than we know—ever adding another step of consciousness to that picture of calm. When this is revealed through the contrast of the avenue of approach, chaos disappears; and in the vista we see that—

"All truth is calm,
  Refuge and rock and tower.
The more of truth, the more of calm;
  Its calmness is its power.
Truth is not strife,
  Nor is to strife allied;
It is the error that is bred
  Of storm by rage and pride.
Calmness is truth,
And truth is calmness still."

I WOULD not have you understand that Jesus originated and first taught the idea of the fatherhood of God. It is one of the oldest in the thoughts of mankind. . . . God does not need to forgive us in the sense of renewing the feeling of a loving father toward us. He always feels toward us like that. But every broken law entails the punishment.—*Rev. Minot J. Savage.*

ALL are bigots who limit the Divine within the boundaries of their present knowledge.—*Margaret Fuller.*

METAPHYSICAL TERMINOLOGY.

BY DR. CASSIUS MACDONALD.

It is rather strange that so little attempt has been made thus far by expounders of the New Thought to define the various terms that are being used with a glibness that sometimes passes for great profundity. "Going into the silence," "meditation," "concentration," "affirmation," "high statements," "at one with the universal Good," "vibrations"—these are a few of the terms and expressions most frequently heard. Perhaps this apparent inability to define the terms may contain some hint of the reason why. They refuse to be defined.

The mind dwelling upon high ideals passes beyond all boundaries that words can set. Intent upon realizing its high dreams, it sheens and shimmers through the vastness of the unknown world, which is more fleeting and uncertain than the aurora borealis. Some of our friends will have us discard all scientific phraseology, deny all laws of physics, and live entirely in what they term the spiritual realm, as if it were a place apart, into which they could step at will, quite safe from the trials of ordinary mankind. But the whole vanguard of the movement seems to have received a check because of a seeming inability to exemplify in their lives the truths they so constantly affirm.

It is my belief that more opposition is aroused by this very misunderstanding of one another within the ranks of this new army of conquest than by all the so-called hostility without. The case may be fairly stated thus: A cer-

tain percentage of the children of earth have voluntarily come to a belief that theology, or at least orthodoxy, political science, and known codes of ethics, are not making the world as happy as it should be. They make this assertion after having given a fair trial to all. They look longingly into the future for something that will serve to guide them on their dreary way—and it must be admitted that some of them have found a little light. Mental therapeutics, under one name or another, is a truth to them. To heal the body is to have a clearer and better mind; hence they believe that to have an alert and healthy thought is to add beauty to life. And the path of beauty is the path to God.

In these terms, or perhaps better ones, millions of people are now asserting their belief in a force that very few of them profess to understand. Outside of the definite proportion who believe thus—say ten per cent. of humanity—there are many other millions willing to believe if some slight evidence can be offered. The good that has been accomplished by this movement is incalculable; the good that may be accomplished need not be stated. Every striving soul with longings within that will not be satisfied, and who has even momentarily felt the inner awakening, will know what the possibilities are.

Of all the terms above quoted, "vibrations" occurs most often in the literature of this subject. In the text-books it is stated that vibratory action is the alternately oscillating movement of an elastic body when disturbed by some force; but in view of the latest researches in physics, a considerably broader signification has been given to the term. It seems more suited than any other word in the language to describe the boundary line between physics and metaphysics. It may be accepted as a scientific fact that there is no such thing as dead matter. Everything is in eternal and changing activity; hence it will be seen that the oscillating motion of the molecules entering

into the composition of any given substance is continuous. All substance, therefore, is in ever-changing motion, the rate of which can be increased or decreased when acted upon consciously.

Physical disease is a rate of motion; so is thought. And both the disease and the thought concerning it are of the same kind of motion, differing only in degree. A high rate of motion consciously acting upon a lesser one produces enforced and immediate change. If the mind, which is a constantly vibrating activity, can send out in successive waves a series of thoughts over any ascertained line of least resistance with ever-increasing force, it is certain that when intelligently directed it can bring any given quantity of diseased tissue above the plane of disease. In the space at my disposal it is not possible to give all the methods by which this can be realized; but it is hoped that the following statement of a fundamental principle of metaphysics may be helpful to some who desire an explanation divested of technicalities and mystifying terms:

Substance is a verity; force is a verity; consciousness is a verity. Substance, force, and consciousness are mutually and intimately related. They are inseparable and interdependent. Force and substance, by action and reaction, produce consciousness. Consciousness, by reaction upon force and substance, has knowledge of that which produced it. If the relative positions are disturbed there is inharmony, abnormal action, disease; when they are rightly related there is harmony, normal action, health. As it is consciousness that recognizes disease, so it must be that higher state that gives the first impulse to correct action.

It will therefore be seen that health, happiness, etc., do not depend upon "willing," or "affirming," or "forcing," but simply upon recognizing our relation to our environ-

ment—our place in the macrocosm—by finding the law and by conforming thereto. Conformity to the law by any person is the motive power which induces correct motion in that in which previously there was incorrect motion. A term that may be fairly used to designate that action is "vibration."

THE office of Philosophy is to unfold the perfect truth for our contemplation and willing obedience. It embraces the great world of causes within its scope, reaching clear to the absolute and permanent principles underlying them, to the end that the lessons derived from them may be applied to personal experience. Transcending the limitations of common science and opinion, its domain is rather the nobler, illimitable sphere of intelligence which the higher natures occupy. All great action is such by reason of the enthusiasm by which it is inspired. It has a firm basis of faith, an intuition of the more excellent, and a firm assurance of truth beyond all becoming or expediency. The sentiment of worship in every human soul radiates into the thought, and more or less directs the conduct. Philosophic aspiration after the good and beautiful in life is the outbirth of this motive and the endeavor to give it proper expression. Hence the speculative faculties of the mind must be developed in order that the practical achievement may be genuine and enduring.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

MAN, in so far as his nature is comprehensive of all the natures below himself in the scale of life—in so far is he neither one nor all of them; but he is the comprehender of each and all of them. He comprehends and thence may know each and all of them, but neither one nor all of them can comprehend and know him.—*Hiram K. Jones, M. D., LL. D.*

THAT which imparts truth to knowable things, and gives power to the knower, is the Idea of the Good and the Cause of the transcendent wisdom and truth, as perceived through meditation; but, while knowledge and truth are beautiful, yet goodness is different from them, and far more beautiful.—*Plato.*

WANTED—A NOVEL.

BY ROSA G. ABBOTT.

It is evident that, whether one be confronted by a theory or a condition, a social fad or a reformatory mission, the surest approach to the public ear is through the avenue of the novel or the short story. A strong romance is often more convincing than an army with banners. It is quite possible for a lazy person to incline his heart toward conviction while curled up on a sofa with cigarette or coffee at hand, when turning out to attend an expensive lecture during bad weather would be paying much too high a price for the candle of enlightenment and disillusion.

Take, for instance, the droll topic of theological creeds and dogmas, which always induces gleeful anticipation in those who, having outgrown the rudimentary diversions of gladiatorial contests and cock-fights, yet dearly love and cling to a bout at ecclesiastical fisticuffs. The gradual evolution of this fruitful theme in the novel, beginning with Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel" and coming down to Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere," and the less forceful jibes of latter days, forms a most delightful biography of the perpetual heresy-chase. If a man by searching shall ever find out God, the results of his search can be best communicated to an apathetic world through the dramatic pages of a well-staged novel.

In the *beau monde,* a minimum of effort must accompany a maximum of thought progress; in fact, we may say that the last is a condition of the first. Even the reform drudges enjoy now and then a sugar-coated presentation of

the ideals which absorb their life energies. Of course, as far as you and I are concerned, simple arguments suffice. But you and I are not as others—lymphatic cumberers of the ground. We are intellectually alert, conscientious, etc.; but for the other class a bit of exaggeration is necessary in order that it may perceive the emphasis. Dickens exaggerated to the verge of caricature to bring his characters and his moral into relief. Victor Hugo, in his three masterpieces of "Les Miserables," "Travailleurs de la Mer," and "Notre Dame," followed a similar tendency in his endeavor to illustrate the psychic attitude of undeveloped man toward Society, Nature, and Religion. Well comprehended, these novels constitute a complete map of and guide through the labyrinth of life. Hugo, however, is of too majestic and ponderous an intellect to attract the masses. They do not understand a literary Beethoven.

Perhaps you say, "Neither does any one read 'Corinne' nowadays"? No; the classical De Stael is quite as far astray in our plebeian world as the Parthenon would be were it set down alongside our garish, poster-bedecked buildings. Struggle of genius (soul) against bourgeois prudence (matter)! The peerless "Corinne!" Something less severely exquisite, more after the method of "The Heavenly Twins," will reach a wider audience. The latter book is not inartistic—with the strokes of its melancholy chimes sounding warningly throughout; and of very practical value is its *exposé* of the position of women. Provocative of wholesome thought, it has a mission, and as a missionary it is entitled to a hearing.

The instincts of aristocratic childhood find charmingly instructive expression in Mrs. Burnett's "Sarah Crewe." For the slaves, a woman wielded a pen of lightning; and inarticulate animals are also to find deliverance through the aid of the modern novel. Ancient Æsop did good work for them in his fables. Up to the present day, no more

forceful illustration of our kinship to "the great silent caste" has been presented than these antique short stories, which should be read aloud in every family as a means of cultivating intuitional wisdom in the young.

We have, however, a few novels looking toward ethical culture and mysticism; but they lack that living quality which commands attention and discipleship. Balzac's "Seraphita" is of the latter class; likewise "Zanoni," and the well-nigh clairvoyant "Romance of Two Worlds." But there is yet place for the great ethical novels—the *cri du cœur;* above outgrown creeds; which shall deal with a philosophy of universals; which shall consider the soul in active, conscious relationship to the Cosmos as a whole; helpfully inducing the belief that freedom can be largely attained here and now in the physical body, and that due cultivation of the intellectual, artistic, and spiritual aspects of life will lift it to an ecstatic plane even in this huckstering, insensitive world. Health, beauty, and joyous achievement are not only possible—their attainment is a duty.

"Gates Ajar," "Edward Burton," and similar romances have sought to teach this; yet there is still need for the *great* novel, which shall positively electrify the world to a realization of its eternal privilege of illumined progress. I cannot write this tale—and you, perhaps, cannot; but eventually a Harriet Beecher Stowe will appear who shall thrill mankind with eagerness to throw down the muck-rake of material slavery and to hearken with alert ear to the music of the heavenly spheres; who shall demonstrate that through the power of *will* the thought-forces can be controlled, until harmony with the eternal rhythm shall be evolved from the discord of rudimentary beliefs and false relations between soul and body. Intelligent thought-force is creative of new conditions. The human race approaches its transmutation from the physical-intel-

lectual stage of existence to the intellectual-spiritual plane. Who will pipe to the slumberers a stirring and joyous *reveillé* ?

[The literary need pointed out by our contributor has been recognized by us for some time, and this is one of the requirements of the spiritual movement that MIND purposes to meet. We are pleased to announce that arrangements are already under way for the publication, in serial form, of a first-class psychological romance by an American author of international reputation. We hope to present the initial chapter at an early date.—ED.]

THE field of Philosophy is as broad as the universe. It includes all knowledge, human and divine—everything in action as well as in contemplation that is upright and good. It is practical in the noblest sense. To be "speculative" and "visionary" is to have insight and intelligence of the essential truth of things, to look beyond phenomena to the operating principles, and to be cognizant of the spiritual nature and eternal life. It is a living for the ages rather than for the days—the holding of truth at its divine value rather than for its price in the market.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

SPIRIT is all that was, is, or shall be, and is above this All. The creation is but a quarter of its being; the other three parts are eternal in the heavens. Ascending with these three parts, it is above and beyond this world; the fourth part remains below—to be born and to die by turns.—*Hymn of Purusha.*

THE Supreme Soul is without beginning; not to be called existent or non-existent; possessing every sense, yet separate from them all; apart from yet within all, both far and near; not divided among beings, yet as if it were.—*Vyasa.*

THE wise person who has studied the Scriptures casts them by, as he who seeks grain winnowed from the chaff.—*Upanishad.*

THE eye cannot see itself. How can we see the soul that enables us to see?—*Siva G'nan Patham.*

MIND.

BY JOSEPHINE H. OLCOTT.

Deep calleth unto deep; and star to star,
In quivering waves of light, vibrates afar
And wakes the harmonies of spheres sublime
Whose heavenly music marks the feet of time—
Echoing thro' celestial realms supernal,
In one grand song thro' shoreless space eternal.
And Thou, mysterious Cause, O wondrous Mind!
All things, both great and small, in Thee I find.
The universe from out thy depths was wrought—
Took form and light and color from a thought;
Projected thro' the cosmic force by Will,
Suns—systems—are evolved all space to fill.
The soul of man in empyrean sphere took birth—
God-ray incarnates in a form of earth;
Like to itself it moulds the finer clay
In fashion fair to last for one brief day.
A fitting temple for the immortal soul,
With servants that obey the will's control;
A brain to think, a genius that can rise,
A heart to love, and eyes that pierce the skies!
Mysterious Man! O spirit-ray divine!
At one with God, what destiny is thine!
For one short space to tread this earth below,
Then off for worlds beyond we may not know:
Thus thro' the stars from sphere to sphere to rise
Eternally throughout the boundless skies.

Deep calleth unto deep, and mind to mind—
Thus each to each a psychic tie doth bind.
Within the drop of dew there shines a sun:
Thus God the Mind and man the thought are one.
The universe is mirrored in the soul;
Each atom has its place within the whole
Vast system—a world of smaller size,
Reflecting in its heart the starry skies:
By the same laws controlled—with the same force—
That holds the solar systems in their course.
So man partakes of his immortal birth
As soul reflects his God; the dross of earth
Dims his clear vision for a little time,
Then, open-eyed, he soars to heights sublime.
Thus God is Mind; and Man, the best
And last great thought made manifest,
Created thro' the cosmic fires of Love,
Freed from earth's bondage, seeks his home above.

THERE are four agents of knowing, corresponding to four passions (or conditions) of the soul: intuitive reason, the highest; understanding, or the reasoning faculty, the second; belief, or persuasion, the third; and conjecture, or perception of shadows and effigies, the last. —*Plato.*

ETERNITY is not one whole somewhat, and Time another somewhat. Eternity, therefore, is not in one place and Time in another; but they are merely aspects of one whole system and order.—*Hiram K. Jones, M. D., LL. D.*

ENDEAVOR to have as little to do with thy affections and passions as thou canst, and labor to thy power to make thy body content to go on thy soul's errands.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

OUR NAME AND MISSION.

MIND is a term with varied definitions. This fact is probably due to the vagueness of the earlier conceptions of its essence and functions. Its primary and essential meaning is the spiritual nature, which perceives intuitively and includes the capacity for the superior knowledge. In a subordinate sense it is the ratiocinative faculty, which entertains and reasons upon impressions. In this view it is a near synonym of "soul," the sensuous nature, being thus the faculty that receives ideas and attempts to work them into judgments. Mind is also the will, or inclination; the propensity, or purpose of the ego. It is also the memory, which retains the impression of facts. This capacity, however, really pertains to every part of the nature—the spirit remembers its affinities of the eternal world; the understanding recalls occurrences, evidences, and opinions; the physical being bears record of pains and pleasures that are past.

The several languages akin to the English seem to be more definite in regard to this term than ours. Thus, in Latin, *animus* and *anima* are used. Their first meaning is "air." *Anima* next means the breath of life, and finally a living being, *i. e.*, a soul. *Animus* means the rational soul, or seat of thought, in contradistinction to the body, or physical life. Specifically, it signifies the reason and sensibilities; memory; consciousness; inclination and passions; power of willing; intention. *Mens* is "mind" in the form of disposition. It refers to conscience; understanding; thought; design.

These are the chief Latin words that correspond to the title of

this magazine. One resembles the Greek *anemos*, or wind, and is from the Aryan root *an*, to breathe. The other shows affinity with Sanskrit, and is from *man*, to think.

In Greek the sense is more expressive. The supreme term is *nous*, or *noos*, which means the mind, absolutely. Anaxagoras says: "Nous arranged the elementary matter." In philosophy it is the highest, or the divine faculty (intel-lect), which literally "reads between" the superficial facts. Plato calls it "the highest and most leading part of our soul," and locates it in the head, "which is man's most divine member, and the ruler of our entire composition." "The Deity," he says, "assigned this to each of us as a dæmon," or guardian. The Greek word *phren* was affected by Pythagoras. Physically, it means the diaphragm—the seat of the ganglionic nervous system, as distinguished from the cerebro-spinal. It is also the seat of fear, though Pindar uses it much like *nous*. It is rather amusing to reflect that our phrenological friends, who dwell so much on head and brain, should have named their science from the midriff!

In the New Testament the term *pneuma*, or spirit, is much used to signify the *nous*, or noetic principle. It is generally distinguished from "soul," which means little else than the selfhood of man. Modern philosophers, however, frequently employ this word when speaking of the higher spiritual quality.

Our language is thought to be akin to Sanskrit, both tongues having been derived from the supposed Aryan. "Mind," in Sanskrit, is rendered *manas*—the internal sense that receives impressions from the ordinary senses and governs them. It is the interior organ of perception. "Man" is from the same root, and means a living being that is mind.

The function of mind is intellection—the epistemonic or higher thinking. Divinity is pure Mind; hence, mind in man is an extension or projection of the Divine into the human personality. Being the higher element of the soul, its immortal principle, it inspires

the understanding to develop impressions into distinct thought and purpose.

The province of this periodical, therefore, will be to encourage the higher thinking, the evolving of profounder motives of action, and the bringing up through the lower and external nature of better concepts of life, truth, duty, and real knowledge.

MIND OR BRAIN?

Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale Peabody Museum, who is also a member of the United States Geological Survey, declares that the Japanese race is destined to dominate the world. He bases his conclusion on the fact that the brain of the average Japanese is relatively larger than that of any other race. The human species, in all ages since the birth of man upon the planet, has subdued the lower animals by virtue of its superior brain development; therefore, concludes Professor Marsh, the race that has the largest average brain must eventually control the others.

But some of the world's greatest thinkers have had comparatively small brains, and many of the most stupid dunces have often the largest heads. Mere brain area is of itself no evidence of mental capacity. The brain is not the thinker; it is only an instrument used by the mind to express thought, which is less modified by the size of the brain than by the quality of its fibre. At this point there is a radical divergence between the metaphysical and materialistic schools of thought. We do not hesitate to indorse the spiritual view —that mind is a substance that acts most perfectly apart from and independent of the brain; that possesses few elements in common with matter; and that is the cause, not the product, of the brain. The race that is most highly developed along spiritual lines will inevitably produce the "leaders" of the world; but individuals of any nationality, regardless of brain limitations, may achieve the same prominence by developing the divinity within.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE WEST.

The Illinois College, at Jacksonville, Ill., is the oldest institution of its kind in the Prairie State. It was opened in 1829, and its first President was Dr. Edward Beecher, who, in liberal and advanced ideas, was the foremost member of that celebrated family.

About ten years ago a Chair of Philosophy was established and Dr. H. K. Jones appointed Professor. In 1878, in concert with Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. B. Alcott, and others, Dr. Jones founded the famous summer School of Philosophy at Concord, where he lectured four seasons on the philosophy of Plato and India. For many years he had been the guiding genius of a Plato Club at Jacksonville, where the American Akadémé was formed in 1883, Dr. Jones being President, and Alexander Wilder, M. D., Vice-president. Eight volumes of the Akadémé "Journal" have been published.

Upon the death of his wife, Dr. Jones resolved to erect a Memorial Building in her name, which he presented to the College last June. The trustees decided to honor the donor and his favorite pursuit by holding a Philosophical Symposium at the same time. The initial address was by Dr. Alexander Wilder, one of the contributors to this issue of MIND. His topic was "The Public Uses of Philosophy." The lecture was received with general favor by the large audience, which included leading citizens from every part of the State. The next speaker was Professor James H. Tafts, of Chicago University, who gave a "History of Philosophic Study in the Middle Ages." Dr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, presided in the afternoon, and Dr. Jones delivered an address on "The Study of Philosophy." Professor Harris addressed the assemblage in the evening on "The General Development of Philosophic Study," which he traced from Plato to a culmination in Hegel. At the close, many expressed gratification at the success of this unique demonstration of an American college in behalf of a genuine Philosophy.

PROGRESS OF MENTAL SCIENCE.

Interest in metaphysical methods of coping with disease is no longer confined to a certain class. The number of healers is increasing daily throughout the country, and some of them have more patients than they can conveniently attend to. The literature of the subject is already voluminous and being constantly augmented, while classes for technical instruction are always largely attended. Knowledge of the principles is nowadays met with in the most unexpected quarters. Indeed, the whole question of man's immortality and spiritual nature has come to be regarded as a legitimate subject of scientific inquiry, even by the daily press. Appended are two letters to the editor of a New York morning newspaper that were published on June 24. They are significant of the progress of individual thinking:

The best way for a man to keep his health is to lead a regular life and think about himself as little as possible. Men consist of a mind operating through a body. The mind is as capable of abusing the body as of using it. I think more than half the diseases we die from begin in the mind before they take hold on the body. They are terribly real at last, and thousands of people are dying of them daily.

DUNGLISON.

As a result of long observation I should say that ten persons are made ill by worry where one loses health by overwork. A man can stand a large amount of work, physical or mental, if he eats well, sleeps well, and doesn't fret. It is well known that a fit of anger after eating will interfere with digestion. Fretting and worrying have the same effect upon the stomach. There is a sound physiological fact at the bottom of the maxim, "Laugh and grow fat."

J. W. A.

THE Italian telepathist, Dr. Ermacora, has recently carried on a number of interesting psychic experiments. He caused a young girl to see many things in dreams that she had never previously heard of, and to experience emotions that were entirely new to her. Going to sleep naturally at night, and being asked the next morning if she had dreamed anything, it was found that in many cases her dreams were exactly what the doctor had predicted.

A PLANCHETTE EXPERIENCE.

[Condensed from Collier's Weekly.]

It was during a summer at the seaside; we had a lot of young folks in the house, and by way of providing entertainment for them when it rained I whittled a planchette out of the cover of a cigar-box. I bored a hole in one end for the pencil and two for pegs at the other corners of the heart-shaped contrivance. I have seen many planchettes since then, but never one that approached the activity and imaginative power of this. At length it was proposed that, since we had visited most other places by planchette's means (we had dwelt for four thrilling weeks on a star in the Great Bear, for one thing), we should settle the mystery about the North Pole. Accordingly two of us sat down, a sheet of smooth brown wrapping paper was spread out on the table, and the instrument of mystery was fitted with a newly sharpened pencil and placed in position. "Go to the North Pole, please, Planchie, and let us know all about it."

Planchie began to write. In reply to our thick-flying questions he, step by step, described every object in this new world, and made drawings of the houses, domestic utensils, weapons of war, and typical inhabitants. He observed that, although several persons from the outer world had from time to time penetrated to the Pole, yet none had ever come thence to us. It was a country from whose bourne no traveler returned, and from which no original inhabitant emigrated. Indeed, why should they? It is a delightful place, with an even and temperate climate (about seventy, if I remember right, the year round), and a most agreeable and intelligent population. I have the map which Planchette drew of the place; it is a large island, about the size of the British Islands all lumped together.

By the way, in respect to this map an incident occurred which I will quote in order to establish the veracity and trustworthiness of our Planchie. I mislaid the map upon a time, and after hunting high and low for it, it was suggested that Planchie be asked to draw another. The coast-line which he had drawn on the previous occasion had been very complicated and indented; I could no more have pretended to recall its ins and outs myself than I could have gone north and surveyed it that afternoon. I hardly thought, in short, that

Planchie would consent to do this thing, or that, if he did, the attempt would succeed. No one present remembered any more of the contour of the map than I did; but all had an idea of it more or less undefined. His first act was to turn round sharply and say that he had made a map for us already. But some one rejoined that the map he had drawn had been lost, and we wanted one more.

Planchie fetched a big sweep across the paper, and, starting at a certain point near the left-hand top corner, he traced with great swiftness the outline of an island; out ran the capes, in darted the bays, here debouched a river, there entered an inclosed harbor, yonder zigzagged a coast-line; and all was drawn with firmness and confidence. In a couple of minutes the map was done, and most of us agreed that it bore a very colorable likeness to the original. Planchie said nothing; there is no gauging the character of that strange little creature. His triumph did not come till a week later. Then some one turned up the old original map in the bottom of a drawer. "Let's compare 'em!" was the heartless cry. They were placed side by side. The copy was a good deal smaller than the original. But it was plain at the first glance that the likeness between them was more than general. The more they were examined, the more they coincided. At length we took the pains to cut the smaller one out, following the line drawn by Planchie; and then we placed it inside the larger one. I assure you that they coincided, jog for jog, from start to finish. The more I reflect upon this achievement, the more astonishing it appears; for there were no latitude and longitude lines for guidance in either case, and both were drawn with a single, running journey of the pencil.

As to whether the coast-line of the Polar continent will be found to coincide with my maps, I am not concerned to say; but really I think Planchie performed as remarkable a feat in reproducing that map as Monsieur Andree or Mr. Peary will in discovering the place itself.—*Julian Hawthorne.*

EVERY evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemies that he kills pass into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptations we resist.—*Emerson.*

THINKING ONE'S SELF TO DEATH.

Perhaps the most extraordinary case which came before a London coroner's jury during the month of May was that of Dr. Richardson, an educated and intelligent man, whose death was due to his own imagination. The evidence leaves no doubt of this. The injuries Dr. Richardson sustained by falling from his bicycle were not serious, and he might easily have recovered from them if he had not taken up a feverish idea that they would produce lockjaw.

His case was progressing favorably until the third Sunday in April, when he announced to a brother physician that he would have lockjaw during the week and would die of it on the next Sunday. In spite of attempts to persuade him that the idea was absurd, he insisted on being treated with antitoxin. If this had any effect at all it was to increase the power of his imagination and bring his weakened body still more completely under control of his mind. As a result, he developed alarming symptoms on the last Thursday in April, and it soon became clear that he could not recover. He died on the day he had appointed, and of lockjaw as he had predicted.

The case is remarkable, but not because it is rare for people to "think themselves to death." They are doing so every week of the year all the world over unless the physiologists are all at fault. The remarkable feature of the case is that the victim here was himself a physiologist, a man of education and general intelligence, reinforced supposably by special training in the effects of the mind on the body. This training did not save him. On the contrary, it may have made him worse, as the evidence suggests.

When such evidence is considered in the light of similar cases given by Sir William Carpenter, it seems clear enough that everything Dr. Richardson knew of physiology helped to kill him. Dr. Richardson would probably have laughed at such people; yet his mind was governed by the same laws as theirs. As the best physiologists explain his case, everything that happened in it is easy to understand. The fall he had from his wheel may not have been serious enough in itself to have kept him in bed for more than a week, but a very slight fever from it would have been enough to throw a habitually active mind into what the books call a "state of super-activity."

They mean by this that a man who thinks habitually is always in

some danger of reaching a point where he cannot stop thinking when he tries. A slight fever or anything else which excites an already active brain acts on him as a dose of opium acted on De Quincey. Wheels in his head he knew nothing about began whirring. His mind acts with wonderful quickness. He is not insane. On the contrary, he may have more sense than he ever had in his life. He may show such genius as the poet Coleridge showed when his mind began operating in this way during a dream, with the result in the most brilliant of his poems after the "Ancient Mariner," the Kubla Khan fragment, which he was never able to complete after he had regained control of his mind in its usual state.

Dr. Richardson showed no symptom of what is ordinarily called insanity. His feverish idea that he would have lockjaw brought all his knowledge of the disease to bear against him. If he had known none of the symptoms it is hard to see how he could have thought himself into them; but, knowing them all, it was not hard for him to think himself to death in that most horrible manner. This, at any rate, is the explanation the best physiologists give in such cases, and there is no reason in the evidence here to question it.—*New York Sunday World.*

IT IS safe to affirm that there are no new revelations. The same Word that ordained light never ceases so to ordain; the same Spirit that moved and operated upon the waters at the genesis is potent and active to-day. The world may vary in form and aspect, but that which gives it life is always the same. Whoever will ascend above the changing scenes will know and mirror in himself the unchanging. This is what is meant by being involved and included in the divine aura and light.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

THE narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunity. The creeds of his Church shrink like dried leaves at the door of the observatory.—*Emerson.*

THE whole duty of man is embraced in the two principles of abstinence and patience: temperance in prosperity, and courage in adversity.—*Seneca.*

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

Professor Elmer Gates, of Washington, is one of the most active and brilliant of the new school of psychologists. The occasional insight he gives us into his work, the new world it opens to us, makes us impatient for the time when he shall be ready to give the results of his investigations in a more complete form to the public. In his recent experiments he shows that the ether which fills all the interstellar universe really consists of distinct particles, but these particles are as much smaller than a chemical atom as a chemical atom is smaller than the sun.

In carrying out his experiment it became necessary to produce an absolute vacuum, which had never been accomplished before. To produce this result the Professor takes a tube of potash glass, which is so hard that it requires a much greater heat than any other kind to melt. He fills the tube with another sort of glass, which has a melting point 500 degrees lower than that of the potash glass. The tube and its contents are then subjected to slow heating until the soft glass is sufficiently melted to enable it to be pulled out bodily part way from the tube of hard glass containing it. The space thus left is an absolute vacuum. There is not one particle of air or any other gas, and yet here is a quantity of absolutely pure ether composed, as he proceeds to show, of distinct particles. In this experiment a metal ball on the end of a platinum wire is fixed in place incidental to the process of creating a vacuum. A glass lens focuses the sun's rays at a point near the ball. At the point of focus, owing to the sun's energy, the particles of ether move about more rapidly and are farthest apart. Then the ball swings toward the point of less density. This it does every time. This the professor regards as proof that the ether which fills all space, and whose wave-motions make light and transmit electrical energy from the sun, is a material substance and composed of particles thickly crowded together, but so minute that they penetrate through everything.

Professor Gates's laboratory, in which he is working out these problems of psycho-physical research, is filled with the most delicate instruments the human mind can conceive to accomplish his purpose. Fortunately for science, there is no lack of money at his disposal, a wealthy friend having appropriated $25,000 a year to further

the Professor's work, of which he is now only at the beginning. Professor Gates has in contemplation a line of investigation which, if we are not mistaken, judging from the results already obtained, will place upon a firm foundation a science of therapeutics which will do much to harmonize the medical world and prolong human life.—*New York Medical Times.*

THE PARIS DISASTER.

The following letter has appeared in the London *Standard:*

With reference to the prophecy of the Paris disaster contained in "Old Moore's Almanack," I beg to say that I believe it to be not a mere coincidence. I have for some time been interested in the question of prevision, and during the past two years have had some remarkable instances of foresight occurring to a friend and patient of mine. On Saturday she had a prevision of the Paris disaster, with the names of eight of the victims, and also an intimation that about two hundred deaths would result in a temporary building from fire in Paris. The same evening she had a prevision of the shipping accident near Aberdeen, the full name of the one steamer being given and the first letter of the other, as well as the statement that eleven lives would be lost. These accounts were written on a letter-card, which was posted on Sunday, and bears the postmark, "May 3, 12:15 a. m." Before being posted, the letter-card was attested by two gentlemen and myself—a medical member of the Psychical Society.

We have had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the writer of the above letter, and he has kindly permitted us to examine the postal letter-card to which he refers. The fire in Paris occurred on Tuesday, May 4th, and the card, which was posted on the preceding Sunday, not only foretold the disaster, but described the building, and attributed the accident to the lamp of the cinematographe—and the authorities came to the same conclusion after a searching inquiry. —*"Light," London, England.*

We do not go to heaven, but heaven comes to us. They whose inner eye is opened to see heaven and they that do see it are in it; and the air to them is thick with angels.—*F. H. Hedge.*

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.—*Confucius.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE POWER OF SILENCE. By Horatio W. Dresser. 219 pp. Cloth, $1.50. George H. Ellis, publisher, Boston.

We have received a copy of the sixth edition of this standard work. The success it has met with is quite unusual among books of its class; yet this is easily explained when we consider the subtle appeal it makes to the inner consciousness of the reader. It is bold, outspoken, and original, and meets a crying want of American life. The great point on which the author lays continual emphasis is the doctrine of Oneness—not only of the human race, but of man and the universe. A clear conception of this principle serves immensely to simplify the problems of life and destiny and to promote individual welfare. "Of all known forms of the one Energy," says Mr. Dresser, "Thought is the most powerful, the most subtle, and probably the least understood. Used ignorantly, it brings us all our misery; used wisely, its power of developing health and happiness is limitless." The brilliant young author of this book is the editor of the Boston *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, a magazine that has done and is doing noble work in the cause of the higher life.

OLD AND NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By W. J. Colville. 365 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Occult Publishing Company, Boston.

This is the latest and perhaps the best work of one of the most prolific writers in the "new thought." Mr. Colville's books have a wide circulation both in this country and in Europe, where he has achieved a unique reputation as an inspirational lecturer and psychic. The present volume consists of twenty-four lectures, embracing an extensive variety of subjects bearing upon the general question of psychology—ancient and modern, experimental and philosophic. Its greatest charm undoubtedly lies in the simplicity and directness of its diction, though it lacks none of the profundity that inevitably marks works of this character. To all that are desirous of gaining

an insight into the workings and attributes of man's spiritual nature, we cordially commend this book. Divested of all unnecessary technical verbiage and the mysticism with which most writers surround the subject, it appeals to reason in the light of experience and conveys instruction on every page.

PRACTICAL METAPHYSICS. By Anna W. Mills. 304 pp. Cloth, $2.00. F. M. Harley Publishing Company, American publishers, Chicago.

This is an important work on "healing and self-culture," or "the way to save both soul and body now." The foreign edition (Brisbane, Australia) has an interesting preface by J. P. Mills, M. D., which is in line with the liberal character of the book. The volume treats throughout of fundamental principles, while giving many helpful suggestions whereby the doctrine of mind-healing may be personally applied. One commendable feature is its tendency to unite the various schools on a common basis without sacrificing a single essential principle or offending the religious convictions of any reader. It is unsectarian, uplifting, and educational—on the whole, a lucid and candid demonstration of a theory that is entering more and more deeply into the lives and literature of our people.

KAREZZA: ETHICS OF MARRIAGE. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. 136 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Alice B. Stockham & Co., publishers, Chicago.

The many readers of "Tokology," by the same author, will find in "Karezza" a fitting supplement and amplification of the practical ideas expounded in the former volume. It treats of the most vital function of human life with a boldness and candor that have long been needed. The alleged "delicacy" with which the procreative faculty is usually regarded is wholly a matter of conventionality; but Dr. Stockham, writing from the standpoint of knowledge and experience, pleads for a scientific recognition and control of the sexual impulses on the ground of their supreme sacredness and spiritual basis. She makes an eloquent appeal for the rights of the unborn, and traces much of human misery to the prevalent perversion of the sexual instinct. The married, as well as those contemplating marriage, may read this book with profit both to themselves and to the race.

MIND.

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THE TRUE PURPOSE OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY H. K. JONES, M.D., LL.D.

The province of Philosophy is to investigate essential natures, principles, and causes; hence it relates specifically and characteristically to real Being—to that which truly *is* and exists, and which underlies and brings into existence the phenomena of the sensible world. It is the cognition of Being as essential, vital, substantial, self-moving, motive, constitutive, formative, and relative in all things that exist and that appear to exist. In short, Philosophy affirms that Being is a subject of immediate and verifiable human knowledge; that it is the origin and cause of all life, motion, and form apparent in Nature; and that it is itself equally and truly as knowable as those phenomena.

From this beginning and point of view, therefore, Philosophy takes precedence of all departments of knowledge—physical, metaphysical, and theistic. It embraces speculations upon matter and physics, mind and metaphysics, theism and theology. Thus Philosophy is the investigation of things in their essence and form and cause; and Science, in contradistinction, is the exploring and arranging of phenomena. By the designation of "phenomena" is signified the manifestations of the various forms of existence—the effigies and effects and appearances exhibited by their essential substances—and of the

forms and motions of real Being. In fact, the mere notation and nomenclature and classification of phenomena, abstracted from their essential principle and producing cause, constitute "Science" in the present conventional use and application of the term.

The themes of all knowledge are Matter, Being, and Divinity. The method of Philosophy is psychologic, and the ground of all philosophic knowledge is found in the constitution of the human soul. Man stands in the midst; he is related to all Being as being himself in the middle term—and likewise, on the one hand, to Matter, and on the other side to God. By virtue of this vital and organic relationship he is able to know concerning each and all.

"Thus," says Professor Cocker, "the soul as a composite nature is on one side linked to the eternal world, its essence being generated of that ineffable element which constitutes the real, the immutable, and the permanent. It is a beam of the eternal Sun, a spark of the Divinity, an emanation from God. On the other side it is linked to the phenomenal or sensible world, its emotive part being formed of that which is relative and phenomenal. The soul of man thus stands midway between the eternal and the contingent, the real and the phenomenal; and as such it is the mediator between and the interpreter of both." The human mind is endowed accordingly with ability to acquire knowledge in these several departments. Its faculties are perceptive, rational, and spiritual, and they can all be cultivated and developed. It is competent to know and identify and distinguish with equal certainty the subjects of non-Being (or matter and its appearances), of Being and its phenomena, and of Spirit and its manifestations.

Man, therefore, must and will formulate his observations and knowledge into elaborate schemes—as physical, metaphysical, and theological sciences;—doing this ignorantly or with more or less discrimination, according as

his intelligence in the respective departments may enable him to think more or less correctly. Any mode or system of education, therefore, which leaves any of the faculties neglected and untrained is partial and incomplete, coming lamentably short of what constitutes a liberal education. The man, for example, who is uninstructed in physical science will be mentally weak in that department of knowledge; and if he is not cultured in regard to the true nature of Being, he will exhibit feeble powers of knowing and thinking correctly upon subjects pertaining to that department. If he is undisciplined and undeveloped in theistic science he will be intellectually imbecile and utterly incapable of investigating and of forming any true perception of the manifestation of Deity in creation and providence.

In short, the individual who is not versant in Philosophy, in the relations of cause and effect, in the principles that lie at the foundation of all judgment, in the ideal of the Good which gives light and form to all, will be utterly unknowing, impotent in mind and thinking, and incapable of apprehending and identifying the logic of the world from the first cause to the last effect.

A systematic cultivation and discipline of the mental faculties, in inquiry respecting the causes of things that exist and appear to exist, would therefore seem to be an essential part of the curriculum of education. Through childhood, and youth and adult age, an eager curiosity to know the reason of things prompts all the intellectual motions of the mind. The quest to know whether a thing exists is scientific; the inquiry why it exists is philosophic.

The omission of philosophic study as here set forth constitutes a serious, not to say a vital, defect in an educational course. In all the sciences, physical, metaphysical, and theological, and in the philosophic comprehending of them all in the First Cause, every mind is agnostic in what-

ever it is ignorant. Agnosticism, accordingly, is a confession and an illustration of the ignorance incident to a partial and incomplete education. This faculty of knowing what is beyond the perception of the physical senses is a divine endowment. Because of this faculty, and in no sense because he is an animal or has a material shape, man is described as made in the likeness of his Creator.

The discipline and developing of the mental powers should be pursued to as great a degree as possible during the earlier stages of the training period, but it is a more distinctive requirement of the higher education. *We* likewise must be educated. It is an education that consists in the exercise and developing of the faculties of thinking, to the end that truth may be cognized in its order and place—not simply in books, but where it may be found and known at all times extant and manifest in the nature of things. It is therefore the province and endeavor of all philosophic teaching to suggest, and as far as practicable to lead and impel the student to the employing of his powers in accordance with the bent and constitution of his own mind, rather than to attempt the cramming of the memory with the record of what has been known by others at any modern or ancient period.

Indeed, there appears to be no standard text-book or system of philosophy that is generally accepted in Europe or America. Eminent men in the different countries have contributed volumes in the discussion of particular themes and problems, but no body of philosophic speculation has been presented as authoritative. In the universities the utterances and opinions of the incumbent of the Chair of Philosophy constitute the doctrines there accepted, and we know of no authorized publication.

America should develop and promulgate a system of Philosophy suited to the genius and temper of her own people. This country is the great arena of industry in every

form, and there exists no necessity for depending upon the other hemisphere for higher instruction in philosophy, science, or the liberal arts. We should take our form from no school or period—neither from India, Greece, Italy, France, or Germany, nor from Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, or Schopenhauer. It might be well for us if we could even ignore and forget the tedious platitudes and cumbrous terminology of Scotch and English metaphysicians, as tending to obscure rather than elucidate their topics. We should have a system adapted to our own occasions, worthy of our own people, and delivered in terms appropriate, simple, and easy to understand.

Philosophic research knows no arbitrary limitation. It is neither to be guided nor circumscribed by the accumulated notions and utterances of others. Every period witnesses the superseding of former implements and inventions in machinery and of modes of husbandry. Few of the contrivances, for example, which were exhibited in 1851 at the first World's Fair at Sydenham are now in use. They have generally been replaced by newer devices, and even these are growing obsolete. Such is the history of human skill in the world of physical nature. The development and career of thought ought in some degree to be analogous. We may not be content with the stored resources of our predecessors. We do well, nevertheless, to make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the knowledge which others have gathered. There have been fresh supplies from the eternal sources all through the ages and in different countries; yet the real attainment in Philosophy is something else and infinitely more than a literary familiarity with philosophic systems. Each must reach out for himself; each must philosophize individually. Philosophy, like the manna in the Hebrew narrative, is not to be stored up for future use, but rather to be gathered fresh every day.

INDIVIDUALITY AND PERSONALITY.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

It is impossible to come to a right conclusion with reference to the more recondite questions of psychology unless we have a clear understanding of the conditions of the problem to be dealt with. These conditions are very largely concerned with the distinction between the individuality and the personality, which are usually confounded, with the result that little advance is made toward the solution of such questions. In a general way, "individuality" answers to the subconsciousness, or the subliminal consciousness, of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, who, in his valuable contributions to the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, makes practically the same distinction between that organic factor and the personality which I propose, though not in actual terms. Personality will, therefore, correspond to the conscious factor of the organism, but the two factors are so intimately associated that it is difficult to say where, in the *adult*, the one ends and the other begins.

The matter is confused by the use of the word *individual* to denote a separate organic existence, as distinguished from the series of such existences that constitute the race or species. And yet that use may help to throw light on the subject to be considered; for as the species consists of many such individuals, among whom are included the ancestors of any particular individual organism now existing, the species itself must be represented in such organism

by what has been aptly termed "ancestral vestiges." It is the presence of these vestiges, which are specific as well as ancestral, which constitutes the individuality of the organism, be it animal or human. Hence, so far as his relationship to the species is concerned, a man may be described as an individual—one of the existing elements of the species. This has reference more especially to the *past*, however: a species being the summation of a number of past existences which stood toward each other in certain intimate relations. But, so far as the present is concerned, the man is a person, the personality being acquired as the result of a man's own experience. Thus the individuality and the personality may be considered as the two forces of the human being, which (Janus-like) look in opposite directions, the one toward the past and the other toward the future, which is constantly becoming past through the medium of experience, which represents the present.

The ideas here stated will be grasped more clearly if we consider the condition of the child organism before birth. Not having yet an existence separate from that of its maternal parent, the child has no personality; but, being an organic unit, it has an individuality, and this it possessed from the moment the condition of equilibrium within the germ was first disturbed by introduction of the sperm. The male and female factors thus intermingled gave rise to a fresh organic unit, which is the product of the union of its parents. At no period of its growth, moreover, does the unborn child possess anything it has not derived, mediately or immediately, from one or the other; and it may be regarded, therefore, as the actual incarnation of its parents, who thus acquire a joint existence in the organism of their offspring. The individuality which the child possesses must have from the very beginning a special relation to the organic factors of whose union it is the product; and, as the child is at first nothing but the

unitary expression of those factors, that individuality really belongs to its parents. The individuality of the organism is thus simply the organism itself as a center of vitality, apart from any external relation through the medium of the sensory apparatus; and it alone exists, as an embodiment of past ancestral experience, up to the period of actual birth.

If the organism, as a simple, vital entity, constitutes the individuality of the child, its personality must be a product of its own experience, and not belong to its parents as such. This experience is gained at first through the action of the brain on the external stimuli which affect the organs of special sense, and the personality is developed as the result of the response of the cerebral nervous system to such stimuli. The sensory experiences of the organism are registered as memory, or a series of memories, the existence of which, as distinguished from the memories stored up in the ancestral individuality, constitutes the personality of the organism, which personality undergoes constant modification as its memory symbols are increased.

This distinction between the personal and the individual memories must be borne well in mind; for, although the child organism is a reproduction of its parents, and its experience is, therefore, in a sense that of its parents, yet it is so only under unitary conditions. If the parental factors retain any actual memory of past experience, it must exist in the child in a dual form: whereas the memory of the child organism is single, and thus independent of the ancestral memories. Under normal conditions, these appear as organic tendencies and functional or facultative aptitudes, and thus a child may exhibit a likeness in different particulars to both its parents. At first the child organism is governed in its action by such tendencies, combined with the instincts and intuitions which have been gradually developed through the experiences of the

race, and which constitute race memories. These form the background of all purely ancestral memory, applying the term *ancestral* in a limited sense. But, strictly, the term embraces every link in the chain of being from the very beginning of relative existence, so far as it is represented in the child organism; and the conclusion can hardly be avoided that the parental sperm and germ, from the vital union of which the fresh organism springs, actually possess elements impressed with memories derived from the most distant past of ancestral experience. Of course those elements can exist only in a state of extreme concentration, answering to the intuitive and instinctive nature of the memory vestiges attached to them. That concentration will be less and less pronounced, however, as the later ancestral stages are reached, both the organic ancestral factors and the memories belonging to them retaining somewhat of their persistency, and thus being able to exercise actual influence over the conduct of the child organism through its subconscious individuality.

Nevertheless, under normal conditions, the influence of this ancestral individuality will gradually become weaker, as the unitary child organism acquires a special disposition as the result of its own experiences, and will give place to the authority of the developed personality, which during waking hours will usually be supreme in all but purely organic or instinctive operations. During sleep, however, and under the abnormal conditions presented by the "medium," the somnambulist, and the hypnotized subject, the personality loses its control of the organic mechanism, which may then pass wholly under the control of the individuality, or subconscious factor—whose activity is otherwise limited to the supervision of the functions necessary for the actual existence of the organism as a living entity—or of that of an external will.

This is not the place to apply these views to the expla-

nation of any particular occult phenomenon. The point to be insisted upon here is the fundamental fact that, so far as concerns what is usually called the individual organism, this is composed of two factors, of which one, the individuality proper, is normally subconscious, and is an incarnation, not only of the parents of the organism, but of all its ancestors to the most distant generation, each of which has left memory impressions, more or less profound, appearing as intuitions, instincts, aptitudes, and tendencies. The other factor is the personality, and this is the coordinated expression of the experiences of the organism as a separate entity, having its own memory or series of memories, which memory-series is, however, organically connected with the ancestral memories of the individuality. The personality, having been developed through the action of the sensory apparatus and the cerebral nervous system, must be supposed to be associated more especially with the brain, which is the seat of self-consciousness and the chief source of the energy whose exhibition is so characteristic of the male factor of the organism, and of the man himself as distinguished from the woman, under normal conditions. On the other hand, the individuality, as the representative of the species, whose experiences are ancestral, is fittingly associated with the muscular system, which is the seat of force or potential energy, and which is closely connected with the sexual system. It is owing to its sexual relations that the individuality so often exhibits its abnormal activity in women, and particularly at the seasons of functional derangement. Many so-called occult phenomena have occurred through the medium of young girls during the organic changes which mark the age of puberty.

It must not be supposed that the individuality is limited in its action to the muscular and sexual systems, and the personality to the nervous system. These systems

form their *special* spheres of action; but, as the personality and individuality act and react on each other, we must believe that each is able to influence every part of the organism. Indeed, to the latter belongs the whole organic structure, and therefore the brain itself, as it was constituted at the birth of the child; while, on the other hand, all parts of the organism are modified more or less as the outcome of the experiences that result in the development of the personality. This development is essentially a process of growth. The individuality is the soil in which the germ of personality is planted, and from which it derives the chief elements of its nourishment. Like the tree, however, the personality not only sends its roots downward into the living soil, but also spreads upward that it may obtain nutriment from other sources. In this manner it comes in contact with other personalities, and is able to acquire the experience which ultimately gives the organic entity the special characteristics by which it comes to be distinguished, and which impress themselves even on the ancestral individuality. As thus modified, the individuality is handed down to a succeeding generation to form a factor in a new combination, which will in turn give rise to a fresh personality.

In conclusion, the individuality may be likened to a vitalized machine able to run itself, but which gradually evolves an agent who takes it more or less under control. This agent may voluntarily abandon the control while taking rest, as in sleep, or such conditions may be created, either accidentally or intentionally, as will cause the involuntary loss by the agent of that control. In these cases the individuality may again run the machine, which it never ceases to control to a large extent, or it may be run by some external agent through hypnotic suggestion and volition. It is possible that in all these cases the personality retains some degree of consciousness of what is going

on, although usually unable to interfere; but, however this may be, the researches of Dr. J. Milne Bramwell clearly establish that in the hypnotic state the subject can resist the suggestions of the operator. This is proof of continued consciousness and also of unimpaired volition, although the exercise of will is usually suspended. Even this is not so, however, in cases of self-hypnosis, as here the subject voluntarily creates the phenomena and abdicates the control of the organism to the individuality, after having laid down the rules that are to govern its operations.

IT is generally supposed that Plato taught the pre-existence of the soul as essential to its immortality. There are plausible grounds for supposing that we have existed, and perhaps dwelt upon the earth. Persons and scenes often present themselves to us with the consciousness that we have encountered them before. We may know, speaking after the manner of men, that this cannot have been true. Yet we cannot well avoid feeling, if not thinking and believing, that we have inherited this consciousness from some ancestor who met with the adventure; or else that we were our own predecessors, and had, in some former term of existence, witnessed and acted personally in the matter. If this be so, our birth is indeed "a sleep and a forgetting."—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

MAN is a trinity of powers—spiritual, mental, physical; and yet these are not three, but one. By his spiritual powers man apprehends and contemplates God and goodness; this is love. By his mental powers man follows the thought of God revealed in the laws of nature. By his physical powers man is brought into relation with his fellow-man and with the visible, sensible universe, and exercises dominion, enjoys, uses, glories in the created works of God.—*John Henry Clarke, M. D.*

NOTHING can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—*Saint Bernard.*

THE MENTAL ORIGIN OF DISEASE.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Every physical condition has a corresponding mental state. Change the mental state, and you change the physical condition. The body is what we make it—strong and whole, or weak and diseased. If we are in harmony with universal law, we must be harmonious ourselves. When our wills are in opposition, through selfish desires or emotions, we become weak and discordant.

The will has a definite effect on all parts of the body; but nowhere is it more noticeable than on the neck. Its true action gives strength to that part of the organism, while lack of will gives weakness. Where there is perverseness of will, or self-will, it often occasions stiffness or soreness of the neck. The scriptural statement that the Jews were a stiff-necked and rebellious people is only an illustration of the power of self-will.

The arms and hands, as the instruments of execution, are closely connected with the will and intellect. They are therefore considered the most executive part of the body. It is quite possible, with an educated sense of touch, to perceive different shades of will and intellect simply by the clasp of another's hand; and many are able to determine by this method whether or not a person is possessed of mental firmness.

Persons that are thoughtfully disposed invariably incline the head slightly forward; but one whose thoughts are constantly striving to reach a given destination in advance of the body droops the head and shoulders decidedly

forward. Where the head is thrown back, it indicates physical development and independence. Frequently we notice people with their arms akimbo; this is also an indication of an independent frame of mind. When the arms are carried close to the sides, however, a lack of independence is indicated. Stiff thumbs, bending outward, indicate firmness; but when they fall in toward the palm of the hand, a lack of mentality is shown.

The lungs are acted upon by desires. When these are intense and true, we breathe strongly and deeply. The right base of all breathing is the diaphragm; proceeding thence, the breath is under proper control. Our mental faculties should be used to develop every organ in the body. Where there is a lack of mind development, the corresponding organ will become first weakened and then diseased. It is not remarkable that nineteen persons in every twenty are troubled with coughs, colds, and other lung difficulties, for they use little more than half their lung power, their breath being exhaled from the chest instead of the diaphragm. Desire is properly the aspiration for things good and true; it controls the out-breathing, while response to the desire is the receiving of inspiration corresponding to the in-breathing. Our ordinary respiration is seldom really strong and deep—for it is only as man asks that he receives; it is only as he knocks that the door is opened to him; it is only as he seeks that he finds.

Man is created in the image and likeness of his Creator. He is endowed with certain faculties of soul and mind, and his salvation depends upon their proper use and control. His mission is to work out the powers and possibilities wrought in him from the beginning. After all, this is only a reasonable service; it is the one duty he owes to God and to his fellow-men. Through this development he most truly worships God and becomes most helpful to his race.

Mental impulses have a decided and definite action upon the heart; but no impulse is so strong in this respect as that of love. True love—which is the love of universal good; which is the sun that shines for all; which is beneficent—strengthens every organ of the body to a degree equaled by no other soul-impulse or mental faculty. It is the crowning, dominating influence in the soul of man, transcending all others. When Jesus was asked concerning God, he could form no loftier conception than the highest impulse of his own soul. He answered, "God is Love." All intellectual conceptions of Deity are as nothing when compared to this expression of a feeling so great as to be indescribable in human language.

The blood corresponds to the life-force which is "in all, through all, and above all." From the heart of love, it is sent coursing throughout the organism to replenish its needs. After fulfilling its mission, it returns to the heart, where it undergoes a process of purification and renewal—whence it proceeds again to supply the needs of the body. In this interaction of heart, blood, and body, we find typified the correspondence existing between God and man. The vital forces proceed from the Supreme Heart of the universe, to nourish and supply every living thing therein; then they return to God, to be again sent out on their vivifying errand. "We live in God, and know it not."

The brain is undoubtedly the principal organ of the mind, but the mind is not the chief part of man; neither is the brain the chief part of the body. Mind of itself originates nothing; it is ever acted upon by the higher impulses of the soul. Mind is not the germ of life; it is merely its reflector. It derives its being from the higher impulses, and its office is to relate itself to them. In this manner, man may become truly related to the outer world.

The bodily organs corresponding to man's innermost being are those located in the trunk—chiefly the heart.

When the heart is affected by emotions produced from without, we experience irregularity of action. When the life of man seems to be thus tainted—a condition invariably caused by a wrong relationship to his environment—the blood, after a time, becomes "poisoned;" it no longer carries true nourishment to the different parts of the body. Then it is said that the blood is "diseased." There are different expressions and degrees of this life-poisoning condition: for instance, one form of it is called rheumatism; another is evidenced by cutaneous eruptions, etc.

Anger has a decided effect upon the blood, producing first an excessive flow. As stated in the previous article, wherever there is an excess of action, there must be a corresponding reaction. It is not possible for any one to indulge in repeated outbursts of anger without adversely affecting the blood. Mental inflammation will surely result in physical inflammation, as one cannot be separated from the other. Anger, hatred, fear, selfishness—these are the cause of more physical disease than all other mental states combined. Bile derives its true action from sweetness and kindness of disposition; its flow is then directed to the corresponding needs of the body. But its false action is usually caused by mental bitterness and a feeling of repulsion toward persons or things.

True physical digestion comes through proper mental digestion. It is noticeable that intellectual people are generally troubled with either indigestion or dyspepsia. They make the intellect the god of their being, depending on it to the exclusion of the higher impulses, thereby producing an unbalanced state. The intellect should not be underrated; it is necessary, however, to show its true relation to being—as a *reflector*, not a producer, of light. One of the most common causes of indigestion lies in the effort of certain persons to acquire knowledge rapidly. They

cram the mind with many things they have not mentally digested, and this mental indigestion is the forerunner of a corresponding physical condition. Again, we find people with good digestion who do not properly *assimilate* their food. This result corresponds to knowledge which they have clearly perceived but failed to use. We must first thoroughly digest what we read, think of it, talk it over, thoroughly assimilate it—then we can make it our own. We must live it—must *be* it; and if we are bright, hopeful, and cheerful, we shall have no trouble with the digestion and assimilation of our physical food.

The kidneys and secret organs are affected by the secrecies of life. Into every life enter many thoughts and conditions too sacred to mention, even to one's dearest friends. These things act upon the private organs to strengthen and keep them whole; but the false secrecy of life—the desire to cover and hide evil things from the knowledge of others—produces weakness and disease of those parts. False passions inflame, and in time consume, the secret organs of the body.

As already pointed out, the lower limbs correspond to the sustaining power, and the feet to the rock of understanding, or the foundation upon which the body rests. If our trust be placed in "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," we shall experience no weakness in these members; for we shall feel that the sustaining power is ever with us, to guide and direct our feet into the "paths of righteousness."

To what extent is this philosophy applicable to the young? Frequently children have diseases to which grown people seem also subject; and the questions are often asked: How can such a malady be the result of any fault or shortcoming on the part of so young a person? Why is it not possible for this disease to be the result of contagion or heredity?

The mind of a child may be likened to a sensitive plate. It is more easily acted upon by the thoughts of others than is the mind of an adult, especially if such thought-action proceed from the mother or nurse. Should a mother become very angry, her child may feel the influence to such a degree that a feverish condition would ensue almost immediately. The fears of parents often act injuriously upon the minds of their children, the thought-images in the minds of the former being telepathically transmitted to those of the latter. This is the true meaning of "heredity."

Heredity of thought is more powerful than heredity of blood. Most physiologists assert that there is an entire change in the organism of the body once in seven years, while some name a shorter time. Now, if we inherit a specific disease through the blood, it would be quite natural to expect that, after seven, or fourteen, or twenty-one years, this ailment should be entirely eradicated. The fact remains, however, that many years later than the period last named, maladies that had afflicted the parents have appeared in the children, being classified as "hereditary diseases" by the medical profession.

This idea of heredity is becoming rapidly displaced by another "discovery." It is now almost universally conceded by the medical fraternity that the majority of the ailments formerly attributed to hereditary taint are caused by disease germs, or bacilli. Thus, even by medical authority, the belief in the transmission of disease through heredity is relegated to the past; it no longer plays an important part in orthodox diagnoses. Still, from the standpoint of mental science, heredity cannot be ignored. Every child undoubtedly receives an inheritance of mental pictures from the minds of its parents, which have a pronounced effect upon its life. The Bible may be taken literally when it says that God shall visit "the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth

generation *of them that hate*" Him. Note particularly the clause that I have italicized.

If a child has inherited evil (unwholesome) mental pictures, and in manhood still allows them to affect his life, his condition will be similar to that of his parents. If, on the other hand, he should realize that his true inheritance comes from God—that "every good and perfect gift" comes from his eternal Father—the false inheritance would lose its power; it would be overcome by the true. The only real, true, and eternal inheritance is from God. All others are but transitory and illusive.

If parents would only realize the effect produced upon their children by their thoughts, they would be much more careful in their mental processes. The subject-matter in the mind of the parent influences the life of the child for good or ill. A child is ever prone to express his parents' thought. Selfishness and greed, when seen in children, are but the outward expression of identical qualities hidden in the minds of the parents. A child is natural, and expresses just what he thinks. Up to a certain age he is the mere reflector of the thoughts of others; but a time comes (earlier with some children than with others) when he asserts his individuality, and claims the right to live his own life. While still affected by the thoughts of those surrounding him, and by the mental images produced by his parents, a child nevertheless soon begins to reason, to think, and to act for himself. Especially at this juncture he should meet with every encouragement.

Many parents try to break the will of their offspring in order to make him conform to their wishes; but the wilfulness of the child is often but a reproduction of that of the parents. If the latter consider it necessary to change a child's will, they should attempt to do so only through love and gentleness. A child should receive a reason for doing, or for not doing, a certain thing, if he ask it from his

parent. It is his privilege, as fully as that of his elder. It is even more important in his case, for a grown person can often comprehend the reason without asking it, and without its being told. After telling a child to do a certain thing, and he asks why, it is not the proper and true way to deal with him to answer: "Because I told you to do so." The child has both a thoughtful mind and a keen sense of justice. There is no doubt that, in regard to most questions, we should deal more carefully with children than with grown people. How often are children punished while their parents are in a state of anger! How often would a parent refrain from punishment were he to wait until his anger subsided! Absolute justice is as necessary in dealing with a child as with an adult.

THE remarkable cure of Admiral Henry of gout, rheumatism, and other diseases, by muscle-beating with instruments of his own invention, is recorded by Sir John Sinclair in a book published in the early part of this century, and entitled "Code of Health and Longevity." This case of Admiral Henry is described at some length in an article by Jennie Chandler in the *Herald of Health*. It throws a side-light on the new medical system of Osteopathy, a bill to legalize which in Illinois has just been vetoed by Governor Tanner. The road to the redemption of the long-suffering human body from the damnation of ignorance and prejudice acting under the protection of law is a long and hard one to travel.—*The Woman's Tribune.*

THE soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstances, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Existence, or God, is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, and virtue are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same.—*Emerson.*

MOHAMMEDAN DEVOTIONS.

BY ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

Fountains are common in Mohammedan towns; and, besides the ordinary use of assuaging the thirst of the passers-by, they, with an adjoining platform, and with an erect stone to indicate the way the worshipper should turn his face, constitute so many oratorios for the use of those whom the call to prayer surprises at a distance from the mosque, or who prefer to perform their devotions in the open air. It is obligatory on all Mohammedans to pray five times a day, but it is only on Friday that they are expected to attend at the mosque for the purpose; and in general, when a Moslem hears the call to prayers, or knows that the hour has arrived, he will perform his devotions at any convenient place near that where he happens to be at the time, after he has executed the required ablutions.

These ablutions consist in washing the hands three times successively, as well as the face, the arms, the head, the neck, and the feet; and also the inside of the mouth, of the ears, and of the nostrils. It is for the purpose of these ablutions that fountains are so abundantly provided. In places where no water is to be had, the ablutions may be made with earth or sand. This practise is followed by persons traveling in the deserts; and with regard to persons at sea, who have no such substitutes, and cannot afford fresh water, they effect their ablutions by rubbing themselves with their hands alone, after having placed them on a stone. Sea-water is considered impure, and

entirely unfit for the purpose of ablution. These washings are generally performed in a very slight way. In consequence of its being necessary to wash the arm up to the elbow, the Moslems have the sleeves of their dress made with buttons from elbow to wrist. The Turks and Arabs generally wear their sleeves loose and unbuttoned, to save the trouble of frequent unbuttoning and buttoning again; but the Persians, who are much less observant of what their religion in this respect requires, are seldom seen but with their sleeves buttoned. Indeed, everything that their forms of worship demand in regard to prayers and ablutions is seldom performed by any Moslems except those of the higher and middle classes.

Although Christians are not generally allowed to enter the mosques, yet the ceremonies of prayer are so often performed in the streets and open places of towns that the most unobservant stranger soon becomes acquainted with all the proceedings. There are no bells in Mohammedan countries; but at the appointed hours an officer of the mosque, called the muezzin, mounts upon the minarets and calls the faithful to prayers, or rather gives notice that the proper time has arrived. For this office the persons endowed with the most sonorous voices are chosen, and the distance at which they can be heard is often surprising to foreigners. This notice is not delivered from every mosque, but only from such as are sufficient to afford an equal distribution of the sound over the city.

The call consists of a declaration of the Mohammedan profession of faith: "There is no other god but God, and Mahomet is the Prophet of God!" This is given with many repetitions; then follows the invitation to prayers, to which, in the morning, is added the assurance that "Prayer is better than sleep;" and the whole concludes with the declaration that God is most great and most high, and that there is no other god but Him. When the

call is heard, the devout who happen to be abroad hasten to the fountains and the streams to perform their ablutions.

Every canonical prayer is composed of an invocation, of different *ricauts*, and of the salutation. A *ricaut* consists of a series of seven positions of the body, with each of which a particular prayer or declaration is connected. The worshipper stands for a short time erect, as if endeavoring to fix his attention on the duties he is about to perform, with both hands raised to the ears, and then repeats the declaration, "God is most great!" He then lets his arms hang down, in one sect, or crosses them on his breast in another, and in this posture repeats the first chapter of the Koran. It is short, commencing with praise and ending in prayer for guidance in the right way.

The whole upper part of the body is then bent forward, with the hands resting on the knees, and the devotees say, with a loud voice, "God is most great!" Then, rising to their former position, they say, "God listens when praise is given to him;" and then they prostrate themselves, with their knees, hands, and faces on the ground, and in this humblest of postures declare again that "God is great!" This declaration is repeated in all the remaining positions—sitting down with the legs bent under them, so that the weight of the body rests upon the heels, which is a common sedentary posture among the Persians; then prostrating themselves as before, and finally rising upon their feet, if possible without touching the ground with their hands. This is the first *ricaut*, and the second is like it, save that, instead of raising themselves upon their feet from the last prostration, they seat themselves upon their heels, and in this posture invoke blessings upon the Prophet, upon themselves, and upon all the faithful.

If the prayer is intended to conclude with this *ricaut*, a longer address than any that preceded it is added. It

commences with a declaration of faith and concludes with the invocation of blessings. After this, the worshipper, still sitting, turns his face first toward the right and then toward the left, repeating each time, "Peace be with you." These two *ricauts* constitute a complete prayer, and no new words or postures are introduced in the additional *ricauts,* which are required on particular occasions, or which the zealously devout sometimes voluntarily undertake. The arrangement, however, is somewhat varied.

When the canonical prayers are completed, the worshipper, if a person of leisure and devotion, does not immediately rise and go away, but remains to count his beads. The rosary consists of ninety beads, and a distinct ejaculation is appropriated to each as it passes between the fingers. Each ejaculation generally consists of two words, and declares a name or attribute of God. Almost all Moslems in the upper and middle ranks of life carry in their pockets or bosoms a string of beads for this purpose, which they use not only on the occasion I am describing, but while sitting and smoking their pipes, walking in the streets, or even while engaged in conversation. When a Moslem has gone over his beads at the regular time of prayer, he folds his hands, and then, holding them up open, as if to receive something from above, he prays for such blessings as he desires for himself or his household. When this is concluded, he strokes his beard with his right hand, and says, "Praise be to God!" This concludes the whole.

Moslems, when they pray in the open air, are careful to select the cleanest spot they can find; on this they spread a mat or carpet, on which they stand without their shoes. If they are not provided with these conveniences, they employ their cloaks for the same purpose; and, whether thus used or not, they generally lay aside the outermost robe while engaged in their devotions. It is customary to

place some relic in such a position that the forehead may rest upon it in the prostrations. It is remarkable that the comb employed to dress the beard is most frequently used for this purpose, probably on account of the important and almost sacred office to which it is applied. Moslems, particularly Arabs, have the utmost respect for their beards. They carefully inter the hairs which come off in the combing, and Ali Bey relates that he could not, in all Mecca, procure a hair with which to mend his hygrometer.

In general, the mosque is only attended on ordinary days by the persons whose residence or occupation is in the immediate neighborhood; but as attendance on Friday is positively enjoined, the mosques are then well frequented. The Imaum sometimes delivers a sermon to the people, but his proper office is that of leader in their devotions. His ministrations are not at all indispensable, as any man may assume the character and perform its functions.

MAHOMET, in his definition of charity, embraced the wide circle of all possible kindness. Every good act, he would say, is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right way is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in the world to his fellow-man. When he dies the people would say: "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels will ask: "What good deeds has he sent before him?"—*Irving's "Life of Mahomet."*

SIN is distrust of God's perfection and man's nobility. Repentance is sorrow for this distrust of God and the return to a state of trust. Remorse is continued distrust of God in one who has offended him and is conscious of it.—*John Henry Clarke, M. D.*

THE INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

In any attempt to define the term *inspiration*, it is important to remember that the simplest form of the word only conveys the idea of in-breathing; it is therefore conceivable that the high meaning usually attached to it by theologians is by no means the only sense in which the term was originally employed. While theology has unduly exalted this venerable word, modern spiritualism has considerably debased it; so much so that to call a person an inspired orator—a title that sounds even more imposing than "inspirational speaker"—does not suggest any great dignity in some spiritualistic circles. The orthodox theological use of this term is too exclusively high, while the conventional spiritualistic use is not high enough.

Let us see if we cannot arrive at an interpretation of the title of this article that will define it simply and intelligibly for all readers. There are always certain peculiarly-gifted people who seem possessed of the genius that enables a small percentage of humankind to do without apparent effort something that the great majority can only accomplish after protracted and often painful labor. An inspirational speaker is one whose oratorical ability seems either inborn or communicated, rather than acquired. Several reasonable views of inspiration are jointly tenable, among which are the following:

1. Inspiration may be regarded simply as the in-breathing of information by the conscious intellect from the overshadowing ego (or *atman*), which, according to Theosophists, is the higher self of the human individual.

2. Inspiration may also be attributed to a sympathetic concert of kindred minds: by which what one knows may be communicated to another, and what all know collectively may be transmitted through any member of a psychical fraternity organized in obedience to an occult law at present but imperfectly understood. This view is taken by telepathists.

3. Inspiration may further be regarded as an influx of ideas from spiritual beings who have either never inhabited material bodies on this planet, or who, being now disrobed of their physical shapes, are still in close fellowship with the friends they have left behind. This is the theory adopted by Spiritualists.

The three views above outlined are by no means irreconcilable; therefore, it is not necessary to attempt to decide between them as if they were mutually opposed. Moreover, it may be said that the acceptance of all these views combined in no way prevents the acknowledgment of a higher theological view of direct inspiration from Deity—as an immediate illumination of the individual soul. A theological position, however, that refuses to recognize any lesser inspiration than that due to the direct action of the Holy Spirit, upon or within the human intellect and conscience, is largely responsible for the doubt and mental confusion of certain Bible students because many biblical statements seem unworthy of Supreme Goodness.

The Rev. John Chadwick, of Brooklyn, N. Y., disposed of the question of inspiration very satisfactorily when he said, in a recent sermon, "That is most inspired which is most inspiring"—a sentiment we can all heartily indorse so long as we confine ourselves to the higher meaning of the word. But within the last half century there has been so much alleged inspiration, of an order inferior to anything that could reasonably be supposed to emanate from

a divine or celestial source, that we are now called upon to consider a view of the subject more in consonance with Swedenborg's teachings concerning various orders and degrees of influx from heavens, hells, and intermediary spiritual societies. The dæmon of Socrates will bear a two-fold explanation; for, although we may not deny that the wisest among the classic Greeks taught a noble doctrine of the human soul and how it could inform the intellect, yet we must remember that neither Plato nor any other Greek philosopher or poet denied the continual intercourse between man on earth and the unseen denizens of the spirit-spheres.

When inspiration of a high order is so continuous that it seems almost indistinguishable from the normal state of the inspired person, it certainly evidences an unusually high degree of attainment on the part of the one thus inspired. Such a condition never accompanies grossness or cowardice, but is invariably associated with ideality and bravery; for there are no such effectual barriers to inspiration of a noble sort as chronic materiality and timidity. This placing of sensuality and lack of courage in the same category may seem strange to some, because nearly every one is acquainted with bold sensualists, and with timid people who are noted for what is commonly designated spirituality. But our meaning is not that all sensualists are timid, nor that all cowards are libertines; but that these are the two chief hindrances to the expression of inspiration, though not necessarily co-existent obstacles in the path of the same person.

It needs no argument to prove that intense carnality must be a hindrance to interior development and spiritual receptivity; therefore we may profitably confine ourselves to a consideration of the part played by fearfulness in locking the door of expression. Although it is quite true that we gain inspiration in consequence of aspiration—in other

words, that silent, secret prayers are answered—yet there is a universal law that regulates not only supply and demand, but decrees that the amount of fresh supply shall be in proportion to the expression given to that already granted.

What the world calls education does not conduce to inspiration, but rather the reverse—not that collegiate training is useless, but because academic methods are usually so rigorous and stilted that they engender fear of failure rather than confidence of success where extemporaneous utterance is concerned. Although there are brilliant exceptions, yet the rule is that scholars of depth and eminence, who have done honor to the universities from which they were graduated, are frequently found to be poor orators when called upon to speak *extempore*, though their written essays may be models of polite diction and contain deep and valuable thought.

The inspirational speaker is very apt to be a naturally bright, intelligent, and aspiring lad or lass, but almost wholly illiterate when the mysterious mantle of impassioned eloquence first reveals itself to an astonished audience. Very few of the "inspirational orators" of the present day owe their introduction to platform work even to the advantages of the high school, to say nothing of the university. Like the wandering prophets of old, they have been generally regarded as mysterious personages, seized frequently with a "holy frenzy" or constituted at intervals the mouthpieces of unseen intelligences.

Children are often more readily inspired than older persons; therefore, the phenomenal career of ancient and modern prophets alike has usually begun at a very early age. And unless, as the years have passed, they have developed considerable fearlessness of public opinion and disregard of conventional modes of action, their strong, fervid oratory, though once sparkling and original, has

gradually degenerated into a mere repetition of utterances that have grown less inspiring. In order to remain a powerful and successful inspirational speaker—to increase in strength, knowledge, and general ability as time moves on—it is essential to live a much freer or less conventional life than the majority of people affect to consider desirable. Self-confidence, coupled with reliance upon unseen assistance, is the key to the situation because one of the chief safeguards against the liability of a sensitive nature to become subject to the mental effluvia of the various groups of people whom the inspirational speaker is obliged to confront. Consistency, logic, and lucidity of statement are quite as essential to worthy oratory as are brilliant rhetoric and appropriate illustration; and these prime requisites are not procurable if a speaker is swayed by the varying emotions and opinions of the average audience.

A truly inspirational speaker, whose words carry weight and whose fame deservedly increases, must feel himself called to be a teacher among humanity, but not by any means an infallible oracle or autocratic legislator from whose dictum there should be no attempt at appeal. Versatility is not inconsistency; therefore, a truly consistent person may be open to a great variety of influences, which, however various, need never be discordant. There are no assignable limits to inspirational possibilities; hence it is not possible to say how great may be the power and influence of the unpremeditative spokesman who is sufficiently unfettered to welcome an influx of truth from any source whatever. The following hints may serve as a suggestive summary of the means whereby inspiration may be received by a speaker who declines to be fettered in utterance, and whose inmost desire is to be a useful minister to the actual requirements of any audience:

1. There is a wealth of knowledge within us that can well up from the hidden springs of soul-life, and that re-

sponds to the confident affirmation that it is accessible when wanted.

2. There is a mysterious, telepathic sympathy between kindred spirits, regardless of location in space or outward acquaintanceship; therefore, more information can come through one pair of lips than ordinarily emanates from a single mind.

3. Truth is universal, and it is free to all who sufficiently disengage themselves from common mental limits to permit it to flow freely into and through them; so that, if the fetters of fear, prejudice, and bigotry be removed, the universe of knowledge becomes an open book to the psychic reader.

It is well that all persons should avail themselves of such educational opportunities as come in their way; but the greatest orations—which fire vast throngs of listeners to noble resolves and valorous achievements—are never stereotyped compositions, no matter how they may bristle with telling quotations from the sayings of departed prophets. They are always fresh messages from the inexhaustible fountain of immortal wisdom, which is perpetually open to all who dare to desire, welcome, and express the highest inspiration born into the living moment.

Inspirational oratory has an immense future, as it has had a glorious past; and through its consecrated agency we may well expect that churches, schools, and lecture-halls will be wondrously revivified. The human voice is the one supremely vital and vitalizing instrument—mightier even than the mightiest pen—for convincing the living age that there is a living spirit operating here and now, everywhere and always, through the hearts, intellects, and vocal organs of a race of heaven-appointed prophets. To secure high inspiration, aims must be lofty, courage great, and worldly interests placed far beneath the level of aspiration toward interior wisdom.

TRUE DOMINION.

BY FLORA P. HOWARD.

Dominion means wisdom—understanding; it means power over all things, both within and without. First, *within*; herein lies the secret force by which man becomes the maker and ruler of his kingdom, his world—his body. If he rules intelligently, he is monarch of all; if ignorantly, he becomes a slave to all.

It behooves all seekers after wisdom, or truth, to find out what truth is, and to prove it by living it—the only way to prove anything outside of mathematics. If we have only one talent, let us use that well, thereby developing the will-power that will increase tenfold, and later the thirty, sixty, and finally the hundred fold power shall be ours. This means dominion here and now. If we use this power aright, it means growth of the soul—the inner man; but if we use it wrongfully, it means degeneration of both soul and body.

Change of thought does not take place in a moment. We weigh, measure, and reason within ourselves: Are these things so? Is this the truth? What *is* the truth? Indeed, we have taken a step in advance when we stop and ask these questions. Christ said, "The truth shall make you free." The question arises within each soul, Am I free from all things I do not want? If not, then that soul is in bondage. Freedom and bondage, like intelligence and ignorance, are contradictories. One does not know of the other. Freedom takes no thought of bondage: intelligence knows not ignorance.

Every one is after freedom (satisfaction), whether he

knows it or not. We may be working along different lines; nevertheless, we are all searching for it, each in his own way. There is a way easier than to traverse all these roads, blindly hoping eventually to find the right one. We should take the right one *first.* Start with the *cause,* and the desired effect will follow. Now, the cause, dear reader, is your own thought. Are you not tired of the old thought? Then get out of the beaten track and think for yourself. Have you not had the fruit of mistaken thoughts in all their stages of growth—sickness, sorrow, and disappointments? Have you not at times declared life was a farce, and not worth the living? Here you have made a mistake. Life *is* worth living, and living well. Change your thought (it is simple enough), and you will have fruit from the tree of knowledge, understanding, wisdom.

You are your own law-maker; hence you can charge no one else with your bondage. Instead of holding thoughts of sickness, poverty, discouragement—which bring all these sorrows to you, for you know each thing creates its kind—hold thoughts of health, plenty, and success, and these shall come to you through the law of attraction. Think right, and you shall work out your own salvation—not with "fear and trembling," but with a perfect understanding of the God-given powers within you. You need not "catch cold" because it is the fashion. Catch health; it is just as easy, if not easier. Catch riches instead of poverty. Practise catching what you *want,* just as you would practise music, or any other desired accomplishment. Perfection is the standard. Under this banner you may accomplish what you will.

We need more health-teachers—more teaching of mastery, and less of submission to circumstances. Make your own environment—you can if you will. "I can and will" has freed us; "I can't" has bound us. The former has re-

moved mountains; the latter has erected them. To-day we are slaves, when we should be crowned heads—with dominion over ourselves. The moment we assert this sovereignty we gain the mastery over all things. Man then becomes the veritable God-man, and rules all that is below him in the scale of nature. Do we immortal, divine beings have to submit to anything—even to insects in our homes, on our bodies, ruining our fruits and farms, and annoying us in every way? A thousand times *No.* They all will obey us when we speak in love, not when we hate and strive to kill them. They are intelligent creatures, and respond to the silent or the spoken word of love to depart in peace. We have no right to destroy a life we cannot give because it annoys us. After you have mastered yourself you will master them, instead of letting them master you, by using your rightful power and putting them away. The writer has proved this many times; it remains for each one to prove it for himself.

Stand forth as gods, not as weaklings, if you would have the mastery over all things. All power is yours if you will but accept of it and rightly use it. It is using the little aright that brings the greater. If you do not accept of it, attach the blame for your helplessness only to yourself.

The world has gone about to the "end of the line" in the old way of thinking. People have been led into so many by-paths (by not thinking for themselves) that have only proved failures that to-day no one will believe anything he cannot prove. And this is the way to find out the truth for yourself: Silently and firmly demand at once the light of understanding, and do not permit a wrong thought to enter your mind. True thoughts are mental medicine to both soul and body; they give vigor and power to every organ. Right thinking is a creative force, potent because of its invisibility.

Professor Elmer Gates has proved the trend of thought by the perspiration of the body. Is it not time to watch our thoughts? Persistency in seeking after truth will place you in possession of a power of which you are totally unaware, for all the power you can draw to you, or use, is yours. Be potent; be earnest; be practical—for if we cannot use this truth practically, for everything, then it is not a science and we do not want it. Prove this, and see if it will not help you to pay your debts and to demonstrate that poverty and disease are myths. Self-knowledge, self-culture, and self-development will reveal unlimited possibilities in one's self. This is true dominion over the within and the without, also true concentration.

CHARLES J. ANDERSON, sixteen years of age, is attracting a great deal of attention in this city because of his remarkable ability as a public speaker and teacher. The boy in years, though a mature man in many other respects, attended school but three years and only such as a small town afforded. Notwithstanding this, he is as polished in manners and as correct in his conversation as nine-tenths of the young men who devoted years to acquire a finished education. But more especially is he distinguished by reason of his astonishing power as a public speaker. He handles the most profound subjects with an ease and eloquence which few men ever attain to. Mr. Anderson attributes his phenomenal capabilities to a power separate and higher than himself. It certainly seems wholly impossible for one so young to give utterance to the words of wisdom which flow so freely from his lips.—*"Drift," San Diego, Cal.*

EVERYTHING has its own magnetic atmosphere—its own medium of sympathetic relationship. And man, particularly and pre-eminently, possesses this sphere of mind, so to speak, constantly surrounding his body: which sphere is negative or positive, attractive or repulsive, gross or refined, passive or active, and less or great in magnitude, just in proportion to his general refinement and intrinsic development of mind.—*Andrew Jackson Davis.*

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

BY MARIE LAHRMANN BIRD.

As the age advances the power of music as an educational factor is being more and more acknowledged. Its soothing effect upon a disturbed mind has been demonstrated beyond a doubt. All higher education (I use the word in its æsthetic sense) tends to elevate the soul and bring into conscious existence the latent powers of man.

Music, the divine exponent, stands first in the order of all the great and noble arts. It is the only power known to man that can entrance the soul. Ages ago, great souls felt the exquisite joy of the harmonies of sound; music was then what it is now—the most inspiring and spiritualizing influence given to man. Even a maniac becomes calm and docile as the strains of a violin fall upon his ear, or the sound of a woman's sweet voice appeals to his better nature. The hardest of hearts is moved by its influence when all other means fail to make an impress. This also proves its divinity.

Music is the only art through which the lofty conceptions of an ideal soul can be expressed. All other arts have within them something of the earth, earthy. But in music the soul, unclogged and uncompanioned, rises to the empyrean heights of its divinity.

The true musician is endowed with serenity of soul, pathetically profound and idealistic. A great love fills his whole being, and this love is the foundation upon which the whole structure of song and rhythm is built. These divine harmonies transport one on wings of love to the fairyland of blossom and sunshine. They echo and re-echo

with a wonderful power the divinity in man. The elevating influence of the vibrations of tone makes one realize the possibility of a real and genuine paradise. While sojourning on this mundane sphere, with its trials and temptations and downward tendencies, the heart instinctively longs for peace and rest—for the quiet and soothing effect of the unspeakable; and this it can receive through the harmonies of sound.

It is not the great and the sublime that the soul yearns to behold, but the calm and beauty of the love that is limitless. It is then that the soul's deepest depths are stirred, and it realizes its harmony with the divine order of the universe. The soul that is capable of perceiving the Infinite through the harmonies of sound can trust itself. The loftiest heights that it is capable of reaching are thus scaled. No genius in poetry, art, or literature is capable of imparting the immortal part of himself to his fellow-beings so successfully as the musician. The great spirits who have lived for all humanity in their poetry were mute in the presence of that wondrous influence which so completely mastered them when the divine chord in the depths of their being was touched by the vibration of harmonious sounds. This echoes in the soul the voiceless silence.

Music has a wonderful power to move the heart. An intensity of feeling is reflected upon the true listener. A little strain now and then—perhaps only a few successive tones—makes the heart cry out for the perfection of the unknowable. Such music has power to stir the soul into a realization of its own capacity to fathom the depths of its wondrous sweetness. The soul of the musician reaches out into the great unknown, and lives in the boundless ocean of Infinite Love. The unfettered spirit leaves all behind without reluctance, and soars like an eagle in the regions of eternal joy.

The vastness of Beethoven, the greatest of all the song

poets, is incomprehensible to all but the concentrated and polarized souls. To them it is the most perfect expression of spiritual love. Beethoven felt infinitely more than he was capable of expressing. He sought God through the open door of Nature, and of what was revealed to him in his supreme moments we have but a glimpse. Spiritual-minded persons, however, can stretch forth their hands and touch the central chord of his inmost being, and feel the intensity of his passion and the power of his enthusiasm. They know not only Beethoven the musician, but Beethoven the divine revealer. They have put themselves in touch with his immortal soul through his immortal harmonies.

It is only through Beethoven's finest and noblest aspirations, his marvelous perfection and lofty ideas—the delicacies of poetic expression—that we can penetrate into the sovereignty of his soul and the inner depths of his being. In his symphonies he has given the key to all who will live up to that high mark of intense realization and arduous passion that filled his own soul. He thus becomes intelligible to great souls, while remaining unfathomable to the masses.

Beethoven was great, and grand, and noble; he dared to roam where others were unable to follow. Thus we have a wild, passionate, and disturbed nature portrayed to us through his melodies. And through this intrepid and sublime soul we all have been brought nearer to the Source of Being. Beethoven lived for man in the æsthetic development of the soul and the finest mode of expression—the most perfect medium of communion between two souls that have reached the same celestial altitude. The next step leads to silence, the incomparable process of full development.

Music does not reveal to us gigantic proportions, but the finest essence of a great and profound nature. It is the

spiritual sphinx in the desert of materiality. It necessarily develops concentration; and it is the concentrated mind that perceives the true value of the relation of individual things to the Whole. Music cultivates all the qualities of heart and soul; it gives one dominion over the physical nature, and over environments and idiosyncrasies. It emancipates the heart from earthly desires and enjoyments. The alluring pleasures of sense are for the time being wholly forgotten, and the heart realizes its true place in the eternal home of the soul. What it thus gains abides with it—a constant companion to impel the soul upward. It becomes a benediction that falls upon a weary heart like morning dew upon a withered flower.

The true musician is born, not made—born of the Spirit and of Love. The smooth and velvety touch that flows through the deft fingers is but the external manifestation of the superiority of his own soul. This is the "soulful touch" that human language fails to define, and which contains within itself the secret charm of its power—the power that stirs the calm waters of the depths of one's being into life. Words express the superficial life and the relations of material conditions; but finite human language fails to express one word of the inward joy and peace that fill the whole being when music sways the soul. It is that state which rises above intellectual power and sense consciousness; it is self-consciousness lost in the consciousness of the universal Whole.

The eyes of the musician behold beauties not made with hands. They are turned backward into his own soul; and there, within the heart itself, he finds the secret that moves it. Within his own soul he finds the key that unlocks the mysteries of the grandest harmonies that ever fell on mortal ears. He has a wondrous gift of soul-hearing, and therefore an inexhaustible store of harmonies to draw from.

How few realize, when listening to music, that they hear the vibrations of their own heart-strings, the pulsations of their own soul! In this lies the secret charm of the wondrous power that music wields in the heart of man, and the universal love that the musician awakens in the heart of every creature. Music unveils the glories of the heavenly kingdom. It bares the soul of every human being unto himself, and shows him that within himself is all his joy; that all he longs to possess, all for which his soul yearns, is already his—not near him, but within him: the center of his inmost being. It voices every sentiment thereof. It is the language of the soul in which every human being can communicate with every other. It needs no interpreter, for it is itself the revealer of soul to soul.

Music inspires pure thought, through which we reach the pure essence of divine ideas, which unfold themselves to our consciousness as we dwell in the ethereal atmosphere. It swings the soul upward into the sanctuary of the Most High—the holy of holies. There we come face to face with God.

THE Platonic love is an essential feature of Philosophy. According to the great prince of sages, beauty (or excellence) is the highest aspiration of the soul, and the intuition of truth its most exalted condition. All preliminary discipline was preparative of this final effort of the soul—the struggle for the possession of the great moral excellence. Love is developed in the higher form when the soul strains after the infinite excellence, prompted on its path by earthly manifestations. It is developed in a subordinate sense when souls, as kindred essences, recognize each other in the world of sense; hence it includes the ordinary notions of exalted friendship. The popular opinion only takes account of this lower form, totally ignoring the higher, which is, after all, the genuine and real.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

MAN is a soul using the body as an instrument.—*Thomas Taylor.*

TRUE WORSHIP.

BY LEWIS G. JANES, A.M., M.D.

God spake, too, when the Teacher said:
"Unto these little ones faithful be.
Clothe them, and give them their daily bread—
Thus shalt thou minister unto Me."

Not by loud anthems is He praised best
Whose infinite Life no mind can ken,
But by loving words and deeds addressed,
Here on earth, to our fellow-men.

What cares He for our names or creeds—
Christian, Jew, liberal, or orthodox?
Souls are saved by their daily deeds:
Doing the door of heaven unlocks.

Not that heaven in some distant star,
Paved with gold, and with pearly gates;
But with heaven right here, where our brothers are,
Needing the blessing our love creates.

What does He care for your bended knees,
Or the names you give to Him in your prayers?
Pray in true acts, for prayers like these
Return in blessedness unawares.

It is the character makes the man:
False reputation 's an idle dream.
We shall be judged on the righteous plan—
By what we *are*, not by that which we *seem*.

Little will help the craven fears,
The selfish strivings his soul to save,
The pious pretense of prayers and tears
That cover the character of the knave.

One thing only endures the test,
The perfect blessing of God secures:
Always of two ways choose the best—
Thus the secret of heaven is yours.

Though you may never name His name,
Nor seek His heaven as the preachers do—
Follow the truth, and, all the same,
Heaven will certainly come to you.

Then shall ye know that worship true
Is not in postures, or prayers, or looks,
Or mumbling of creeds, as churchmen do,
Or vain repetitions from sacred books.

But who is a *man*, whole, sane, and true,
Who serves his fellows in age and youth;
Is one with Him and the sacred few
Who worship in spirit and in truth.

'Twas a wise fellow who said: "When you fight or work don't make a fuss. The hen cackles after she has laid the egg. The noise and sizzle of the locomotive are not force. All force is silent. The heehaw of the mule may startle you, but it is not so dangerous as his hind legs. Bear in mind that it is an empty wagon that rattles most when in motion. The noise of a drum is due to the fact that there is nothing in it."—*Joliet Signal.*

The friendship of one wise man is better than that of every fool. —*Democritus.*

A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARTIST.

I had been to the reception given to the explorer Holinder, whom I had known before he became famous, and had afterward dined at the Griffin Club; for it was late, and dinner in my suburban home would have been over before I could have got there. The Griffin is my only club, and I seldom go even there. It is a quiet place, having few members; but most of them are remarkable for something, and when I do happen to drop in I am so well repaid that I say to myself I will come oftener. It has become my business in the world to study human beings; and in the Griffin Club one is apt to meet interesting types.

I sat before the fire in the library, thinking about Holinder. Some men, upon reaching a certain period in their lives, seem as it were suddenly to become somebody else. A new spirit enters into them; their nature enlarges; a fresh and strong influence emanates from them; they gain physical power and vital energy; and their outward circumstances undergo a corresponding transformation. You would say that a new person had been born and begun life in them. Whereas before they were unlucky and obscure, now everything goes their way and they win renown. It is a curious phenomenon, which I have several times observed.

Holinder is an instance. He was a journalist, a beer-drinker and tobacco-chewer, with no conversation worth listening to; and although he was good-looking enough, yet he lacked the force, or the vitality, to make an impression. When he was thirty-five years old he drifted into a wild-cat expedition to go round the world in a schooner, writing home syndicate letters to the newspapers. The thing came to grief at Port Said; Holinder disappeared, and for three years nothing was heard of him. I supposed him dead, or worse. Then he appeared in London, and the story of his astounding adventures in the unknown parts of Arabia and of Chinese Tartary was made known. I never imagined it was *my* Holinder, who owed me three dollars; but his portraits began to look out from the pages of newspapers and magazines—it *was* my Holinder, indeed.

To-day for the first time we had met face to face. He was certainly the same man; but as I shook hands with him I felt that he was an altogether different person nevertheless. It was not merely, or chiefly, that he "achieved greatness;" he *was* great. A giant now stood in the commonplace man's shoes. He was kind and friendly; but instead of looking down upon him, as formerly, I looked up to him, with my head tilted back at a good angle. It was not a case of developing elements which had been latent in him before; this was a brand-new creation. The world was at his feet—the feet of one who had a few years before been a trifling atom in the world; and it was no accident, but a change justified by his new personality.

As I sat before the library fire, I heard two men, talking in low tones, enter the door behind me. They came forward, and I saw that one was Holinder; the other was an older man, with a brown beard slightly grizzled. Holinder recognized me, smiled, and held out his hand, which I rose to take. There was no condescension in his manner; but

he was the chief person present, and it could not be helped.

"Let me make you known to my friend Cathcart," said he.

The older man laughed. "I recognized you," he said; "you have changed less than I. Let's see—how long is it? Twenty years, upon my word! You're the first of the old faces I have seen."

Sure enough, it was Cathcart, the artist, who had been living on the other side of the earth all this while, whence had come reports of his fame. He was near fifty, stouter, and bearded; but now that I looked at him I saw he was the same man—he had not changed like Holinder. And yet the contour of his visage had altered much more. Holinder, clean-shaven, was the same and yet not the same. What a power in his black eyes, which had used to be mere dull irises!

After we had talked a while, I proposed the smoking-room, with cigars and drinks; for I remembered Holinder's dependence on these accessories. But, though Cathcart assented readily, Holinder said, to my surprise, that he never drank or used tobacco. "You don't?" exclaimed I; "well, you used to!"

"Did I?" said he, lifting his heavy eyebrows a little.

"Oh, he's a Brahman," observed Cathcart, with a chuckle. "He lived six weeks on camel-back with a pocketful of dates. He can grow fat on an apple a day. He spent a month with us in the Vale of Cashmere, and it cost me a whole rupee to feed him."

Holinder's flesh seemed to be as firm as india-rubber, and his skin was as clear as a baby's.

"So you two got acquainted in Cashmere?" asked I, as we settled ourselves in our leather-lined easy-chairs. The men glanced at each other and smiled.

"There and thereabouts," said Cathcart. "But that

was only four years ago, and yet he sometimes says we were the first people he ever knew."

"Am I a yogi, to guess your Oriental riddles?" said I.

"A case of resurrection, you know," added Cathcart, lighting his cigar. "Tell the infidel about it, Holinder."

"I can give only the preface and the postscript," returned the explorer, in the laconic way which I noted as one of the changes in him. "I was dead, and now I am alive. Tell him the rest yourself."

The artist stretched out his big legs, crossed his feet, and put his thumbs in the armholes of his white evening waistcoat.

"The subject of this sketch was originally born—mark the phrase—originally born in the small town of Wavery, in ——"

"Begin in the middle—I know that part," said I.

"In his thirty-fifth year he was stranded in a flat little sink of iniquity known as Port Said, in the southeast corner of the Mediterranean. Having studied catboat-sailing in his youth, he shipped before the mast on an eastern-bound tramp steamer and landed in Bombay. Six months later he slipped in crossing the Himalayas, and was killed."

The narrator paused to glance at me; but I know when to hold my peace. Holinder sat undemonstrative, looking straight in front of him. Cathcart continued:

"For a week (as was afterward estimated) he lay on his face at the bottom of a gully, with a rock weighing a hundred pounds between his shoulders. His body lay there, you understand. Then we happened along, and happened to see him; that is, to see *it*."

"Whom does 'we' include, in this instance?" I asked.

"Mrs. Cathcart and me, and Tania."

"You are married? I hadn't heard it. Tania is Miss Cathcart, I suppose?"

"Well, there's a story about that, too. I've taken a

house with a studio here; you must come and see us. If you're in want of 'material,' I can give you plenty. I was about to say that we picked up the body and packed it to our next camping-ground. It was frozen stiff, of course. You see, I'd been painting Cashmere for years, and wanted to get some studies of the plains of Thibet. You shall see them when you come."

"I shall be very happy. But about the body?"

"Yes; it was awkward about that body. Being a white man's, I didn't want to bury it in the mountains. There was nothing on it to identify it by. We swaddled it up in a Cashmere shawl, and our bearers took turns carrying it. We camped by a stream in a valley, and it lay outside the tent. My wife and I, after some discussion, had about decided to bury it there; but Tania, who had paid no attention thus far, suddenly woke up, as we call it. She's a strange girl; I don't pretend to understand her; Mrs. Cathcart can tell you more about her than I can. Tania insisted on having the body unwrapped; she wanted to see it. Now, she had always had times of being strange—unlike other folks; but up to this time it had never gone further. She had never *done* anything, you understand; and for my part it had never entered my head that she would. I've lived a good many years out there, but I never could see anything in their magic and mysteries; and I've seen some queer things too! Mrs. Cathcart is different, and I'm satisfied to leave them to her."

"I saw an atlas in the library. Will you excuse me if I step back and look at it?" said Holinder, rising; and he walked away.

"I make light of this thing before him," remarked Cathcart, after a pause; "but without doubt it's a miracle. He takes it seriously enough, as he does everything; and upon my word I don't blame him. If ever I saw a dead man, he was it."

"You're a painter," remarked I; "but I know men who can tell a story better."

"Well, really," said he, pulling at his thick beard, "when it comes to the point of this story, I don't know how to tell it. You don't believe the dead can come to life, do you?"

"I have had no experience of such a thing."

"No; and if you had seen a case, what would you say about it?"

"Nothing, probably; but I would relate the incident."

Cathcart gave a short laugh. "Yes, that's all very well," he returned; "but——"

He was silent for a while, smoking his cigar, and I could see that the jocose humor was dying out of him. When at length he spoke again, it was slowly and with a certain reluctance, and the tones of his voice were low.

"Tania was fourteen years old then. She had been only a child, though she was exceptional in certain ways—you'll understand when you see her. But that night she grew up; and she has never been a child since. 'I must see him!' is what she said. It was the weirdest idea! We were snug in the tent; it was cold outside, and there was a moon, just short of full. 'I must see him now—it must be now!' she kept saying. There he was lying, stark and stiff in the moonlight, wrapped up in that shawl. The bearers had got off under the lee of a rock up the stream, and were asleep round a fire they had built. The mountains went soaring up into the sky all round us. No wind—it was as still as death. My wife said, 'We must let her have her way.' I gave in, and we all three went out. Tania walked straight up to the body, knelt down by it, and began to unfasten the wrappings. My boy, I could feel the roots of my hair crinkle! She paid no attention to us—only to him.

"I had no idea what she meant to do; neither of us had.

We stood looking on. The child got the shawl open, and threw it back from his face, chest, and arms. His eyelids were half open, and fixed; his lips a bit apart; face dead white. He was as he had been for a week, I tell you.

"She bent close over him, and drew a long breath, and breathed it out again into his face—in between his lips, it seemed. She did that several times. Her eyes had an expression such as I had never seen before; I can't describe it—power, and certainty. And she was such a delicate little thing! But there was power in her to move the Himalayas; and the breath she gave him was fire—the fire of life, though I can't tell how I knew it. I wonder I didn't think her crazy; but I couldn't think of anything. I was like a man in a trance, fixed on that vision. It was like standing at the focus of stupendous forces that make your own force nothing. A sentence from the Bible was in my mind—I don't know how it got there: 'He bowed the heavens, and came down!' In that dead silence and stillness there seemed to be a shaking, not of the atmosphere—of something interior to that.

"She felt for his hand and clasped her fingers round it. She was kneeling on one knee; she lifted her face, so that the moonlight fell on it. There was something in it I could hardly endure to see, and yet I couldn't look away. She drew in another deep breath, held it for a while, and then let it out slowly. Her arm vibrated, down to the hand which held his, as if that immeasurable force were passing down it into him. She was not herself; she was the channel by which something, I don't know what—creative power—passed into him. It came through her again and again, a dozen times perhaps, shaking her like a leaf. Then all at once she bent toward him again, still holding his hand, and said in a whisper, but with an authority I can't express: 'Come; come; come! It is I—come!' "

Cathcart had risen from his chair during the last

sentences—though I was hardly aware of it, so intent was I upon his words—and was now facing me, wrought up to a pitch that I should not have thought possible in him. He was pale; his voice husky. At that moment Holinder quietly re-entered the room from the library. Cathcart started, gave me a queer look, pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped his wet forehead.

"And here he comes!" said he; "and my cigar has gone out."

He turned to the match-safe on the mantelpiece and struck a light. My eyes rested on Holinder's composed, athletic figure with a peculiar and not quite comfortable interest.

(*To be continued.*)

THE progress of the intellect consists in the clearer vision of causes, which overlooks surface differences. To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slights the circumstance. Every chemical substance, every plant, every animal in its growth, teaches the unity of cause, the variety of appearance.—*Emerson.*

WE are not obligated to trouble ourselves much about our future existence till the period approaches for us to assume its conditions. Our best preparation for it consists in the faithful performance of whatever we have to do. It is nobler to confide in the supreme Power than to ask from it a lease of infinite ages.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

"TO PERCEIVE a thing or a person to be good and lovely, it is necessary to love it or him first."

HE who knows himself knows all things by himself.—*Pico del Mirandula.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

"MIND" IS A SUCCESS.

FIRST impressions are always the most lasting and decisive. The financial fate of a drama or an opera is usually determined by the reception of its initial performance—the most severe criticism emanating, as a rule, from the holders of complimentary tickets. If public opinion be adverse at its first presentation, subsequent improvements seldom avail to establish the production in popular favor. This rule applies to almost everything of a periodical nature.

* * *

It was not without certain misgivings as to the outcome of our bold and original attempt to found a metaphysical magazine not devoted to any special fad that MIND was launched upon a somewhat uncertain sea. The ocean of metaphysics was already studded with numerous journalistic craft, each bearing a single variety of literary product; and, although sea-room was abundant, yet there was presented a profuseness of beaten tracks not very easy to avoid. We felicitate ourselves, however, on the fact that MIND is *new* in more than one particular. Even the first number—necessarily an experiment, in which certain defects were perhaps inevitable—contained many evidences of our non-sectarian character and non-exclusive policy. It was a fair fulfilment of the promises made in our Prospectus, which was everywhere received with enthusiastic approval. Public response to this document and to the initial issue of the magazine itself was not only immediate, but encouraging. Comments of both press and people furnish gratifying assurances

that such a periodical was wished for everywhere by unbiassed minds, and that we have taken the right course effectively to meet a fundamental want of the New Thought movement. MIND shall be an organ—not of a part or of a party, but of the whole: a magazine to which students of any phase of mental, moral, or spiritual development may confidently look for information and guidance.

* * *

We are glad to announce that our faith in the willingness of the reading public to pay a price for this journal that is fair to both reader and publisher—a condition absolutely essential to its success and continuance—has been rewarded with cash subscriptions so numerous as to warrant our expectation of a very large list of subscribers at the end of the first year. Our theory is that the average person desires to be just; and this virtue is also the animating impulse of our own business management as well as of our editorial policy. In an enterprise of this kind, each department is the complement of the other in a special sense; we are debarred by our principles from making appeals to bigotry, to sectional jealousy, to class pride, or to partisan loyalty—the magazine must win its way solely on its merits as an impartial exponent of universal truth. The importance of the commercial aspect, therefore, should not be overlooked by friends of the higher life.

* * *

Notwithstanding the cordial reception that our October issue has met with from thinking minds throughout the country, and the many warm words of congratulation that have reached us through the mails, it shall be our constant endeavor to improve MIND from month to month, in both form and substance. The metaphysical field is boundless. No finality can be set to any of its lines of investigation. Its scope of research is restricted only by the limitations of human intelligence; its development is the measure of the growth of man.

MIND is dedicated to the thinking world, and upon the degree of aid that we shall be enabled to render thereto will depend our fitness for the public service already outlined. We in turn are dependent upon the co-operation of liberal minds, in every sphere of activity, to enlist the sympathetic interest and financial support of all who would share in the moral upbuilding of the human race.

A SERIAL STORY.

IN this number of MIND appears the first instalment of a story by Julian Hawthorne, entitled "A Daughter of Love." As intimated in our last issue, it is a genuine psychological romance. Its distinguished author needs no introduction to American readers, although his present work is somewhat of a deviation from the lines of literary labor in which he is so well and favorably known. His story has that supreme merit of works of fiction—it is founded on fact. It will run through twelve or more numbers of the magazine, and will prove especially interesting to admirers of Bulwer Lytton, Camille Flammarion, and Marie Corelli. The vein of strong human interest that pervades the different chapters will commend it even to those who "have no time for fiction," while underlying the delightfully weird mysticism of the story is a fund of valuable information concerning the psychic potencies of the human mind. The perusal of Mr. Hawthorne's contribution should not be neglected by any of our readers.

THERE is one Mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this Universal Mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.—*Emerson.*

TIME IS A MENTAL CONCEPT.

At Bristol, Pa., not long ago, the sexton of St. James's opened a vault which had been sealed a hundred years ago. In it was a live toad. Less recently Sir George Wilkinson found in a Theban tomb a hermetically closed vase. In it were grains of wheat. There they had lain for three thousand years. Planted, they grew apace and produced abundantly. A mathematician heard a poem read and asked what it proved. But I doubt would he ask what these instances demonstrate, and yet at the deduction to which they lead I have seen gentlemen of entire amiability froth at the mouth. For it follows from them that there is no such thing as time. The latter is a figment of the imagination, a condition of thought. Were it otherwise, were there really such a phenomenon, its duration or brevity would affect everything that is. But it does nothing of the sort. Time passes over all things without leaving the slightest trace. That which acts upon them are causes that unroll themselves in time, but not time itself. When, therefore, a body is withdrawn from chemical action, as the mammoth in ice, the fly in amber, the wheat in that sealed vase, ages may pass and leave them unchanged. The discovery of the toad—a discovery by no means unique, for similar instances have been reported again and again—shows that even animal life may be suspended and prolonged, provided the suspension is begun in the dormant period and favorably maintained. But here is another example. Let a body once be put in motion and that motion would be unending were it not for the reaction of physical causes. In the same manner a body in repose would remain so eternally were not these causes constantly at work. Time has nothing to do with it, and for the very good reason that there is no such thing.—*Edgar Saltus, in Collier's Weekly.*

I SEE the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. The poise of a planet, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every vegetable and animal, are also demonstrations of the self-sufficing, and therefore self-relying soul. All history, from its highest to its trivial passages, is the various record of this power.—*Emerson.*

A PECULIAR MIND CURE.

In hysteria, that mysterious complaint that assumes so many and varied forms, the influence of the will against the reflex action of voluntary muscles is constantly seen. Mr. Skey, according to Tuke, records the case of a young lady of sixteen who for many months had been suffering from inversion of the left foot, which was twisted at right angles with the other and was treated by orthopædic surgeons with an elaborate apparatus of splints. Neither they nor Mr. Skey (though he recognized the nature of the affection) succeeded in curing it. Psychical agents, however—in other words, mental impressions—effected a cure in a few minutes. She willed to use her foot like other people, and she did. The occurrence is related as follows: "She accompanied her family to a ball, her foot, as she entered the ballroom, being not restored to its normal position. She was invited to dance, and, under this novel excitement, she stood up, and to the astonishment of her family, she danced the whole evening, having almost suddenly recovered the healthy muscular action of the limb. She came to see me," adds Mr. Skey, "two days afterward. She walked perfectly well into my room and paced the room forward and backward with great delight. The actions of the limb were thoroughly restored, and traces of the previous malady had disappeared. Fortunately," adds the historian of the event, "no quack medicine or doctor aroused the will in this case; fortunately, not only because they would have had credit of the cure, but because the reality of the disorder would have been denied by those who have still to learn that those recoveries are possible, and that it is one thing to admit the virtue of inert remedies and another thing to recognize the secret of their frequent success."—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE thoughts that come often unsought, and, as it were, dash into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again.—*Locke.*

TO BE happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.—*J. G. Fichte.*

PARALYSIS CURED BY TELEGRAPH.

A despatch to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* from Austin, Texas, under date of August 24, says:

"One of the most remarkable faith cures on record has just taken place here. Last week William Lockridge, a prominent merchant, was lying prostrated with paralysis of his lower limbs, which were so badly affected that they had to be lifted every time he turned in his bed. So critical was his condition that his family physician had given up all hope of his recovery. To-day he is walking about the streets, apparently as well as if he had never been crippled with the disease, and his recovery is attributed solely to his being treated by telegraphic direction within the last few days by a lady faith healer of Illinois. Sunday evening Mr. Lockridge, who was speechless and so low that he seemed to take no notice of anything, intimated by means of his hand that he wanted a pencil and paper, with which he made known that he was feeling better. It was about this time the healer wired that she had begun her treatment. The patient had been ill nearly three months, during which time the paralysis had crept up his legs from his feet to his body as far as his waist. He is practically cured and is rejoicing with his family. He claimed to be well yesterday. The facts are authentic, and the *Globe-Democrat* correspondent, who is acquainted with the family, can vouch for them."

In the procession of the soul from within outward, it enlarges its circles ever, like the pebble thrown into the pond, or the light proceeding from an orb. . . . By the necessity of our constitution, things are ever grouping themselves according to higher or more interior laws. Neighborhood, size, numbers, habits, and persons lose by degrees their power over us. Cause and effect; real affinities; the longing for harmony between the soul and the circumstance; the high, progressive, idealizing instinct,—these predominate later, and ever the step backward from the higher to the lower relations is impossible.—*Emerson.*

"An argument appears frail and superficial when a person does not believe and cherish what is set forth."

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS.

Cosmic consciousness is not simply an expansion or extension of the self-conscious mind with which we are all familiar, but the complete superaddition of a function as distinct from any possessed by the average man as self-consciousness is distinct from any function possessed by one of the higher animals. I have in the last three years collected twenty-three cases of this so-called cosmic consciousness, and these I have described in full in a book which I will shortly publish. In each case the onset, or incoming, of the new faculty is always sudden, instantaneous. Among the queer feelings the mind experiences the most striking is the sudden sense of being immersed in flame or in a brilliant light. This occurs entirely without warning or outward cause, and may happen at noonday or in the middle of the night, and the person at first fears he is becoming insane. Along with these feelings comes a sense of immortality, not merely a feeling of certainty that there is a future life—that would be a small matter—but a pronounced consciousness that the life now being lived is eternal, death being seen as a trivial incident which does not affect its continuity. Further, there are annihilation of the sense of sin and an intellectual competency not simply surpassing the old plane, but on an entirely new and higher plane.

The possession by each member of this newly forming race of the faculty for cosmic consciousness and its certain attendant powers will enable him to reach with his body and remain in those stages which are now incorporeal and pass beyond phenomena; make him, being one, to become multiple; being multiple, to become one; endow him with a clear and heavenly ear surpassing that of present men; enable him to comprehend by his own heart the hearts of other beings and of other men; to understand all minds; to see with a clear and heavenly vision surpassing that of men.

It is plain to me that telepathy, clairvoyance, and so-called spiritualism are little-known phenomena which really exist and which will be enormously developed with the development of the mind, as I believe they are but attendant powers of this cosmic consciousness. It seems to me certain that men possessing this cosmic consciousness in greater or smaller degrees are more numerous in the modern than they were in the ancient world; and this fact, taken in connection

with the general theory of psychic evolution propounded by the best writers on the subject, such as Darwin and Romanes, points to the conclusion that just as, long ago, self-consciousness appeared in the best specimens of our ancestral race in the prime of life, and gradually became more and more universal, and appeared earlier and earlier, until, as we see now, it has become almost universal and appears at the average age of about three years, so will cosmic consciousness become more and more universal and appear earlier in the individual life, until practically the whole race will possess this faculty. I say the whole race, but as a matter of fact a cosmic-conscious race will not be the race which exists to-day any more than the present is the same race which existed prior to the evolution of self-consciousness. The simple truth is that a new race is being born from us, and this new race will in the near future possess the earth.—*Dr. R. M. Bucke.*

THE COMING RELIGION.

The multitude have always been "scattered abroad like sheep having no shepherd." Occasionally, rarely, comes a Jesus who can say, "My sheep hear my voice and follow me." How can the masses be inspired with trust in God and love to man? There are three popular ideas of a religious mission—the doctrinal, the ecclesiastical and sacerdotal, and the inspirational. The whole system of dogmatism and of priestcraft, Protestant and Catholic, is to go. Can we have an inspirational religion in its place? The multitude care no more for liberal platforms than for orthodox platforms. They are weary of book religion and theories. Orthodoxy has failed only as liberal religion has failed. Each has failed to be religious, has lacked blood-earnestness and spiritual magnetism. The world has more use for the Salvation Army than for a Brahminic cult. A popular religious movement can be sustained only on sympathy and love. The great occasion is upon us. Marvelous material development, wonderful intellectual discovery, great spiritual power, released, are pressing upon us. "Society is becoming conscious of itself." "Whoever makes a religion out of democracy will move the world." The great revival

is already here. The Almighty Father gives us his love, and asks at our hands the destruction of the last superstition, the abolition of every ancient and modern wrong, the establishment of the justice of love, "the loosing of the bands of wickedness, to let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke."—*Rev. B. Fay Mills.*

A HUMAN ELECTRIC MAGNET.

In the little town of Kuhs, in Northern Franconia, lives Barbara Roeschlau, a plain peasant girl, who has never been twenty miles from her home and who has puzzled the German savants beyond measure. They know about Barbara through Dr. Wolfram, whose long and detailed notes have made the scientists gasp. The girl has a remarkable power. Without reason or warning it develops itself. She attracts all manner of things as a strong magnet attracts filings. Knives, pots, pans, and even stones come hurling at her, while every small article in her vicinity dances and rattles about in the most extraordinary fashion. The attacks cease as suddenly as they come. The first one occurred just two months ago. They have appeared at irregular but frequent intervals ever since.

Before the power developed itself Barbara was in nowise distinguished from others of her class. She has hair like flax that she wears in braids down her back. Her eyes are blue, her face heavy. She is strong and sturdy and has never been sick a day in her life. There is nothing in the slightest degree theatric about her. She never heard about spiritualism or trance mediums. Psychological phenomena are beyond her grasp. Her surroundings have always been primitive, and her education is very limited. When the first attack came Barbara was in the kitchen talking to a friend and knitting the while. Suddenly a knife jumped from a table and struck Barbara's companion in the face. Both girls jumped up, thinking that some one had thrown the knife. In a few seconds every metal object in the room began to clatter. At first they began hopping about in an uncanny dance. The young women clutched each other in terror, while the household things grew noisier and more active. Knives, spoons, forks, and small pans leaped into the air as if forced by a spring. They traveled toward Barbara. They assailed her from all directions.

They hopped about in a witches' dance at her feet. Barbara and her companion ran shrieking into the street. The disturbance ceased directly. The young woman was much frightened. Her mistress put her to bed. In the morning she went about her work as usual, and nothing happened out of the ordinary run of events.

Day after day passed and Barbara had almost forgotten her fright. It was nearly a week after the first attack before she experienced the second one. She was lighting the fire one morning, when a stone flew toward her and struck her on the forehead. Again the kitchen utensils began dancing and flying. Barbara's screams brought the Hoffmanns to her side. They found her lying on the floor in a paroxysm of fright. The exhaustion following this experience kept Barbara in bed for two days.

Mr. Hoffmann could not explain the demonstration. He thought it possible that Barbara might be shamming in order to escape working. He talked to his brother about it and they decided to watch Barbara. This demonstration startled Mr. Hoffmann as much as it did Barbara. It drove her into a painful state. Dr. Wolfram, the family physician, was consulted. He gave it really scientific investigation and study. The physician could not solve the problem, nor has any one been able to do so. Dr. Wolfram found that when the girl visited at different houses nothing unusual happened. He suggested that this might be accounted for on the theory that the Hoffmann house is invested with a current of natural electricity, and that the animal electricity of the girl produces a positive and negative current under certain atmospheric conditions.

Altogether she appears a much more wonderful creature than the famous Paladina, whose strange powers have defied scientific investigation for twenty years. Mlle. Paladina can operate the keys of a piano in another room, but she first goes into a trance in a darkened place.—*New York Sunday World.*

In the heart of every one God has a witness, an imperious voice commanding him to choose the right and avoid the wrong. Men call it "conscience" or the "duty sense." But under whatever name, there it is, and the recognition of its presence is the involuntary homage man pays to God, deny Him howsoever he may.—*John Henry Clarke, M. D.*

THIS impulse which directs to right conduct, and deters from crime, is not only older than the ages of nations and commonwealths, but it is coeval with that Divine Being who sees and rules both heaven and earth. Nor did Tarquin less violate that eternal law, though in his reign there might have been no law at Rome against such violence; for the principle that impels us to right conduct, and warns us against guilt, springs out of the nature of things. It did not begin to be law when it was first written, but when it originated; and it is coeval with the Divine Mind itself.—*Cicero.*

RELIGIONS, being calculated with reference to the power of comprehension of the great mass of men, can only have indirect, not immediate truth. To require of them the latter is as if one wished to read the letters set up in the form-chase, instead of their impression. The value of a religion will accordingly depend upon the greater or less distinctness with which it becomes visible through this veil—thus upon the transparency of the latter. It almost seems that, as the oldest languages are the most perfect, so also are the oldest religions.—*Schopenhauer.*

THERE is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom: they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action, I properly *am:* in a virtuous act, I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love; none to knowledge; none to beauty—when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses all limits.—*Emerson.*

THE fact that the idea of truth, of order, and of right doing exists in every person's mind is evidence that he is immortal—a partaker of the infinite and eternal. It is the office of the imagination to shape that idea; to make it perceptible to the mind; to introduce it into the heart and the daily walk and life.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

"MILTON and Cowper, in their later years, disused religious offices as no longer subservient to the wants of the soul."

NEXUS.

The fountain in the clay,
That gushes forth and softly sobs away
Across the meadow grasses all the day,
Feels yet far on the rhythm and the glow
Of earth's deep heartbeats pulsing far below.

The golden butterfly,
With wings afold, creeps to the shade near by;
To rest in sultry noons when zephyrs die,
In sudden fancy feels his wings no more,
And wonders if he ever crept before.

And I some time have stood
Within the bosky shadows of a wood,
And roused with sudden thrill to weirdest mood;
As if I knew that I in some far day,
In some dim life long gone, had passed that way.

And what if it should be,
That nexus threads of thought that weave in me,
Run back into the ancient mystery,
Till in me suddenly are fancies rife
Of former being and a vanished life?

And have we lived before?
And fleeing thence might not quite close the door;
Where thoughts troop through of half-forgotten lore,
And vague familiar pictures swiftly drawn,
That swift elude like cloud-tints of the dawn?

And what if far away,
In Heaven's trance this subtle flash and play,
Become intense, until in some clear day
Our life's successive stages we recall,
And Heaven be but climax of them all?

—*William Curtis Stiles.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE INNER LIGHT SERIES. By John Hamlin Dewey, M. D. Paper, 15 cents each. The J. H. Dewey Publishing Co., New York.

The well-known author of these booklets has in their publication furnished the spiritual movement with a most valuable and convenient enrichment of its literature. They are admirably adapted for bridging the chasm between orthodoxy and liberalism in more things than one, and constitute an epitome of the best thought on the subjects of which they respectively treat. The list of titles is suggestive: (1) True Illumination; or, the Christ Theosophy Defined. (2) Regeneration: the Gateway to Spiritual Emancipation and Illumination. (3) The Seer and Master: the Rationale of Psychic Vision and Spiritual Mastery. (4) Walking with God: the Secret of Divine Communion and Fellowship. (5) The Signs which Follow; or, Power from on High. The publishers offer this set, together with two companion pamphlets by the same author—"Sons of God and Brothers of Christ" and "The Master's Perfect Way"—for one dollar. These booklets meet most suitably that popular want—"something to hand to a friend."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF P. P. QUIMBY. By Annetta Gertrude Dresser. 114 pp. Cloth, $1.00. George H. Ellis, publisher, Boston.

All who would acquaint themselves with the history and development of metaphysical healing should begin by reading this book. It gives the fundamental principles of the science, as discovered and applied by the founder of the system. The different modern schools of mind-healing are indebted for their basic facts to Professor Quimby's original formulation of the doctrine, though the leaders of certain outgrowths of his divine philosophy have strenuously sought to belittle his importance. One numerous cult that has well-nigh smothered the rational and scientific principles of the mental cure in the platitudes of emotional religion has lost no opportunity

to claim originality for its system; yet every grain of truth hidden in its literary chaff is to be found in the prior writings of P. P. Quimby. Selections from his manuscripts are given in the present volume, together with a half-tone portrait and sketch of his career.

GLIMPSES OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES. By Alfred E. Giles. 81 pp. Paper, 20 cents. Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston.

This work treats, in a most interesting and instructive manner, of "English and parental versions of the Bible and its Deity," and furnishes "glimpses of biblical and classical mysteries in the light of modern Spiritualism." The author has been a student and investigator of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism for nearly half a century, and the result of his researches cannot fail to interest even the most orthodox theologian. Apostles of materialism will find much that is destructive of their theories in this well-written book, while spiritual scientists will be glad to have their conclusions confirmed even by the unusual methods employed by the writer. His sketch of Andrew Jackson Davis—his mission and remarkable psychic endowments—is of especial interest. The book will doubtless have a large sale.

AN OLD SUBJECT IN A NEW LIGHT. By Dr. Charles Houghton. 74 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Batavia, N. Y.

This is the first number of a series of "Cosmic Studies" that embodies much new and original thought on subjects of perennial interest. Its title is "Crime: What Shall we Do About It?" Briefly, the author's answer is to adopt a system of "decimal-franchise and check-units," which he outlines in a most enticing and suggestive way. His plan, however, of having every inhabitant of the country "numbered," and compelled to carry his number constantly on his person, has the conventional defect of doctoring the symptoms. Reformatory effort of any kind, to be effectual, must depend upon the growth of individual intelligence from within. The application of external remedies may suppress the activity of criminals for a time, but actual *reformation* has always been effected through other means. Dr. Houghton's book, however, will doubtless awaken thought along this important line.

MIND.

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THE THEORY AND PRACTISE OF VEDANTA.

BY THE SWAMI SARADANANDA.

The Vedanta system of philosophy was evolved in India thousands of years ago, but it is difficult to determine the exact period. It antedates not only Buddhism but also the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, the two great pre-Buddhistic epics of India. But an examination of the many different Indian religions and sects now existing shows that the principles of Vedanta underlie them all. Moreover, the Rishis (or seers), the fathers of Vedanta, claim that its doctrines are the basis of every religion in the world. The goal to which it points is that toward which all society, all humanity, and all religions are tending, either consciously or unconsciously, through the process of evolution.

One great peculiarity of the Vedanta philosophy is that it is not built around any one person or prophet. It is founded on the "latter portion, or the knowledge portion, of the Vedas," as the word *Vedanta* shows. The term *Vedas*, from the Sanskrit root *Vid*, to know, means, according to the oldest Hindu commentator, all the supersensuous knowledge that has been or will be revealed to man. Later, the term *Vedas* was applied to the books that contained the record thereof. The Vedic commentator says that this supersensuous knowledge might be revealed not only to

Hindus but to other people, and that *their* experience should also be regarded as Vedas. The Vedas were divided into two great divisions: "the work portion," which teaches man how, by the performance of duty, the observance of morality, etc., he might go to heaven (a better place of enjoyment), and "the knowledge portion," which teaches him that not even the enjoyments of heaven should be his aim, inasmuch as they, too, are fleeting and transitory, but to go beyond all relativity and find in himself the Divine, the center of all knowledge and power. Of course it took many ages for the Hindu mind to evolve this philosophic system. We must always bear in mind that philosophy never antagonized religion in India. They invariably went hand in hand.

In order to encompass man as a whole, religion should appeal not only to his heart but to his intellect; it must, therefore, have a sound basis of metaphysics. For is not man a compound being—a combination of reason, emotion, and will? Can any religion satisfy him that does not fulfil his highest aspirations on all these planes?

The rapid progress of material science and the wonderful discoveries it is making daily in its study of the external world are striking terror into numerous hearts. Many good people seem to think that the foundation of religion is being undermined, and that the whole social fabric built thereon is in imminent danger. But the seers of old—who, through study of the internal world, found the basis of religion, of morality, of duty, in fact of everything, in that Unity which forms the background of the universe: that ocean of Knowledge and absolute Bliss whence the universe has proceeded—if they were here to-day, would rejoice to find that science, instead of undermining, is making the basis of religion stronger than ever, inasmuch as it is rapidly approaching the same goal—Unity.

Is not the universe one connected whole? Is not the

division of it into external and internal parts an arbitrary one? Can we ever know the external *per se*? We speak of the natural laws that govern the external; but are laws anything else than the method or manner in which our mind links together a series of phenomena? According to the Vedanta, at all events, the universe is one connected mass. Start from the external and you arrive at the internal, and *vice versa*. It has come out of the infinite ocean of Knowledge and Bliss and will return thereto. It is evolving and involving from all eternity. View it as a unit and it can have neither change nor motion. It is perfect, and contains all change within itself; for change and motion are only possible where there is comparison, and comparison can only be made between two or more things.

This chain of evolution and involution—of manifestation and returning to the unmanifested, or seed form of nature—can have no beginning in time. To admit such a beginning were equivalent to admitting the beginning of the Creator; and not only this, but that he must be a cruel and partial Creator, who has produced all these diversities at the outset. Then, again, there would arise another difficulty: the First Cause must either have been perfected or made imperfect by the creation. So, according to the Vedanta, the creation is as truly eternal as the Creator himself—whether it be manifested or unmanifested.

What, then, is the purpose, or the motive, of this creation, this eternal flow of evolution and involution? The answer given by the Vedanta is that it is a "play" of the Infinite. You cannot ascribe any motive to the Perfect, the Absolute, without making Him imperfect. The Infinite, the Perfect, must have no motive to compel It to create. The Infinite must be absolutely free and independent, and the very conception of the finite, or the relative, implies the existence of the Absolute. The Absolute is the only real existence, and the universe is but a speck in an ocean of

Knowledge and Bliss. He is "playing" with Himself in projecting this world of phenomena. He appears through all these masks of imperfection, and at the same time remains *One* and perfect in all splendor and glory. "He vibrates, and he does not vibrate; he is far, and he is near; he is within all, and he is without all, this world of phenomena." "As the web-wombed spider projects and takes back the thread, as hair grows in the head of a man (without any effort), so this universe comes out of that infinite ocean of Knowledge and Bliss and goes back to it again."

By tracing evolution to its cause, science has arrived at the laws of survival of the fittest and sexual selection as explaining the change of one species into another. Vedanta is one with it as regards the truth of evolution, but differs from it when it says that the cause of the change referred to is the struggle of the Divine within every form to manifest itself better and better. As one of the great philosophers has said, in the work of irrigating a field, where the tank is placed on a high level, the water constantly tries to rush to the ground, but is barred by a gate. Open the gate, and the water flows out by a law of its own nature. This struggle of the Divine has produced or evolved higher and higher forms, and finally the human form. The effort is still going on, and it will be completed only when the Divine shall manifest itself perfectly, without bars or bolts to hinder its expression.

This highest point of evolution transcends even conscious existence; hence we call it the superconscious. This stage of development has been reached by individuals long ago. Christ, Buddha, and other great teachers attained it. The whole of humanity is tending toward it unconsciously. But can such a stage be possible when evolution shall have attained its completion? The Vedanta answers in the affirmative. Evolution presupposes involution. To admit an unending chain of evolution were to

conceive eternal motion in a straight line, which modern science has proved to be impossible. But what would take perhaps ages for society to achieve, individuals can attain even in this life; indeed, they *have* attained it, as proved by the religious history of the world. For what are all the Bibles but records of the experiences of men that attained that stage? Examine them; read between the lines, and you will find that the stage which the Vedanta expressed in the famous aphorism, "Thou art that infinite ocean of Knowledge and Bliss," is that expressed by Buddha as attaining to the Nirvana (perfected state), by Christ as becoming as perfect as the Father in heaven, and by the Mohammedan Sufis as becoming one with the Truth.

Vedanta insists that this idea of the oneness of man with the Divine—that the real nature of him is therefore infinite and perfect—is to be found in every religion, but that in some the idea is expressed through mythology and symbology. It declares that what a few men have already achieved is the natural inheritance of all, and that every one will attain to it sooner or later. Man, therefore, according to the Vedanta, is divine; and everything in human nature that is strong and good and powerful is the expression of the divinity within him.

In this superconscious existence lies the basis of all ethics, notwithstanding recent vain attempts to find a permanent basis of morality within the relative. Every one feels within himself that morality and unselfishness and doing good to others are beneficent, and without these neither the individual nor the nation can develop. Even men standing outside the pale of religion are advancing them on utilitarian grounds, asserting that we must do that which brings the greatest good to the greatest number. But if we question why we should do this, or why I should look upon my brother as myself and not selfishly try to secure the greatest personal benefit, even at the sacrifice

of all else, no plausible answer is given. The reply offered by the Vedanta is that you and I are not separate from the universe; that it is a mistaken notion that we are distinct and unconnected entities, independent of one another. All history and all science prove that the universe is one connected whole, whether it be considered from the external or the internal point of view.

There is no break in the external ocean of matter, in which our bodies represent but so many different points. Behind the external there is a vast ocean of mind, in which our individual minds represent but so many different whirlpools, and behind that is the soul, the absolute and perfect Self. Everything in human life points toward this unity. Our love, sympathy, kindness, altruism, etc., are but expressions of this oneness of man with the universe. Consciously or unconsciously, every man feels and tries to express his identity with universal Being. As such, therefore, every soul is his soul; every body is his body. By injuring others he injures himself; by loving others he loves himself.

This gives rise to a subtle but misleading question: Shall we lose our individuality when we attain the superconscious stage, the highest point of evolution? The Vedanta questions, in turn: *Are* we individuals as yet, in the proper sense of the term? Does "individuality" mean the changing element in man, or does it apply to the unchangeable essence within him? Should we apply this word to the body and mind of man, which are in a state of constant change? If so, there is no occasion for the first question, since we are losing or changing our individuality every minute of our existence. Think what great changes each one of us has undergone since we were born! Think what a change for the wicked when he becomes a good member of society, or the primitive and barbarous man when he becomes civilized! Think what a great change takes place

when, through evolution, the ape form changes into the human! Do we lament the change of individuality in these cases?

The Vedanta says that, by developing our individuality, we rise to a point where we become perfect beings. We change our present (apparent) individuality for a real and better one.

The process of evolution is from lawlessness, through law, beyond law—from the unconscious, through the conscious, beyond the conscious. Our conscious life, in which every action is accompanied with a feeling of egoity, does not cover the whole of our existence. During sleep, or while performing actions called automatic, there is no feeling of egoity present; yet we exist, though entering a stage below the conscious and inferior to it. Moreover, in the highest stage of development there is no feeling of egoity—it is infinitely superior to the conscious. In a superficial view, the highest and the lowest stages of development seem to be one and the same; but there is as much difference between them as between darkness resulting from absence of light and darkness produced by excess of light (known to science as the polarization of light). If an ignorant and illiterate man enter there, he comes out a sage, a prophet, a great seer; he discovers in himself the eternal fountain-head of all knowledge and power; he finds the kingdom of heaven within. "For him," say the Vedas, "all doubts (and hankerings) vanish forever, and all selfish knots of the heart are cut asunder. The endless chain of cause and effect fades and dies for him that attains the Highest."

Attaining the superconscious existence has been described in various religions as seeing, or realizing, or feeling God. The onward march of reason has proved that all our ideas of God are anthropomorphic; that we are creating our own God and worshipping and paying rever-

ence to our mental representation. Wherein is the necessity, then, of worshipping God? Why should I worship my own mental creation? The history of evolution shows how the idea of God has grown and developed with the growth of man; how from fetichism and animism he comes to polytheism and thence to monotheism; suggested by his own dreams, or by love for his dead ancestors, or by the stupendous forces of nature, how the idea of a future existence dawns in his infant mind and he tries to peep behind the screen of the senses; how, in his search after the supersensuous, he comes up gradually through the stages of ancestor-worship and nature-worship to the recognition of many spirits or gods behind the different natural forces; and, lastly, how he comes to the conception of one Supreme Ruler at the head of these different gods, and pays his homage to Him.

Reason will suggest that, although this worship of the supersensuous has been a great motive power in developing his mind, yet all this time man has been worshipping his own mental creations, and now that his eyes have been opened he ought to discard such mistaken ideas of God. The Vedanta does not deny that all these different conceptions of Deity are anthropomorphic; but it asks, Are not *all* our ideas of the external the same? Can we ever know the world but as our mind represents it to us; and has not science proved that the senses are deceptive—that through them alone we can never know things as they are? If it is reasonable, therefore, to reject all our ideas of God because they are anthropomorphic, it is just as reasonable to expel every other idea from the mind; but how many of us are willing and have the power to do so? What the Vedanta has to say on this point is that man does not err in worshipping these different ideas of God, for he has been traveling from lower to higher truths. His progress in this world is not from error to truth, but from lower truths to higher ones.

Everything in this world, even truth itself, is relative. What is truth for one state or plane of existence may not be truth for another; and the varying ideas of God are nothing else than different views of the Absolute—the Infinite from different planes of the relative. Suppose, for instance, we make a journey to the sun: our view of the solar orb changes every minute as we proceed. With every step in advance we see a new vision of the same globe. The object that appeared to be a bright little disk when we started grows larger and larger until, when we reach its periphery, we see the sun as it really is. The orb of day has remained unchanged all the time, but our view of it changed with every step. Thus is the progress of man toward God. His view of the Infinite has never become perfectly *nil*, but through the limitations of his senses, his intellect, he sees only a glimmer of the Infinite and worships it as God. The fault is not with the Infinite, but with his own limited faculties. As he grows, these limitations disappear, and he sees the Infinite more and more clearly, and finally in its entirety; *i. e.*, he discovers in himself the infinite ocean of Knowledge and Bliss.

The goal being the same in all religions, the Vedanta has no quarrel with any. It looks upon the different forms of worship as so many ways of attaining the one, indivisible ocean of Knowledge and Bliss. "As the different rivers, having their sources in different mountains, roll down through crooked or straight paths, and at last flow into the ocean—so all these various creeds and religions, taking their start from different standpoints and running through crooked or straight courses, at last come unto Thee, O Lord!" The Vedanta condemns nobody, for its estimate of man is based not upon what he seems to be but rather upon what he really is. It teaches that, sooner or later, every man will discover his real nature and know himself as the source of all knowledge, power, and bliss.

Every man is advancing toward that illumination through every good act that he performs. The worker by doing good to others, the philosopher by developing his reason, the lover of God by expanding and directing his emotions aright—all shall yet attain the superconscious plane, the highest stage of development.

What if a man be an atheist, or an agnostic? The question is, Is he sincere; and is he ready to sacrifice himself for the good of others and for the truth that he has known? The Vedanta says there is no fear for him. He shall come to higher and higher truths and ultimately attain the highest. We should allow an infinite variation in religious thoughts. Follow your own, but do not try to bring everybody else to the same opinion. ' The effort were futile; for is not unity in diversity the law of nature? Is not the goal the same, though the roads are different? Do not make yourself the standard for the universe, but know that *unity* forms its background, and that in whatever path man may travel he will at last arrive at that.

If you gather apples in the sunshine, or make hay, or hoe corn, and then retire within doors, and shut your eyes and press them with your hand, you shall still see apples hanging in the bright light, with boughs and leaves thereto, or the tasseled grass, or the corn-flags; and this for five or six hours afterward. There lie the impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew it not. So lies the whole series of natural images with which your life has made you acquainted, in your memory, though you know it not; a thrill of passion flashes light on their dark chamber, and the active power seizes instantly the fit image, as the word of its momentary thought.—*Emerson.*

Let not the law of thy country be the ultimate of thy honesty; nor think that always good enough which the law will make good.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

IN THE CITY OF DAVID.

BY URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

Progress for the whole is dependent upon progress for the individual units that make up the whole. In all departments of human knowledge and growth, progress is admitted as both theoretically and practically possible. In one domain, that of religion, progress is declared by sectarians to be impossible because religion is divine revelation—something beyond the power of the human faculties to find and present. From their point of view, the term "progressive religion" would be a misnomer, an attempt to find such impious, because God revealed himself to the world for all time nineteen hundred years ago, in the person of his Son Jesus, who gave to the world that final and irrevocable fiat of the Almighty which must be accepted as final and irrevocable by true believers. Belief that Jesus of Nazareth was both the Son of God and God himself incarnate is that cardinal doctrine declared as essential to salvation—to escape from the consequences of sin to an eternity of happiness after the death of the body.

For sectarians, the terms "Christian" and "non-Christian" cover the whole of mankind, while the love of God covers but those designated by the first term. Sectarians must of necessity be dogmatists; for a final fiat admits of no shading, variation, nor turning, and for dogma progress is impossible. But, notwithstanding, men have been compelled to question not only the claimed truth of dogmas but the right of the formulator to dogmatize for any other than himself: because progress in all other departments

pushes hard against the theological wall erected across humanity's great highway.

Shall this wall remain where it has been placed? Shall it be overthrown? Shall it be moved further along? These are questions of the close of the nineteenth century —questions that do not betoken, as in some quarters is feared, a lack of religion and blindness to truth, but rather that zeal for a vital religion which comes from a desire for more and more truth. The history of the progress of the human race from the cave-dweller to the inventor who lays a mastering hand upon the secrets of nature, together with all experience, tends to emphasize a necessity—discovery of the hitherto hidden. Any position that has been a practical denial of this fundamental necessity has had to be abandoned, and progress has been what may be called a series of abandonments of fortified cities and the building of new ones. The dwellers in one city have been compelled by intellectual honesty and practical demonstration to abandon it and take up an abode in another, only to abandon that in turn and seek a better. And now this great host, which has learned that any one city is occupied not eternally but for a time, is pressing hard against the denominational wall, which, to a close observer, shows signs of weakening. This weakening portends not destruction, but the reconstruction which, conserving the vital and necessary, pushes the limit toward the vanishing point.

Experience proves the essence of what is called Christianity to be a tonic vitalizing to the human soul; and fear of losing the essence in the demolition of what has grown up around it has made many keep to the rear who would gladly spring forward if this danger were removed. Discerning that this is the age of reconstruction; that reconstruction means the preservation of everything vital to the welfare of the human family; that that progress which is

revision and reconstruction is normal to the race; that because of the very nature of man discovery must attend his existence—no domain will appear too sacred or too relentless for him to enter when his coming is his own higher evolution.

All Christendom is upon the eve of celebrating the birth of Christ as the epoch-making event of human history. In the resistless march of time, incidents fade, or become indistinct. From being all-absorbing and all-compelling they eventually disappear from human interest, leaving behind them that vital principle which they embodied, and which, as the heritage of the race, is carried along to reappear in new forms. Every epoch in human history is the appearance of a new type, the concrete presentation of what has not been previously the general status of the race. This type is the evidence of higher principles and law (or of the higher operation of fixed principle and law) than have previously been included in the normal discernment of the race; and as such it is an example of a possible becoming which is a stimulating aid in its progress.

A means dissipates to a final disappearance: the end possible through the means increases to fulness. Has the time arrived when the higher mission of Jesus may be discerned—the vital principle embodied appear in a new form? May we look to a present city of David rather than to the past Bethlehem of Judea? May we give more attention to the informing Soul of the man Jesus than to the physical babe then born? Have we been so taxed, have we paid so many taxes, that we need a savior? As willing receivers of all truth and faithful preservers of its purity, have we been those shepherds *abiding* in the field, keeping watch by night, to whom a light may appear which shall reveal the previously unknown? "And all went to be taxed, every man into his own city. . . . And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

keeping watch over their flocks by night . . . and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

What heavy taxes the human race in its "struggle for life" has had to pay! Devastating disease, want, and sorrow, with the hosts that follow in their train, have each levied tribute that has been paid in bloody sweat and tears. Eyelids weighted with generations of inheritance have been lifted painfully to look, half in despair, for a possible savior, and have fallen again in hopelessness. And for nineteen hundred years the example offered in Jesus Christ has been held before the world without removal of these conditions—with continuing taxation. As an all-around Savior, is he a failure? Or have the meaning and force of his character, life, and works failed of being lifted up where all who, looking high enough, may look upon them and live free from the terrible taxation that seems the inheritance of every soul born into the world? Are we the shepherds to whom an annunciation of this higher meaning may be made? Can we bear the light of the glory which may shine upon us out of the surrounding darkness of evil and woe, as we hear: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord"?

What and where is this "city of David"? We read in the Old Testament that "David took the stronghold of Zion: the same is the city of David;" that "except thou take away the blind and the lame, thou shalt not come in hither;" and that "whosoever . . . smiteth . . . the lame and the blind, that are hated of David's soul, he shall be chief and captain." (II. Sam. v.) In this stronghold, where the blind and the lame have no place, may—nay, *must*—we look *this* day for that Savior who, there born unto us, shall take command of our lives and prove his nature, mission, and power. If experience with its burden of taxation has brought us at last to where we have eyes no longer blinded by dogma but able to see, and feet no

longer trembling and stumbling with the fear of God's wrath and unforgivingness but able to stand as the individual who seeks truth, we may set out to find it; for it is a perpetual city, one that will never have to be abandoned.

To look upon existence as a continuity logically necessitated by a root cause, in which all seeming destruction is but that change which is development—this development, or going higher for the race, contingent upon the development of the individual—is to find that stronghold which is the city of David; for this view compels a recognition of unvarying law and order, whose practical workings with and benefits for mankind are love, not wrath. The beneficence of immutable principle is contrasted with the mutable promptings of an angry Jehovah; and fear and superstition—that pallid, trembling daughter of ignorance with her gruesome retinue—are left to that darkness which is their natural abode. The cities of the darkness have had their place in this progress, which is natural and inevitable for the human race, and which compels their abandonment leading on to the confines of "the city of David."

"Let us now go . . . and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us." A present possible Savior, which was also the Christ manifest in and through Jesus of Nazareth, may be found in this city of David—the power, latent in the human soul, of dominion over all that afflicts: a power developed and utilized by Jesus. Within, not extraneous to, humanity must this Savior (which is man's original likeness to God) be sought and found. "Dominion over all" is either the dead letter of a past period or a vital truth to be discovered and applied; and if a vital truth, it can save from continued taxation.

In the life of Jesus, inherent power of dominion—inherent because resulting from fundamental relationship to the Absolute—is continually demonstrated: his works being

this higher manifestation of fixed law than was then normal to the race. That perception of this relationship, and of that with which it endows the human soul that acts according to it, is the King David that takes this stronghold of Zion in which the "blind" and the "lame" have no place. With dominion claimed and exercised instead of subjection passively yielded, the common afflictions will lessen and finally disappear. Refusal to pay taxes and assertion of a right to freedom must precede escape from taxation. Truly, the Savior comes of the house of David; for this insight into the eternal verities of being gives victory over the Goliath of suffering—that materialism which is the refuge of "the blind and lame," and which opposes its Philistinism to the armies of the living God that moves the hearts and souls of men.

Unto *you*, this day, may be born a Savior which is Christ the Lord. Rise up and go to the city of David, where this birth takes place. The eternal and universal Christ, which was the informing Soul of the man Jesus, may—nay, *will*—appear to you as a tiny babe, but one that is soon to grow to the full stature of manhood as his Father's business is attended to; for *our* part of the great work is to put out of the world all that unlikeness to man's generic purity and perfection which we call "evil," overcoming it with that good which rules over all evil. And that work is accomplished only by first putting out of ourselves that which is "hated of David's soul," and by the power of the newborn Christ within; for this Christ is Lord over all to which we have submitted as an inevitable inheritance.

To cast out of ourselves the unclean spirit of ignorant and evil thought, the possessing devils of monumental and revered errors; to heal all manner of disease resulting from their control of the human consciousness; to raise the practically dead (but potentially alive) power of resistance and dominion from the old tomb where natural blindness

and ecclesiastical domination have placed it—this is the work of this Christ, the "Father's business" that is to be performed in present as well as in past days. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." (Luke ii. 10.)

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts; there are spirits brave;
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
  A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
  Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
  And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
  A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those that mourn:
  You will gather, in flowers, again,
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne,
  Though the sowing seemed but in vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
  'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

—*Anonymous.*

THEY who keep their passions in subjection in order to be capable of other pleasures are but bartering the greater for the less; whereas all ought to be bartered for wisdom, the only right coin. True excellence subsists with wisdom, and is a purification from all these things.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

THE IMAGING FACULTY.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The limitations of mind may be more clearly defined than is generally supposed. Mind is an outgrowth of the soul, as the body is an outgrowth of mind. Mind is that aspect of being that relates man to the world of form. In every phase of action it deals with form; so that every thought conceived by man images itself in his mind.

Chief, then, among all the mental faculties is this power *to image*; and it may truly be said that every thought we think contains within itself a picture, and, further, that these thought-pictures affect the body either for health and strength, or for sickness and disease.

We are acted upon in two ways—by the force of life within and by the forms of life without; hence it may be said that man lives in two worlds. Besides the material consciousness of life, there is also a spiritual consciousness. There is something within man which transcends his sense-nature, and even his intellectual and reasoning powers—something that reaches far deeper into the inner consciousness of life, which we might denominate the intuitive (spiritual) nature. It was to that "something" that the Apostle Paul referred when he said: "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. iv. 12.) This is the word of God that is trying to make itself felt in the lives of men—the Word that became fully manifested in the life of Jesus the Christ.

As man listens to the voice of the Higher coming from this inner consciousness of life, he has a sense of being related to everything. This inner feeling makes him desirous of doing good to all; it has the effect of causing him to see things in their true relations, so that his mind becomes filled with the harmonies of life; and, in turn, the thoughts pictured in mind produce harmony and strength of body.

The abstract qualities of faith, hope, and love, while unpicturable in and of themselves, have yet the effect of becoming associated with the forms of life: so that the mind, being acted upon by these invisible impulses of being, images only things harmonious and beautiful. Then, again, there is the action on the mind from the world without. We find that here the unity of life is lost sight of; and the mind of man, having many things of seemingly opposite natures to contend with, questions the good and evil of these varying conditions. Many of these states produce in the mind feelings of resentment, avarice, anger, hate, etc.; in fact, all the evil emotions that affect the mind come from seeing things in wrong relationship to one another. They all come from the outer world—from things that seem discordant.

Now, the external world is not to be viewed as evil; nothing is evil in and of itself. Evil is the result of the false imaginings we indulge in; it is our partial way of considering things; it is a reversal of the true method of thinking, which works from the inner outward.

All the different mental conditions emanate from the imaging faculty, and by its proper control and direction we may achieve results in every way beneficial. In its true development we will find certain processes to be of great assistance. If we form the mental image after the true impulse, which enters the mind from the soul, the picture will be more nearly perfect than that which should come solely from external surroundings. Love for things

pure and beautiful is first an inner state; but this will inevitably find its perfect correspondence in the world without. This applies both to persons and things. The abstract must associate itself with the concrete; but the abstract exists first. It would not be possible to convey by any mental image the idea of *love* to a mind that never felt its influence; neither could we make known the qualities of faith and hope, through word-pictures, to a mind that had never felt them. These are soul feelings, which transcend all mental action.

Two words may be used to express states of consciousness that act in very different ways upon the imaging faculty. These words are *impulse* and *emotion*. The former is used in a sense that refers to such qualities as faith, hope, and love, or that which enters the mind from the soul. The latter is that "something" produced by outward causes—persons or environment.

It is noticeable that the most sublime and exalted human feelings are not the result of outside influences, but proceed from impulses within the soul. On the other hand, the lowest and most degraded sentiment is attributable either to other persons or to external conditions. Take, for instance, the action of a true impulse on the heart: it causes the blood to circulate more evenly and vigorously throughout the whole system. Where the circulation is imperfect, it proves that the emotions rather than the impulses are the mental directing forces. Emotions are caused by selfishness; they are of a personal character. Impulses are caused by the higher nature of man, and are of a universal character. Consider the action of emotions on the stomach. This organ is affected by everything in the outer world, and especially by our environment and the people with whom we associate; thus, when the mind becomes filled with bitterness toward persons or conditions, we find the physical expression of acidity in the

stomach. Consider also the action of faith and trust on the liver and spleen. It renders their functions normally active, while worry and anxiety, which are emotions proceeding from external causes, always occasion the reverse.

A majority of people attribute biliousness and other so-called liver troubles to improper food and drink, asserting that there is a reflex action upon the mind that produces despondency and gloom. But it is really immaterial what a man eats or drinks; he is superior to all exterior conditions. Relieve the mind of a bilious person from anxiety and worry, and fill it with hope and trust—let his surroundings and actions be bright and cheerful—and a healthful physical condition will result. It may be difficult at first to bring this about; but persistency until the habit is formed will soon cause the mind to become related to all other hopeful minds, and in the end it will be easier to continue in the new mental conditions than to revert to the old.

The spiritual consciousness, as already said, imparts the thought of the *unity* of life—that all force and all intelligence are one, and therefore that every form must necessarily be an expression of the inner force. Thus we should carry the thought of unity into the outer world, and see things in their true proportions—by reasoning from cause to effect. Material consciousness of life, losing sight of the whole and dealing with everything in part, sees nothing but diversity; all sense of proportion is lost, and the personal self becomes the greater. The things that gratify and seemingly do good to the personality are looked upon as the good things of life, while whatever thwarts or interferes with personal desire is regarded as evil, and all such outer evils become states of consciousness that are imaged or pictured in mind.

Every thought we think, then, whether it be true or false, as imaged in mind, must be expressed on the body.

WHERE IS THE KINGDOM?

BY EZRA NORRIS.

Because I believe *this* is God's kingdom, right here and now, and that all the principles of happiness or misery—hell or heaven—are here; and because eternity must embrace all of time, and so make the present eternity, I am compelled to believe that the creative Spirit must also be here, caring for every detail in his vast creation with absolute exactness, and that, consciously or unconsciously, the face of all nature is turned toward God with desire.

I believe it is a great mistake to banish God and heaven from this world. Clergymen may say they have not, but in every practical sense they have. Not one treats his neighbor as he would if he knew him to be Christ, or if on the morrow he knew the sun would usher in the veritable kingdom of heaven they have been looking for, but which most of them would dread to see arrive. They do not live to-day as they expect to live when they get to their ideal heaven. This deferring of a holy life is a natural result of deferring the kingdom. "You will have to wait for the millennium," is their cry; and thus they do not try to live the millennial life to-day. For this state of things there is no remedy except to cancel the contract by which the kingdom is deferred.

God is love—so it is said, and so I believe. Do our clergymen expect ever to see God only as love sees love here? If they do they are doomed to disappointment. They could see God now if they were to lay aside their materialistic notions. Their material eyes never saw more of mother, wife, or child than the physical body,

which is ever coming and going with the months and years. That which they really love they see only with love's vision. They do not think of seeing love with their material eyes; neither do they wish to. And it is my candid opinion that many of the men standing in our pulpits to-day have yet to learn the lesson that God is to be seen only in the same way, *i. e.*, with the eyes of the regenerated soul—with spiritual eyes. Selfish materialism dominates both the world and the Church.

Suppose some holy being, alive with the self-giving love of Christ and his religion, should come to our earth to inspect the modern Church. Would his expectations be realized? He would see those in business bent on self-accumulation instead of self-giving; he would see that the object of these men is to get, rather than to give. "Where are the Christians?" he would ask; and after addressing himself to this one and to that one, he would be compelled to say: These men are not Christians, because their chief concern and desire are not to give themselves and all they have for the good of others. "Where are the elders and the deacons?" he would next inquire. And, when brought to them, he would pass them one by one in silence. Then to his guide he would say, "Take me to their pastors." And to these shepherds he would doubtless speak as follows:

"Where is the kingdom of heaven? I have come to inspect it. You have a sad world here. I see nothing but a multiplication of powers for the accumulation of wealth into great masses, solely or chiefly for the aggrandizement of minds dominated by cunning and craft, on whom the common people are made to depend for their scanty living. Even the church members and officers I find doing the same thing. I have found almost every one engaged in self-accumulation instead of self-giving.

"Are you responsible for this condition of things? Do you not know that the kingdom of heaven is where each

gives his best to others, not under the lashings of conscience, but from eager desire? I see not one so actuated. Love is life giving itself in every conceivable way for others. These men are not thus inspired, for their methods are devilish. They heap up inventions and powers with all their ability, seeking to get the advantage of everybody else, and thus driving the masses to dire poverty, distress, and finally to death. Such men are not Christians. Oh! the Christ and his beautiful doctrine of love! Is this its status after nearly two thousand years?

"Men, this is the place for the kingdom of heaven. God is all around you, everywhere and in everything, yet you clergymen are looking away to the skies—to another world where you expect to be made over, fashioned anew, as a potter does the clay. But in this you will be mistaken. No man will be made over, or so fashioned after a righteous pattern that he will love holiness and spiritual things for which he had previously no desire. Life is a growth. As in the material, so in the spiritual—with an infinite Fountain of supply ever ready to give larger and more beautiful life. But it cannot enter except through desire, and these men are without a dominant aspiration for the spiritual and holy. Their desire is for the opposite—for just what you see manifested in their lives.

"You should open the hearts of these people and have the whole order reversed. You should have these mighty material forces of production and distribution employed for the benefit of all, to make every one happy—whether deserving or undeserving, it matters not—by lifting all out of poverty into comfort. 'Without money and without price,' is the song, old but ever new; and it will be like coals of fire upon the heads of the unworthy. You know the law is, 'Sell all thou hast and give to the poor.' Every man must not merely be willing; the man whose life is grounded in love will *desire* so to do. But ask these men if they wish

to sell all and give to the poor, and you will find scarcely one. What does it mean? I fear you have been unprofitable servants. In the face of the fact that the kingdom was heralded as at hand long ago, and that men of the kingdom were to have Christ formed within them, with their Christ-like lives reaching out to God as the hart panteth after the water-brook, I fear you have taught that the perfect life is not to be expected here, but after the death of the body, whereas you should know that there is no to-morrow, nor 'after-life,' but only an eternal Now to spirit.

"Why do you apologize for your rich men, and labor to show that they may be saved, when you know that *all* men must become poor to enter the kingdom? Don't you know that if these men were under the dominant power of love they would want to give all to help others into the kingdom, and there could appear no reason why they should not? There can be no better heaven than the present, though you may make to-morrow better than to-day.

"Feed the people, before you punish them for stealing. Take them out of poverty before you expect them to be less selfish. Would you admit a person into your homes without seeking his comfort by offering him a seat? Then, as all material comforts are the gift of nature, feed and clothe the people 'without money and without price.' Employ all your mighty productive forces for their good, as this law of life prompts, if you would make them and yourselves less selfish.

"Present methods of business take from the people their opportunity to live; so that, when they go to you as helpless sufferers and ask for work, you regard their condition as an opportunity to buy them for the day, week, month, or year, just as you would buy a horse or a cord of wood. 'Survive or perish; take my price or get out!' is what you say to them. The motive is not to do them good, but to enrich yourselves. You conduct your business as if

you thought one part of life's issues were more sacred and holy than another part.

"I see the lucky holders of money actually buy the land, not for use, but to wring a part of the products out of those who do use it. This is a mere selfish trick, for their titles are not worth a straw. Men seem to think they can set aside the benevolent purposes of Nature by selfish legislation, as if the creature had become greater than the Creator.

"Your money-changers must also be driven from the temple of the poor as an unclean horde. Money is simply a lien upon products, and is secured through contributions to the general stock. It is an evidence of membership in a brotherly co-operation in the exchange of commodities among producers and those concerned in their distribution; but your fraternity, by every conceivable measure known to craft, have grasped these certificates of credit (money), and are so manipulating business that the masses get only about half of what they produce.

"Then there is the labor-saving machine, bought up by capital to serve only the buyer, while the effect upon the worker is often a direct injury. Every new mechanical contrivance takes more or less energy from the labor end and puts it on the side of capital; thus the workingmen's part becomes less and less with the coming years, and, as new industries do not develop as fast as men are laid off, their condition is made worse. While the standard of living is rising each year, their income does not rise to meet it, and the discontent of the workingmen is with good reason made greater. These measures have all been planned in selfishness, and, as you readily see, their effect is to swell still higher the selfish tide on the one hand and discontent on the other.

"These conditions—forcing business under the rule of selfishness, and confining religion to Sunday and to another

world—are all consistent with your teachings, inasmuch as you have relegated the joys of religion to a life beyond. You need not teach duty to your people, for they will not heed, unless they discover obvious joy with it. You can lead and allure, but you cannot *drive* men to duty, in any effective way, even under the lashings of conscience. They will perform only just enough of duty to keep out of the yawning hell that you teach is awaiting them in the life beyond. There is power in love to lead, but conscience has proved a failure as a *driver.*

"You seem to think the physical houses you live in are *you.* Your body is not you; you are the invisible, living, thinking, seeing, loving person *within.* Life means more than meat and raiment. These are conditions necessary to life in the material, but not life itself."

After such a manner, it seems to me, a holy being, alive to the reality of the spiritual kingdom, would discourse.

We never can progress until we locate heaven and God in this world, instead of beyond the skies. God must be brought not alone to our world, but to us and in us. Then, when we look for the virtual Christ within, we shall be compelled to give to our kingdom that sacredness and nearness which we have been accustomed to relegate to an uncertain distance and future. Then shall we see that God is an unbounded, omnipresent sea of life and love, pressing, as it were, upon every square inch of space in the universe; and out of this universal sea of good comes every real thing that exists. Thence the tree leaps to life with fluttering leaves and glistening fruit; the bird springs into the air, sending back to its infinite source its song of joy; the flower comes forth blessing the world with its beauty and fragrance; the crystal brook jingles onward to the sea. In the jungle, love tells the story and teaches the wild beasts to rear their young; while even the worm crawls lazily toward love and God. Marvelous and transcendent

are life and love in nature. Everything that lives and loves is the temple of God, who lives in the love of everything.

If, then, people would learn the way, they must wash and be clean, for love's ways are both beautiful and pure. They must wash out of their lives all but good, that each may be a bubbling life of beauty. On this unselfish plane, love blossoms as the flowers. From the summit of such lives comes the illuminating, cheering, and warming blaze of eternal life—the Christ spirit reaching out for God. Realizing that all good belongs to God and is one with him, these regenerated ones feel that they are part and parcel of the infinite Life, and so rest in peace. But the business world and the Church, wrapped in the robes of a selfish materialism, are wandering away from this great illumination. They have become wandering stars—straying from harmony, peace, and life, to unrelenting catastrophe and death.

As we read the Gospels we see how the Divine Man was also the great Physician; how he went about healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people; and how as many as touched the hem of his garments were made whole, every one. He also commanded his followers to do the like, and founded *cure* as the grand evidence of the Christian religion. His proofs of his mission were sound bodies; the deaf hearing; the dumb speaking; lepers cleansed; the dead raised; those who before were blind, now they see. The channel of this was no learned science, but a simple command in His name who has all the power in heaven and on earth.—*J. J. Garth Wilkinson.*

We know that all spiritual being is in man. A wise old proverb says, "God comes to see us without bell;" that is, as there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the Cause, begins.—*Emerson.*

SPIRIT AND MATTER IDENTICAL.

BY MARY PLATT PARMELE.

The tendency of this age is unitizing. Whether it be in trade, in economics, or in political life, the movement is the same: toward combinations into larger unities. Even human thought is caught in the great swing of the pendulum; and whereas, not long ago, truth seemed to lead toward a bewildering diversity, to-day there is a return movement from the circumference toward the cénter. One after another, great unifying conceptions have gathered up the straying subsciences into one larger science. Sound, light, electricity—things with no suspected connection—are found to be acting under the same laws, and to be in fact only differently endowed members of one family. And when in addition to this we see the meeting and merging of two paths once thought utterly divergent—when we see philosophy and science, while working by opposite methods, coming to the same goal—it looks as if the time were at hand when one universal truth is destined to swallow up all other and partial truths.

It is only the other day that these two great bodies of human thought looked contemptuously at each other across a dividing gulf. But the disciple of reason and the disciple of common sense now almost clasp hands across the diminishing distance. This process commenced when philosophy began to concern itself with the once despised material facts of existence. Then science discovered that the most stupendous realities in the natural world lie in that invisible and supersensible creation with which she had intended to have nothing to do. In other words, phi-

losophy grew scientific, and science, whether she would or not, became occult. And now, with one end of his bridge resting on solid earth, the one is finding a scientific basis for his airy structure, and the other is penetrating the arcana of speculative truth—reaching by the inductive ladder that mysterious realm which it was believed must ever hang suspended in the upper ether of human thought.

The aim of philosophy has been defined as the reducing of the number of *causes*. A precisely similar result in science has reduced this complex creation to one marvelously simple fact. In all the countless manifestations of nature—in things solid and things fluid, things palpable and impalpable, ponderable and imponderable—whether it be the action of gases or of heat, light, sound, or electricity, it has been found that the last impelling fact, the deepest underlying cause, is *vibration*.

If consciousness be life, and expanding consciousness more life, or growth, then humanity has reached a supreme moment in its existence; for the world-consciousness is awakening to the most fundamental fact in the universe—that under all seeming and being, in whatever guise Nature may appear, the final cause, the ultimate reality, is a matter of vibration. The perceiving mind, the listening ear, the beholding eye—all act by means of vibratory power; while the things perceived and heard and seen manifest themselves by this same mysterious agency. And not only that; they are what they are—solid, liquid, fluid, or gaseous—simply because of the action of this inscrutable, indwelling energy which pulsates and throbs through all created things.

Not many years ago the world was told that this earth was not solid at all; that it was, in fact, a mass of swinging atoms, which were never at rest and never in contact. Then followed another equally "absurd" announcement: heat and light are only "modes of motion." Reasonable people

were irritated at dogmatic assertions of such unthinkable realities. Even if it were true, it was an abstraction. Such knowledge might be interesting to speculate upon in scientific conventions, but what practical value had it? But, although they knew it not, these were the first rays of a new day. And scarcely less marvelous than the truths they have brought to light are the achievements of the human mind in this realm of vibratory physics since the time when Professor Tyndall, by ingenious experiments, revealed the characteristics of this molecular motion—its rhythmic quality; its harmonious grouping; its affinity for like harmonies; the irresistible, the incalculable power of these mysteriously endowed atoms!

Laymen cannot verify the assertions of the men who count the pulsations of sound, heat, light, and electricity; but the most practical and prosaic facts in our daily life are the result of this higher and deeper knowledge of processes inconceivably minute. So, that which only a short time ago was an unthinkable dogma of transcendental physics has become a practical, working reality.

Man has grasped streams of energy existing in the very heart-beats of Nature and is using them for his own every-day needs and purposes. The telephone, the phonograph, the X-rays—all the new devices and daring projects leading, if not to omniscience, to an omni-consciousness—are based upon vibrations. If Tesla succeeds in using the globe to convey instantaneous message to the poles and the equator, it must be by vastly accelerated vibrations. If the invisible light-ray penetrates solids and converts granite walls into gauze, it is by accelerated vibrations. And now these same vibrations give promise of penetrating that other mysterious wall that has hitherto divided the spiritual world from the world of matter!

The light begins to glimmer through that curtain of eternal dark that has baffled the human understanding for

ages. It is only feeble and dim; but with the first faint rays we begin to perceive that the region of mind and soul, that undiscovered country, is not a separate domain at all, but only a sublimer part of the same familiar territory we all know so well. The same energy that speaks to us in the common experiences of material life—in rock, sea, air, light, warmth, and sound—and that finally disappears from human cognition in the form of electricity, is the very same energy that animates our souls with hope, desire, and love; and its language in that sublimer realm is what we call *thought*. Moreover, we are beginning to perceive that this all-pervading, vibrating energy is not only the sustainer of life, but that it *is* life—the vital force itself!

This new and startling gospel has not been brought to us by exploring the immensities of creation. Our glasses might have been turned forever toward the frontiers of space without discerning it. The secret was not in the remote, but the near; not *there*, but *here*. It was by reversing the glass and looking in upon the *minute* infinities that there came this revelation, which is converting metaphysics into physics and physics into metaphysics.

About twenty-five years ago Herbert Spencer said: "It is obvious that there will eventually take place [in science] an integration, by which all orders of phenomena will be combined and recognized as differently conditioned forms of one ultimate fact." He also said that "the problem at foundation is a dynamic one." The prediction is already fulfilled; the one "ultimate fact" in the divine phenomenon of existence is *vibration*, and the mystery underlying that is a "dynamic one."

The conception of an apparently solid earth composed of oscillating atoms is bewildering. It can only be grasped at all by emancipating the mind from its normal idea of magnitudes; by realizing that, except relatively, there is no great and no small; by remembering that our

puny senses are set to a minute scale of consciousness, and that there is an infinity of stupendous realities above and below the point where they begin and end.

It is perfectly conceivable that we might have been so organized that our sense-perceptions would begin at the very point where they now cease to act; that all sound-waves less than 34,000 a second might have been inaudible to the human ear; and that where is now the region of silence would have been music—music finer, richer, and more subtle in its beauty than any we have ever heard in our lower scale of perception. In just the same way, to a differently attuned perception the spaces in which the atoms move may be vast enough to contain their own complex systems—systems as obedient as our own visible creation to the divine order. The abiding and tremendous fact is that things *are*—not that we perceive them; and we must hold fast to the consciousness that things exist quite independently of our five little narrow windows. Moreover, as they transcend our tiny scale of perception they become more mighty realities; and thus we learn that man draws nearer to the springs of omnipotence with the microscope than with the telescope.

After modern science had reduced our material universe to a mass of dissolving atoms, it also discovered that these atoms are sympathetically drawn toward one another by a force called "cohesion." Whether matter is solid, liquid, or gaseous is merely a question of the closeness of the proximity of its particles. If these are in tight embrace (as they wish to be), the result is what we call a "solid." If this cohesive force is resisted by the atoms, and they become more widely separated, so that the force acts more feebly, then, instead of embracing, they glide around each other, and there is formed what we call a "liquid." Then, if they become still further separated, they reach a point where the cohesive fetters are completely broken; the

captives are free, when they are seen to have very decided wills of their own and no fancy for one another at all. They rush swiftly apart in direct lines through space, colliding recklessly with everything in their path; and in this final condition we know matter as "gaseous."

Now, what produces these changes in condition is the imparting of greater energy to the atoms—ordinarily by the agent called *heat.* And what is heat? It is simply an accelerated motion in the ultimate particles which in its early stage pleasantly quickens man's vibratory action with warmth; then with a greater velocity the energy imparted creates so violent a movement in the atoms that they are torn from their natural connection, and we say it "burns;" and, finally, a stage so destructive is reached that the particles are torn completely asunder and resolved into the lawless state called "gaseous."

Suppose a room to be filled with men standing shoulder to shoulder in a closely compacted mass; then imagine that suddenly each of these men is seized with an impulse to waltz. It is easy to perceive that either they must have more space or their desire to dance must be restrained. Precisely the same thing happens when a stream of higher vibrations, which we call *heat,* comes in contact with a mass whose particles are moving at a lower rate. These particles swiftly absorb the new supply of energy and begin to move with a quicker and a wider swing, thus requiring more space in which to act. The impulse of the men can be restrained by walls; but what walls are strong enough to resist the elemental power in an atom? Without thinking of the mystery and the majesty of it, we point to the rent in the rock and say, "the frost has done it!"—the real fact being that, at a certain moment in the process of freezing, a group of inconceivably minute particles required more space for their work: precisely as when "expanded by heat," tons of granite could not hold them—the founda-

tions of the earth give way before them. And if you would form an idea of the magnitude of forces at work in your garden, imagine how many horses it would have required to have riven a boulder in two, as that succulent maple has done—or, rather, as some determined particles in its roots have done, to make room for the ampler swing of their creative rapture!

(*To be continued.*)

THE omnipresent and eternal conflict of good and evil is the one theme of science, philosophy, history, prophecy, and revelation. It is at once the genesis and apocalypse of being. It was in the heavens before Adam fell, and it is the theme of the resurrection. Satan was nine days falling; Adam fell only over a garden-wall. The good Lord picked him up before he fairly struck the ground, gave him a new suit of clothes, and told him to go to work and make a man of himself.—*Jonathan B. Turner, LL. D.*

A MAN'S genius—the quality that differences him from every other, the susceptibility to one class of influences, the selection of what is fit for him, the rejection of what is unfit—determines for him the character of the universe. As a man thinketh, so is he; and as a man chooseth, so is he and so is Nature. A man is a method, a progressive arrangement; a selecting principle, gathering his like to him wherever he goes.—*Emerson.*

SINCE the soul of man has been fashioned in accordance with the archetypal word of the great Cause of all things, it follows that his body also, having been raised up to the purest portion of the universe, —the heaven,—must extend its vision, in order that, by a comparison with what is visible, the soul may attain to an accurate comprehension of what is invisible.—*Philo Judæus.*

I KNOW of but one lamp by which to guide my feet, and that is the lamp of experience.—*Patrick Henry.*

THE UTILITY OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

BY PROFESSOR HOLMES W. MERTON.

Few persons realize the pleasure and profit that may be derived from a fair knowledge of physiognomy, as the science is now understood by those who have studied its later developments. The reason so few are interested in the study is that, until recently, there has been no published work upon the subject that treated it from the standpoint of its local signs, or the regions of the face where each mental faculty exerts a specific influence—the vital element of the art.

The expression of the passions and the bearing of certain individuals led the ancients to study the character of both men and beasts through physiognomy in its older form. Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, Zopyrus, and many other early investigators wrote extensively upon physiognomy. From 1770 to 1801, John Caspar Lavater investigated the subject with energy and perseverance. He read by what he termed "physiognomonical sensation," or the impressions he received from persons through observing their general appearance, etc.; but he made no remarkable discoveries and did not succeed in locating the signs of any of the faculties in the face. Forty-seven years later, James Wakeman Redfield, basing his observations upon the acute work of Alexander Walker (1839), succeeded in locating several of the principal signs. During 1858-'60, an eminent discoverer, writing under the name of Sivartha, reclassified the mental faculties and located the regions of influence of the remaining thirty-six faculties in the face, thus forming a complete physiognomical map of mentality.

Since that period the writer has succeeded in locating 105 of the 108 sub-faculties, making it possible to determine at a glance the chief directions in which the primal faculties apply their energies and capacities.

It is evident that no greater source of pleasure can exist than that by which we can understand the nature and specific capacities of our friends, or know why they succeed or fail in social life, business, or personal enjoyment. Our own success often depends upon our ability to understand those around us, whether friends or competitors, relatives or strangers. If we judge them by their acts we may misjudge them, because there may be elements in their character which, under certain circumstances, compel them to act as they do, and which, had we but fathomed their mental equations, we might easily have neutralized, thus directing their energies into another channel.

But those who have studied phrenology, and who realize the limitations of the skull because of its function and inflexibility and find it difficult to judge character by that system, are frequently inclined to regard the new physiognomy as an equally difficult art. And, so far as the application of the art to directing others into successful professional or business life, or the better filling of present vocations is concerned, it certainly necessitates deep study of the requirements of the various occupations and the mentality of the persons so directed. We are not, however, at present considering that phase of the subject, but rather the more general side, desiring simply to arouse an interest therein as a means toward increasing the pleasures of life and attaining greater success through being our own physiognomist.

By taking up each feature of the face separately and studying its signs, or indices, gradually extending our examination to the other features, and realizing at the same time that size gives power only when compared with

other signs in the same face, and that the result of the whole can only be measured by capacity to judge the quality (or texture) of the person examined, the student will soon improve in the accomplishment and receive a constant stimulus to perfect himself in the art. The "Roman nose, quality poor," cannot compare in power to the "Roman nose, quality fair." It is equally true that the size of the head and face is of little consequence in comparison with the value of fineness of nerve tissue and general organization. With exceedingly fine quality and large size, there is a corresponding advantage, but generally in breadth of character rather than in special directions.

For personal pleasure and advantage, the student must learn (and he can do this in a reasonable length of time) the location of the thirty-six "indices" of the faculties; then to judge the size of the part of the feature where the indice occurs; and, finally, he must study the result of different degrees of power in the faculties themselves. After this has been accomplished, a study of texture, quality, and opposing functions may be taken up with great benefit.

An examination of the face accompanying this article* will show the reader the regions of influence of all the faculties. Their boundaries blend into one another by imperceptible margins, and the center of the "region" is the center of mental influence. It will be seen that a large proportion of the face is governed directly by the will (or executive) faculties. The cheek, chin, and bridge of the nose contain the ruling, co-active, wealth, and commercial faculties; the end of the nose and the forehead have the regions of the intellectual faculties, and the side-head and lips those of the affections. The arrows under the names of the different faculties indicate the directions in which the face develops under their stimuli. In many instances

*See advertisement page viii.—ED.

it will be seen that both length and width determine power, while in others mere fulness indicates capacity, which is especially true of the lips and part of the nasal signs—economy, construction, general reason, etc. Aversion, contempt, mobility, and destruction are also determined by fulness. Nearly all the other faculties are measured from the auditory meatus (ear-opening), the distance and fulness being carefully considered.

The older systems of physiognomy led many to conclude that faculties were present in some persons and absent in others, and thus they found difficulty in understanding how it were possible to determine what capacities were or were not present. The fact was not made plain that all human beings have the same number and kind of mental faculties; that these differ only in development and quality of information and knowledge, and that any special capacity or talent is due to such knowledge and the competency of the faculties necessary to carry it into effect.

Physiognomy, therefore, reveals power, capacity, method, and endurance; it has little to do with transient thoughts and emotions; it seldom refers to accidents or to incidents. So far as I have been able to fathom its signs, it is never fatalistic. It determines limitations only to the extent to which the observer is able to judge of quality and mental harmony. To the true physiognomist, the coordination of the faculties is as self-evident as that of the muscles of the body is to the anatomist.

I can confidently assert that none of the other arts or sciences can give the inquirer a greater variety of interest, or a larger number of daily opportunities to exercise his or her perceptive and reflective faculties, than the one in question. Physiognomy furnishes means whereby to study and understand one's friends, assistants, competitors, and the strangers one meets in daily life; and no better way can be found to cultivate the perceptive faculties,

or to give the reasoning and intuitive powers a continually changing supply of interesting material upon which to exert their subtle capacities.

In its broadest sense, physiognomy delineates everything known to man. Everything in nature varies in form as widely as in quality, activity, and character. The higher the organism, the closer Nature clings to the law of form; the truer she makes her physiognomy, the greater the importance of variation in line and quality as well as in quantity; and the greater the physiognomist, the greater pleasure he finds in the attributes of form, quality, and proportion.

In youth we are mad for persons. Childhood and youth see all the world in them. But the larger experience of man discovers the identical nature appearing through them all. Persons themselves acquaint us with the impersonal. In all conversation between two persons, tacit reference is made as to a third party, to a common nature. That third party or common nature is not social; it is impersonal; it is God.—*Emerson.*

Blessed Pan [All]—and the other divine ones that abide about this place—grant to me to become beautiful in the interior nature, and that the endowments which I may possess externally may be in harmony with those within! Let me deem the wise man to be rich, and may I have that amount of gold which only a discreet man can employ!—*Socrates.*

The true artist, by bringing himself into absolute subjection to rules of right action, lays himself open to the power of God to play on him as on an instrument, and to bring out of the human creature a melody that the creature himself only dimly apprehends.—*John Henry Clarke, M. D.*

The humble endeavor for the True and the Right is an action on the side of the Divine majority.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

ALL PHENOMENA FACTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Sound, light, heat, and all the so-called qualities of material bodies, like fragrance, sweetness, etc., are usually thought of as objective realities. They are conceived as existing *per se*; as dependent in no way upon consciousness; as affecting all organisms, but remaining the same whether cognized or not. This view is not confined to the ignorant: it is held by many, perhaps by the majority of well-educated people, and by some who are instructed in science and are accustomed to close observation and careful thinking in their special fields of thought. In some cases it requires years for such persons, even after the correct view has been presented to them, to outgrow the popular conception.

Only those who possess the power of abstract thinking can grasp readily the philosophic idea that we know phenomena only as affections of consciousness. No one who by thinking has reached this conclusion can ever escape from it, for it amounts to a demonstration and is seen to be a logical necessity of philosophic thought. Yet the average mind, which dwells mainly on things concrete and has but little use for abstraction, must think that the external world is absolutely just what it appears to be to eye and ear and sense of touch. Say to such a person that where there is no ear there is no sound, and where there is no eye there is no light, and he will probably reply triumphantly that there was light on this planet long before man or any sentient being had appeared, and that cataracts roared and thunder reverberated through the heavens long before there was any ear to hear such sounds.

For the benefit of those whose thought is not clear on this subject, a few illustrative statements are submitted with the hope that they may help some readers to free themselves from the slavery of a method of thinking that is as crude as the conclusions to which it leads are superficial and unphilosophic.

Vibrations of air communicated to the sense of hearing (the acoustic nerve) gives rise to a sensation. That sensation is called "sound." Without a nerve of hearing there can be no sound. Of course the air vibrates whether or not there be any living organism present, and the aerial vibrations may blow down trees and buildings as well as cooperate with the soil in causing the growth of vegetation; but sound, being a sensation, requires not only the objective factor, vibrations of air, but the subjective factor also —consciousness, which is somehow affected by the vibrations through the nerve of hearing.

Just as there is no fragrance in a rose—the word "fragrance" standing only for the sensations produced through the sense of smell by emanations from an object that we know only by the way it affects us—so there is no sound in a ringing bell except as the waves of air, externally produced, excite the auditory nerve and cause the sensation we call "sound." The quality of the sound depends upon the quality, size, and shape of the bell, as well as upon the manner of ringing it, because upon these depends the kind of vibrations which through the nerve of hearing cause the sensation of sound.

There is no musical quality in a violin; but one who feels "the concord of sweet sounds" may play on the instrument in a way that will arouse "music in the soul," because he is able to produce those vibrations which through the sense of hearing cause agreeable conscious states. So with light (or luminousness)—which is psychical, not physical. This is a sensation produced by the action of

waves of ether upon the retina and fibres of the optic nerve. It may also be produced by a blow, or by electricity, which, while it causes luminous phenomena through the eye, when brought in contact with other parts gives rise to quite different sensations—sounds in the ear, taste in the mouth, tickling in the tactile nerves, etc.

We know that different colors depend upon particular velocities of the waves of ether, gathered together by the optical apparatus of the eye, which impinge upon the retina, affecting the optic nerve and giving rise to sensations or conscious states that appear objectively as colors—blue, green, violet, etc. In some persons, vibrations as different in velocity as those that commonly cause redness and greenness awaken identical sensations, and they cannot therefore distinguish between them.

As some animals are sensitive to motions of the air that to human ears produce no sound whatever, so do the eyes of some creatures respond to vibrations of ether that are below or above the luminous limits of the human eye. If a creature can see in the dark—*i. e.*, where it is dark to the human eye—the optic nerve of that creature is affected by etheric vibrations to which the human eye does not respond. It is luminous for that creature when it is dark for man, because luminosity is a *sensation*, not an objective thing.

Heat, too, is a sensation. The word *heat* indicates how our body, or anything external to the body, feels—how it affects our consciousness. Conceived objectively, it is a mode of motion, which is only one of the factors necessary to produce heat, the other being an organism in which the motion gives rise to the sensation that we distinguish by the term "heat."

Vibrations of air and ether occurred millions of years before there was eye or ear on this globe, and those vibrations were doubtless external factors in developing these

organs. But only as auditory nerve was evolved was there sound: only as the optical apparatus was developed was there light. Pulsations of air do not constitute sound; undulations of ether do not constitute luminousness; emanations of particles from a flower do not constitute fragrance. Atmospheric vibration is one of the factors in producing sound; etheric vibrations are essential to sight, for in their absence the eye and optic nerve in time become functionless and disappear, as in the cave-fish; and the presence of material particles in the air is necessary to excite the sense of smell.

If all animals were to be destroyed, the vibrations of air and ether would continue to affect vegetation; if all vegetal life were also extinct, these vibrations would continue to affect the earth, producing innumerable changes on sea and land. But without consciousness and the organs through which it is differentiated in feeling, there would be no sound and no hearing, no luminousness and no seeing, no fragrance and no smelling.

We know and distinguish objects by the states of consciousness which, through the senses, they produce in us. What things are in themselves, apart from their effects upon us and from the conscious states to which they give rise, we do not know. The external world, as we conceive it through our forms of perception and modes of thought, may have no resemblance whatever to the absolute reality. Between the internal and external order there is congruity, but resemblance cannot be affirmed.

The conclusion of all psychological analysis is, as Huxley says, "that all phenomena are, in their ultimate analysis, known to us only as facts of consciousness." As that close, analytic thinker, George Henry Lewes, said: "Whether we affirm the objective existence of something distinct from the affections of consciousness, or affirm that this object is simply a reflection from consciousness, in

either case we declare that the objective world is to each man the sum of his visionary experience; an existence bounded on all sides by what he feels and thinks; a form shaped by the reaction of his organism. The world is the sum total of phenomena, and phenomena are affections of consciousness with external signs." The "external signs" are material things (so denominated), mere symbols of reality, necessarily associated with the senses and with sensation. Our most certain knowledge is not of matter, but of mind; indeed, our knowledge is confined to "facts of consciousness."

WITHIN man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one.—*Emerson.*

TIME is like a ship that never anchors. While I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore.—*Feltham.*

BEFORE any of us can enjoy an ideal heaven, we have got to make conditions in order that it may be a heaven for us, as our future existence will be just what we ourselves have made.—*H. E. Butler.*

THE Light is not given to us or received by us for the sake of having the borrowed splendor to shine with, but that it may be assimilated and incorporated into the life.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

KNOWLEDGE is made by oblivion; and to purchase a clear and warrantable body of truth, we must forget and part with much we know.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

FAILURES OF THE AGES.

BY BOLTON HALL.*

There was a Man; stupid was he, and brutish. Yet he harried wild beasts and wilder men. It chanced that men came upon him and upon his child, and the child they would have taken for their food; but the Man withstood them, so that he was slain, and after all the child was taken by the men. Their children wondered at the Man.

There was a Man; ignorant was he, and fierce. Yet he fought with beasts and savage men. And it happened that men fell upon his villagers and most of them escaped, but the Man stayed behind defending women. The Man was killed and the women carried away by the men. Their children made a mound above the body of the Man.

There was a Man; weak was he, and dull. Yet he strove with chiefs and warrior priests. It befell that when the tribe went man-catching the Man refused to help; therefore, the priests commanded that he be burnt and the tribe went all the same. For the man, their children built a tomb.

There was a Man; poor was he, and unlearned. Yet he plead with the unthinking and with savage creeds. It came to pass that the rulers went astray and he cried out to them. The rulers heeded him not, so that his heart was broken; then he died, and the people mocked his sayings. Their children called the Man a prophet of the Lord.

* * *

Yet, in every striving, it was given to the Soul to see that only he attaineth to the measure of a Man, who with whatsoever light he has, in life or death, treads out the paths of God.

*Author of "Even As You and I."

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY JOSEPHINE H. OLCOTT.

Beyond the stars I call to Thee;
Over the blue etherean sea,
Across the sunset's golden bar,
Like faint, sweet music from afar,
Thy voice, Beloved, comes to me.

What sphere so far thought cannot reach?
Soul speaks to soul in silent speech;
A thought is sped upon the wind
Like lightning flash from mind to mind:
And thus I greeting send to Thee—
No space is there 'twixt Thee and me.

Beyond the stars I call to Thee:
Sweetly Thy voice responds to me;
Borne in vibrations soft and clear,
It falls upon my inner ear.
In vision far Thy form I see,
Star-crowned and gleaming radiantly.

Beloved voice and fond caress
Awake my soul with tenderness;
And the light of fairer skies,
Glowing in Thy illumined eyes,
Fills me with Thy happiness.

No distance, Dear, no time, no sea,
Divides Thy loving Soul from me;
We journey on from sphere to sphere,
Nor reckon time by month or year—
All is Eternity.

A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOLDEN BOX.

Money came to Cathcart of its own accord, and did him good. His kindly but not very strong nature expanded like a plant in a soft atmosphere;—he would not have developed so well under adversity. His paintings had qualities of color and composition that made them valuable as well as popular. With the manners of a man of the world, he had a child's heart. He was devoted to his wife, but they had no children—except Tania.

I called on them at their new house—an old one, leased from another artist who was going abroad, and already arranged interiorly for artistic ends. They put in their own furniture, picked up in strange corners of the world, and unique in beauty and interest. Mrs. Cathcart's exquisite household taste, combined with her husband's mastery of color and grouping, produced as quietly rich and beautiful a series of rooms as ever I had seen.

I met Mrs. Cathcart for the first time on the occasion of this call. She was a tall, softly-rounded woman, with reddish hair and gray-green eyes, one darker than the other. From these eyes there was an emanation of refined passion, which was repeated in the contour of her lips. The white space between her brows was wide; her nose was Greek—she reminded me of a picture of Galatea by Watts, which

I saw in a private house in London, and which was the loveliest thing he had ever painted. Her temperament was exceedingly sensitive, capable of marvelous endurance under stress of feeling, but liable to sudden sinkings. She was an Englishwoman, with a gentle, undulating English voice.

As soon as I met her glance and touched her hand, I instinctively felt that she had intuitions to pierce the shows of things, and that it would be worse than a waste of time to do any conventional society posturing. Accordingly, I struck at once the chord of friendly and easy intimacy that we maintained ever after. She was herself simple and translucent as crystal; straightforward, and utterly free from the vulgarity of disguises; but her spiritual organization was nevertheless profoundly complex—she could not be seen through. Such a woman may open herself to you for a lifetime, and at the end you will know only that most of her remains to be known.

"Tom went out an hour ago," said she; "but he said we should get on better without him." And she added, as we sat down on either side of the little tea-table, "You look just as I hoped you would."

"I hope you'll like me," I returned; "I like you."

"It's all right," she said, with a lovely smile. "Now I'll make you some tea just as you like it."

We talked of Cathcart—how he met her; of their marriage, of their travels and happiness. "We have been knocking about eighteen years," she remarked; "we are old enough now to settle down."

"And Miss Cathcart is old enough for a husband?"

She gave me a deep, soft look. "Tania is not our daughter; she came to us a mystery. You will see her; but may I tell you about her?"

I thought I should like to have Mrs. Cathcart tell me about Tania (or about anything else) forever. One didn't

need to tell her such things; she understood by my movement and countenance, and proceeded to relate the story.

"The year of our marriage," she began, "we went to the Vale of Cashmere; we have made that our headquarters ever since. We had a house-boat on the river. In June we made an excursion toward the mountains and came upon the remains of a rock-temple, which did not seem to have been explored. Tom was making sketches of everything. I was climbing over some sculptured rocks one morning, in a corner of the cave, and stepped on a flat stone, which tilted and slipped down, and I caught hold of a projection just in time to save myself from going with it. It knocked down other stones, and I was left quite a height from the floor, with no way of descending. But the noise brought Tom, and I was soon taken down. Meanwhile we found that a little shrine had been uncovered, and in it lay a gold box—wait! you shall see it!"

She rose and crossed the room with that leisurely, gliding tread of hers, which had such a sweet suggestion of sex about it, opened a black, carved cabinet and came back with a serious smile touching her crimson lips and illuminating her sea-gray eyes, and with the box in her arms. She put it in my hands slowly and tenderly, as if there were something sacred about it. It was about fourteen inches long, by half that in height and width, made of solid red gold, nobly designed and carved. It had somewhat the appearance of a miniature sarcophagus. Very ancient it was, as the fashion of the carving showed; yet the contours were as sharp as if it had been done last year. A band of ornament, which I took to be some Oriental lettering, ran round the edge of it; on the cover, serving as a handle, was carved a seated female figure, the body bending forward over the knees, the head bowed, a sword at her feet. It was heavy, rich, impressive.

"I have seen nothing like it," said I.

"There is nothing," was her reply. "When we found it, it was filled with white dust, or ashes—human ashes. We took it to the tent; but after examining it, and Tom had made drawings of it, we thought we ought to put it back. That evening, however, as we sat looking at the sunset over the Himalayas, with the box on a rock between us, a young native woman came up and stood with her hands joined together beneath her chin, in that suppliant way they have. She was not like the natives of that part; she was very beautiful and exquisite, and how she came there none of us could imagine. One of our bearers said she was a Hebrew. She was first seen coming out of the cave, as if that had been her home. We asked her if we could do anything for her, and she said, as near as we could make out, that she wanted to stay the night with us. So she lay at the door of the tent—she would not come inside. Tom and I slept with the box between us. But when we woke in the morning the cover had been taken off and lay beside it; the ashes were all gone, and in the place of them was a tiny infant, wrapped in white wool. The woman had disappeared."

"And that was Tania," said I, impressed as much by the hushed and reverent manner in which the story was told as by the story itself. "What had become of the ashes?"

"Tania was there instead of them," replied she.

Her eyes met mine with a singular expression. An odd idea rose in my mind, but I did not utter it. Mrs. Cathcart gave me an assenting look, however, as if she had divined my thought and confirmed it. After a few moments' silence she took the box from me and returned it to its cabinet.

"We could not do otherwise than keep her," she remarked, when she had resumed her seat; "and we thought that was what her mother—if she *were* her mother—had intended."

"Does Tania resemble her?"

"Tom and I have often asked each other that. Tania is Oriental, of course, but we think not so dark as the other. Then she is dressed differently; the other had heavy earrings, and a jeweled ornament on her forehead; and she wore a long blue robe, with one end hooded over her head. But, with all that, I don't think they are alike. I have never known any one quite like Tania, either in body or spirit."

"Tom told me about that affair with Holinder," I said, bending forward and studying the dregs in my tea-cup. "He is a new man from the time I used to know him. Tania —er—you see a good deal of him, I suppose?"

I knew Mrs. Cathcart would understand me to intimate that probably Tania and Holinder were going to make a match of it. But she did not at once reply; and, fearing lest her silence implied that I had better mind my own business, I looked up. She was glancing past me toward the door; and it seemed to me that there was a sort of greeting expression on her face, as if some friend had entered. Supposing it might be Tom, I turned; but no one was visible. Yet, as I turned again, her eyes appeared to be following some one across the room. The next moment she reverted to me with a slight start and an increase of color in her oval cheeks.

"There are other considerations, you see," she said, speaking with some difficulty. "We cannot tell what Tania may do. She must decide. She has powerful friends. You will understand when you have seen her. And by the way, she wants to see you—she will be in the studio, I think; will you come?"

I followed the lovely woman through a curtained door, along a hall with a mosaic pavement, the windows glazed with sheets of Oriental marbles cut so thin as to be trans-

lucent, the opposite wall rich with sketches of Indian palaces and figures; then through another door draped with silk, and so into the studio, a large room of Pompeiian effect, very strong and simple, with the usual artistic paraphernalia. No one was there. My guide, however, passed on to an arched portal on the further side. She peeped in, and then turned to me smiling and holding out her hand. As I approached, I saw a small, oval room, with a smoothly vaulted ceiling, like the interior of an egg-shell. The walls were turquoise blue, with gold lines; the hollow of the ceiling was covered with pure gold leaf, producing a most ravishing effect. In one corner stood a tall-stemmed Japanese lily; opposite, fitted to the curve of the wall, was a divan, covered with silk cushions of pale rose color—just the tint of the petals of the lily.

Now, as I stepped to the archway, I saw a young woman in a white dress, dark haired and eyed, sitting on the divan with a book in her lap. The book was large, with heavy binding and clasps. As I caught sight of her she was holding the book with one hand across it, the slender fingers grasping the outer edge, and was looking up. There was no definite color in her cheeks; yet she could not be called pale. Her skin was the color of the orange-blossom. Her eyes were long and pointed at the corners, with heavy, curving lashes; between the lids and the arch of the brows was a wide space, giving an impression of spiritual harmony and capacity. Her lips were broad at the center, but finely chiseled at the ends; her chin was round; her hair flowed down along the margins of her cheeks, was tied or fastened like a black sheaf behind, and fell down her back. The wide gaze of her eyes did not seem to encounter mine, though they were turned upon me; they appeared rather to be looking inward on her own mind, as if she had been deep in reverie and had not yet entirely emerged therefrom. She must, at that time, have been barely seventeen years

of age; but I did not think of any particular age, contemplating her; she was a type of immortal youth. And yet, in spite of this virginal, innocent youthfulness, there was that in her regard which made me feel the presence of long-past ages. I can best describe it by saying that she was as one who has been in the first bloom of youth for thousands of years. Perhaps angels may have a like expression, after some eternities.

Mrs. Cathcart took my hand and drew me forward. As she did so, I became for the first time aware that Tania was not alone in the little room. I saw, as distinctly as ever I saw anything, a singularly handsome man, about thirty years old, tall and slender, but powerful, standing at Tania's right. There was a great brightness in his countenance—a masterful intelligence, which had almost the effect of light. His expression was neither sad nor cheerful, but intensely earnest. It was a face too regular to be easily described; but I could never forget it, if I lived a century.

"This is our friend, Tania," said her mother, relinquishing my hand as I made a step toward the girl. The latter rose, with the heavy book in her hands, and inclined her head to me. I bowed in return, and then half turned, expecting to be introduced to the gentleman whose tête-a-tête with Tania we had interrupted; but, greatly to my perplexity, there was no one there. There was no exit but by the door, which was blocked by Mrs. Cathcart and myself. Obviously, then, he must have been a hallucination of my brain. Nevertheless, until the moment when Mrs. Cathcart's warm fingers ceased to touch mine, I could have sworn I saw him. Moreover, I have never been subject to hallucinations. With a quick effort I suppressed my bewilderment and faced Tania, who had reseated herself on the divan.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

VEDANTA IN THE WEST.

THE profound interest in the teachings of the Vedas that has recently been awakened among thinking minds in Occidental lands will undoubtedly receive a fresh stimulus from the leading article in this issue of MIND. It is from the pen of the Swami Saradananda, and gives an outline of this ancient system of philosophy that is at once comprehensive and authoritative. Beginning by defining the word *Vedanta* and proving its antiquity, the writer proceeds to show the universal application of which its doctrines are susceptible. We are told that, in Eastern countries—especially India—religion and philosophy have always been a unit; that no deference should be paid to mere authority *per se*; that the Vedantic principles are fundamentally present in all systems of ethical, moral, and religious development—ancient or modern; that "God" is the loftiest view of the Absolute conceivable from the relative plane; that a process of alternate involution and evolution is the *modus operandi* of growth in all spheres of existence, and that man's highest evolutionary point of attainment is the superconscious plane of life.

But perhaps the most significant feature of this teacher's contribution is that which suggests the charitable and tolerant attitude of the Vedanta toward other religions. It contains a lesson that we of the West should heed. It shows that the philosophy of the Vedantist is eminently constructive; whereas the sectarian religionists of our time and country are often not only mutually destructive, but immersed in a common antagonism toward the

faiths of other lands. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* (weekly edition) recently asked the editor of the query department to define the Vedantists' conception of Deity. The reply he received was in part as follows:

"Their Brahma is a mere substitute for the negation of a Supreme Being, although they would not for the world allow themselves to be called atheists. Their Brahma is not, and according to their own way of philosophizing cannot be, the Creator of the universe, which was created by Avidya—Ignorance! He is without power, without consciousness, without intelligence, without will, without feeling, without material properties and spiritual attributes. He is in the same predicament with the idol of stone—nay, decidedly worse off. The idol of stone has eyes, but it sees not; ears, but it hears not, etc., but it consists of some material of which a proper use may be made. But the god of the Vedantist is a phantom, a mere abstraction, and has no existence beyond the compass of an imagination prone to frivolity. We doubt if most of those faddists, as you justly call them, could give a reasonable account of and rational arguments for what they really believe or disbelieve."

In contrast with these sweeping statements, the high ideals so lucidly expounded by Swami Saradananda are very suggestive. And to show the inaccuracy of the foregoing criticism, we quote the following paragraph from a lecture by another apostle of the Vedanta:

"The Vedas teach that creation is without beginning or end. Science has proved that the sum total of the cosmic energy is the same throughout all time. Then, if there was a time when nothing existed, where was all this manifested energy? Some say it was in a potential form in God. But, then, God is sometimes potential and sometimes kinetic, which would make Him mutable; and everything mutable is a compound, and everything compound must undergo that change called destruction. Therefore, God would die. Therefore, there never was a time when there was no creation."

These thoughtful words are taken from the initial address of the Hindu delegate to the World's Parliament of Religions (Colum-

bian Exposition), who was the predecessor of our contributor in the work of promoting a knowledge of the Indian doctrines in the United States—the Swami Vivekananda. The aim of these missionaries is not to "convert" or to proselytize, but rather to enlighten our ignorance regarding the Vedantic source of nearly all human philosophies and to soften the asperities that stand in the way of a spiritual marriage between the East and the West. Our opening article for this month, if read without prejudice and the bias of preconception, should prove an important aid in this undertaking, and we commend it to the thoughtful perusal of every reader.

THE WORK OF ORGANIZATIONS.

THE importance of associated effort in furthering the interests of the New Thought movement is becoming more and more widely recognized by its leaders and teachers in all parts of the country. Societies for mutual improvement and for the spreading of spiritual truth among all classes, along various lines, are already numerous; and we are glad to note their success both in results accomplished and in an increased membership.

Two associations of the Greater New York are worthy of especial mention: the Circle of Divine Ministry and the Alliance of Divine Unity. The former has entered upon its second year of work, its new headquarters being at 67 Irving Place. The steady growth of the organization from its beginning, and the value of the healing and teaching that it fosters, prove the power of that faith in omnipotent Truth which is its dominating characteristic. It welcomes all who desire to know the Truth, regardless of creed or of other affiliations, and has become a comfort and a blessing to many. Representing no personality and no restricted line of teaching, the Circle does not promulgate dogma, but, creedless itself, encourages the cultivation of individuality through knowledge of the One

Source of All. A branch will soon be opened in the lower part of the city, where it is hoped that some much-neglected classes of its population—boys and so-called criminals—may be reached and taught the gospel of hope in their own infinite possibilities. Thus will be initiated the work of evolving all that is involved in the being of every member of the human family.

The motto of the Alliance of Divine Unity is "Unity, Progress, and Truth." Its headquarters are in the "Life" Building, 19 West 31st street, where a lecture is given every Thursday evening throughout the season—either by the President, Charles Brodie Patterson, or by some other well-known teacher of spiritual science. The meetings are free to the public and all are welcome. The Alliance is a branch of the Hartford, Conn., organization of the same name—a rapidly-growing society that is doing a noble educational work along metaphysical lines. The meetings of the parent body are held on Friday and Sunday evenings, in the Cheeney Building, and are always largely attended. The Alliance of Divine Unity offers the following as its Statement of Principles:

"We believe in and teach the universal Fatherhood and Motherhood of God—The universal Brotherhood and Sisterhood of Man;

"That One Life is immanent in the universe and is both center and circumference of all things visible and invisible;

"That One Intelligence is in all, through all, and above all, and that from this Infinite Life and Intelligence proceed all Light, Love, and Truth;

"That the life of Jesus the Christ shows forth the perfect ideal unto which all must eventually attain."

This platform is surely broad enough for all friends of the higher life to stand upon. A thorough realization of these principles should tend greatly to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of any one desirous of living up to the best that is in him; and it is hoped that the season's work just entered upon will be marked by an increased attendance at the Thursday evening meetings.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER.

WE wish to begin the new year with a largely increased list of subscribers for MIND, as it is desirable for many reasons to have subscriptions begin and end with the calendar year. With this object in view, we have decided to present to all subscribers, whose names shall be entered any time from the 1st to the 31st of December inclusive, a free copy of the delightful novel, "Amore," by Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, Ph. D. The work comprises 278 pages, beautifully printed and bound in cloth, and sells for 75 cents. All interested in the higher (or metaphysical) principles of life should read "Amore"—"a book," says the Boston *Budget*, "which is the outgrowth, the inevitable expression, of a beautiful and harmonious nature, dowered with the gift to express its beauty of thought in literary form. A story written to embody exalted and beautiful feeling—feeling condensed in the expression, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' The author's work is especially characterized by a beauty of spirit which is but the reflection of her own, and a transcription of an exceptionally high and beautiful life." This unusual offer is made as a special inducement for one month only, for the reason above stated, and will not be repeated. Back numbers will be mailed to those who wish to have their subscriptions date from our first issue, and the premium will be sent post free to subscribers at a distance.

ALL goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function, like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will; is the vast background of our being, in which they lie, an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all.—*Emerson.*

DON'T WORRY.

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determine, from recent discoveries, just how worry does kill. It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases, that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone. The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain; and the brain being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues. Thus does worry kill. Insidiously, like many another disease, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never-lost idea; and, as the dropping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly but no less surely, destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest—that are, so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health, and motion. Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worrying of the system the brain can cope with, but the iteration and reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds, with mechanical precision, with never a sign of a let-up or the failure of a stroke. Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing, and week by week diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms that are so minute that they can only be seen under the microscope.—*Pharmaceutical Products.*

ONLY the best is right. Of all the courses open to a man at any time one only is right, and that is the best. The others may be in themselves not wrong—they may be even meritorious—but there is one better than all the rest, and that is the right one.—*John Henry Clarke, M. D.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY. By the Swami Vivekananda. 376 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Henry J. Van Haagen, 1267 Broadway, New York City, publishing agent for the United States.

We have received a copy of the second edition of this work, revised and enlarged. It consists of a series of lectures on Raja Yoga (or, "conquering the internal nature") and other Oriental topics, and presents the Yoga aphorisms of Patanjali, with commentaries. The author is the original representative of the Hindu propaganda in this country, which was introduced to an American audience for the first time at the World's Fair of 1893. The Swami's exposition of Hinduism is both convincing and minute, and the present volume furnishes a complete analysis of the Vedanta from the standpoint of a student. It also contains a valuable glossary of Sanskrit terms and portrait of the author. Those interested in the article by his fellow-laborer in this issue of MIND should read "Vedanta Philosophy," which amplifies the principles in a most charming presentation of the details of the system.

HOW TO BECOME STRONG. By A. B. Jamison, M. D. 64 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, 43 West 45th street, New York.

The fourth (enlarged) edition of this work has just been issued. It is a most interesting and significant production. Emanating from the pen of a medical doctor of recognized standing, it embodies a radical departure from orthodox conclusions. Although this is an age of "specialism," yet a practitioner of medicine who assumes to cure *rectal* diseases without the use of surgery must certainly be regarded as a heretic in old-school circles. The sub-title—"Health Obtained; Ill-health Prevented"—seems fully warranted by the sixteen pages of unsolicited testimonials appended to the book. We suspect that the author is a physician who unconsciously applies the principles of mental science in his practice. In fact, all genuine healing, no matter under what form it is accomplished, is more or less the result of silent mental action. Dr. Jamison's book contains over a hundred illustrations and is beautifully printed.

THE BREATH OF LIFE. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. 63 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Published by the author, New York. [For sale by The Alliance Publishing Co.]

The author of this dainty and pleasing little book is one of the contributors to this issue of MIND. The sub-title of the volume is "A Series of Self-treatments." There has long been a demand for such a work, suggestive in both ideas and text, by which the reader should be enabled to help himself. The book is certainly true to its title, every thought being a life-giving inspiration and a ready aid to spiritual development. Simple and direct in presentation, it is a capital work to put into the hands of earnest truth-seekers of every class. Eminently practical in contents and neat and attractive in appearance, it will doubtless be a popular holiday gift-book.

ZELMA THE MYSTIC. By Alwyn M. Thurber. 380 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Authors' Publishing Company, Chicago.

The sub-title of this book is "White Magic versus Black," which is suggestive of the thoroughly occult character of the story. The author's aim is to make practical and of daily use the discoveries thus far made in the psychological realm. In this he has apparently succeeded, for the situations are never far-fetched, though sometimes startling. Incidentally the story teaches a valuable lesson along philanthropic and humanitarian lines. Mr. Thurber's ingenuity in showing how applicable to all the affairs of human life are the principles of metaphysics is highly commendable. The book is embellished with several beautiful half-tone illustrations.

PRACTICAL METHODS TO INSURE SUCCESS. By Hiram E. Butler. 76 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, Cal.

A course of five lessons in the science of living that contains much valuable advice and sound sense. The supreme importance of self-mastery in all walks and conditions of life is pointed out in a practical way; and, although the author, in his enthusiasm, lays down some rules that are unnecessarily rigid and severe, yet his book can be read with profit by either sex, especially the young. The vital functions of life are in our day receiving more intelligent attention than formerly, and Mr. Butler's teachings are worthy of serious consideration.

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PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THE JAINS.

BY VIRCHAND R. GANDHI, B.A., M.R.A.S.*

In the concluding paragraph of the Prospectus of MIND I find the following suggestive words: "While granting due credit to Hindu metaphysics and the mysticism of the Orient in general, we are yet inclined to look for the development of a Western Psychology that will harmonize with the conditions of life in the Occident, at the same time tending to promote the spiritual welfare of the race as a whole." This statement seems to whisper in my ears that "Hindu" metaphysics has not been able to offer the right solution of the various intricate problems of life that are staring in the face of the Western thinker. By "Hindu" is meant, of course, the special phase of Vedanta philosophy that has been presented to the people of the West during the last four years.

I am glad that the truth in Vedanta has come to the shores of this country. It would have been much better, however, if the *whole* truth lying back of the different sectarian systems of India had been presented, so that a complete instead of a partial view of India's wisdom might have satisfied the craving of deep students. But the history of the religious and philosophic progress of the

* Jain Delegate to the Parliament of Religions, World's Columbian Exposition, and Honorary Secretary of the Jain Association of India, at Bombay.

world shows that sectarianism takes a long time to be transmuted into universalism, and so we shall have to wait.

Besides "Hindu" or Vedic metaphysics, there are systems in India not based on the Vedas and Upanishads, and are therefore classed as heterodox by the Vedists, who, however, it must be admitted to their credit, do not consign them to the "uncovenanted mercies of God," as some Christian sects have done. These are the Buddhist and Jain systems. Much has been written and spoken on Buddhism, but very little on Jainism. In this article, therefore, I intend to present a short sketch of the latter, in the hope that Hindu metaphysics may receive proper consideration in the Occident.

"Jain" (or, more properly speaking, "Jaina") means a follower of Jina, which is a generic term applied to those persons (*men and women*) that have conquered the lower nature—passion, hatred, and the like—and brought into prominence the highest. The Jain philosophy, therefore, bases its doctrine on the absolute necessity (for the realization of truth) of conquering the lower nature. To the undeveloped or insufficiently developed observer, it *is* the conquering of the lower nature; to the fully developed, it is the realization of the perfect.

There lived many such Jinas in the past, and many will doubtless yet be born. The philosophy of the Jains, therefore, is not essentially founded on any particular writing or external revelation, but on the unfoldment of spiritual consciousness, which is the birthright of every soul. Books, writings, and scriptures may illustrate, wholly or in part, this truth; but the ultimate fact remains that no mere words can give full expression to the truths of Jainism, which must be felt and realized within.

I have been often asked, "What is the origin of the universe, according to the Jain view?" We might as well

ask: What is the origin of Being? What is the source of God? etc. Philosophy in the primitive state (logically, not chronologically) postulates an external, simple substance from which it attempts to explain the multiplicity of the complex. Philosophy in this sense assumes various forms. All of them attempt to interpret the law of causation, and in that attempt many, fatigued after the long mental strain, stop at some one thing, element, or principle (physical or metaphysical), beyond which they have not mentally the ability to go. Some (for instance, the Ionic philosophers) called it water, fire, or air.

The Sankhya philosophy, in India, tried to explain evolution and even cosmic consciousness and the growth of organs, etc., as proceeding from the simple substance called *Prakriti*, or primordial matter. Modern science evolves all life from the simple protoplasm. In tracing every effect to a cause, when these philosophers stop at something they contradict themselves by not extending and applying the law of causation to what they call the "first principle." Dr. Paul Deussen, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Kiel, in Germany, very truly says, with reference to Causality ("Elements of Metaphysics"): "As space and time are without limits, so also the net of causality is necessarily without beginning or end;" and he gives the following demonstration:

"(*a*) If it were not without beginning, we should have to assume a first state of things. In order that this state might develop, a change would have to occur in it, which change would itself again be the effect of a foregoing change," etc.*

"(*b*) The chain of causality is without end, inasmuch as no change can take place at any time without proceeding as an effect from its sufficient cause."

* This is the rock on which splits the cosmological argument, which confounds the metaphysical principle of salvation (God) with the physical principle of creation.

Jain philosophy, therefore, is not the doctrine of illusion, nor of emanation, nor of creation. It is rather the doctrine that teaches the inexpugnability of various properties inextricably combined in a thing. Hence, the affirmation of only one property would be true so far as one side of the question is concerned; but it becomes false when it rejects other sides—implying thereby that the very existence of that particular side depends on the existence of other sides. Jainism emphasizes at the same time the fact that at any particular moment it is impossible to express in words this complexity of truth (though possible to realize it in consciousness), for words always take for expression more moments than one.

This teaching is also known as the doctrine of many-sidedness. For instance, the universe is eternal as well as non-eternal. If the manifestations, modifications, developments, and activities are left out of consideration, what remains of the universe is eternal. If merely those modifications, etc., are taken into consideration, that side of the universe (which is not a different *thing* from the universe, but only a different *aspect*), is non-eternal. That is the only way of coming to a correct understanding and definite knowledge.

Sankaracharya, commentator of the Vedanta-sutras, has fallen into a great error when he states that the Jain doctrine should not be accepted because "it is impossible that contradictory attributes, such as being and non-being, should at the same time belong to one and the same thing; just as observation teaches us that a thing cannot be hot and cold at the same moment." The Jains do *not* teach that a thing can be hot and cold at the same moment. But they *do* teach that a thing cannot be hot absolutely, and cannot be cold absolutely; it is hot under certain definite circumstances, and cold under others. The Jains do *not* teach that being and non-being (of itself) should at the

same time belong to one and the same thing. What they teach is that in a thing there is being (of itself) and non-being (of other things), which means that a thing can be fully known only by knowing what it *is* and what it is *not*. Sankara, in fact, creates a man of straw, imputes to him certain imaginary doctrines, and by refuting them he knocks him down. That is his glory.

Let us now see what the Jains have to say about the Vedic systems of philosophy. Guna-ratna Suri, the commentator of a Jain work on "Comparative Philosophy," says:

"Although the various schools of philosophy, through sectarian bigotry, differ from and contradict one another, still there are certain aspects of truth in them which would harmonize if they were joined [into an organic whole]. For instance, the Buddhists advocate momentariness of things; the Sankhyas maintain eternality Naiyyayikas and Vaiseshikas believe in independent eternalities and non-eternalities, being and non-being, community and difference, and eternality of the Word. The Mimansakas affirm eternality and non-eternality, separateness and identity, being and non-being, community and difference, and the eternality of the Word. Some postulate either Time, Nature, Necessity, Karma, or Purusha as the origin of the Universe; and the Monists, who advocate the doctrine of Word-Brahma-Gnosis, believe in their identity. The different aspects of truth accepted by these sectarians, when related to one another, all together become one *grand truth;* but, if they do not join hands, they contradict one another, and in so doing they are changed into 'the flower of the sky' [which is not a real thing, but an illusion of the mind]."

The Jain philosophy teaches that the universe—the totality of realities—is infinite in space and eternal in time; but the same universe, considered from the standpoint of the manifestations of the different realities, is finite in space and non-eternal in time. Particular parts of the universe have their cyclic laws corresponding to the laws of evolution and involution. At certain periods

Arhats, or great Masters (Saviors of mankind), are born, who, through love, sacrifice of the lower nature (not of the real Self), and wisdom, teach the true doctrine. Referring to that part of the world known as Bharata-Khanda (India), the last Arhat, Mahavira, was born 598 B. C., in a town called Kundagrama, in the territory of Videha. He lived seventy-two years and reached Moksha (the perfect condition) in 526 B. C.

The Jain philosophy also teaches that each soul (Atman) is a separate individuality, uncreated, and eternal in existence; that each individual soul has lived from time without beginning in some embodied state, evolving from the lower to the higher condition through the law of Karma, or cause and effect; that so long as the Karmas (forces generated in previous lives) have not been fully worked out, it has, after physical death, to form another body, until through evolutionary processes it unfolds its absolute purity. Its full perfection is then manifested. This perfection of the individuality is the Jain Nirvana, or Mukti. The individuality is not merged into anything; neither is it annihilated. The process of this development, or salvation, may be said simply to consist in right realization, right knowledge, and right life, the details of which are many.

I will now say a few words about Jain Psychology. There are five Gateways of Knowledge, all unfolding through the laws of evolution and Karma. The first is the senses. In the lowest form of life, there is only one sense—that of touch. In higher forms of life, there are two, three, four, and (as in animals, birds, fish, and men) five senses. Through the senses a limited form of knowledge is unfolded. The second source is study and reading. The third is Avadhi, or the psychic faculty, through which finer and more subtle things are known. The fourth is mind-knowing, by which the mental processes of others are

known and understood.* The fifth is Absolute Knowledge, in which all limitations of body and brain are removed. This state is not a loss, but rather the acme, of consciousness.

All these stages come to the ego, not of themselves but through persistent effort and exercise of free will, or rather by making the will freer and freer. Personality is the mere physical but subtle gathering of excretions through which the individuality becomes unfolded. Personality is therefore changing every moment; the individuality is for every moment the particular stage of unfoldment of the ego itself, and is consequently the bearer of the sins and sorrows, pleasures and enjoyments, of mundane life. In absolute perfection this bearing nature is thrown off like a husk, and the ego dwells in divine and eternal bliss. It is not destroyed, nor is it merged into another ego or in a Supreme Being; and if the question be asked whether in this state of Mukti (deliverance) there is one ego or a plurality of egos, I would answer in the words of the Jain Master: "That Atman by which I experienced myself and my essence through self-realization—that I am: neither masculine, feminine, nor neuter; neither one, two, nor many."

Now I come back to the quotation with which I began this article. The Vedanta metaphysics teaches that salvation comes through knowledge (of Brahman). It is not the potential that through effort and conquest becomes the actual; and we are further taught that that which *is* is real *now*. On the other hand, Jainism teaches that from the ideal and transcendental standpoint you *are*

* This is not to be confounded with telepathy, or direct thought-transference, in which a conscious relation has to be established between the agent and the recipient, since in genuine mind-knowing the developed man knows the mental activities of others without their trying to communicate them to him.

Brahman; but its eternality, the real Mukti, comes from work and knowledge together, not from one alone. Through work and knowledge, Jainism says, the individual develops and unfolds the potential; therefore, the statement, "I am Brahman," would be interpreted by a Jain to mean—I am Brahman only inherently, or in embryo; I have the capacity or the actual possibility of Brahman; what I am implicitly must become explicit. There is a vast difference between the implicit and the explicit. Those who do not recognize this difference would never make an attempt to become rational and free.

The doctrine of the Jains known as Syadvada, or Anekanta-vada, it is proper to affirm, in the words of a writer in America—

"is competent to descend into the utmost minutiæ of metaphysics and to settle all the vexed questions of abstruse speculation by a positive method [not merely asserting *na iti, na iti,* not so, not so]—to settle at any rate the limits of what it is possible to determine by any method which the human mind may be rationally supposed to possess. It promises to reconcile all the conflicting schools, not by inducing any of them necessarily to abandon their favorite 'standpoints,' but by proving to them that the standpoints of all others are alike tenable; or, at least, that they are representative of some aspect of truth which under some modification needs to be represented; and that the Integrality of Truth consists in this very variety of its aspects within the relational unity of an all-comprehensive and ramifying principle."

He who knows that power is in the soul; that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.—*Emerson.*

Love emanates from heaven, and is developed on earth.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

A PSYCHIC LAW IN STUDENT WORK.

BY FLOYD B. WILSON.

Progress in school work during the last fifty years has been most significant and encouraging. The actual work done in our preparatory schools and colleges, embracing eight years of study, seems stupendous when compared with that performed during the same period half a century ago. Students then carried a distinct pallor on their faces; now they are ruddy with the glow of health. There is much to be said in favor of the method that has brought about such results.

Divers causes may be assigned for this advancement. In part, it may be ascribed to better teaching; but one may ask, What brought about *that* improvement? Again, it may be attributed to the ascending scale of more generally diffused intelligence; to the more systematic courses of instruction from the primary schools onward; or to the advanced age and its demands, etc. Giving to each of these factors its full measure of credit, to my mind the true cause—the real factor—is behind them all. It is to be found in a *psychic law*, which has to some extent asserted itself by bringing under its direction the consciousness of both teacher and student. If this be true, a full recognition of the law may make all student-tasks light and eliminate drudgery from student-life. Although the general health of students to-day is good, yet we still have too many of what physicians call "broken constitutions," under pressure of the work demanded to attain high rank in the classes. If a knowledge of this law will relieve this pressure, who would not welcome it?

Let us see if we can discover it. At the beginning of the year's work in the autumn, the conscientious student will find that it usually takes him some weeks satisfactorily to prepare any lesson. In fact, the tasks seem anything but a part of himself; they are foreign to his whole composition; there is not the least blending between him and them. Even though he may make a good record in his class, he knows he has been repeating *information* he has gathered—not presenting *knowledge* he has made his own. After a few weeks, however, the blending begins; lessons are more easily mastered, and he has entered into friendly relations with his foreign acquaintances. This is the natural result of careful study, we say, and that is all. If a natural result, there must be a cause—a *law*, within which there may be volumes that should be lodged in our consciousness.

All good students have fixed hours in which to prepare each daily lesson. If you were to ask this or that one why he selected a certain hour for Latin, another for geometry, another for Greek, etc., he would probably say he did not know—he began the term that way, and kept it up. Another equally good student in the same class has probably made a different selection as to the hours when he prepares his lessons. Each feels confident that his plan is best for himself, and each is right.

We talk too much about "unconscious" mental action. Even some of our metaphysical writers do not seem to recognize that *subconscious* mental action is anything but unconscious. It often results in the highest intuitive knowledge. To distinguish between conscious and subconscious thought is to take a long step toward the attainment of the wisdom of the Yogi. In selecting the hour for the preparation of a lesson, the student is usually directed by subconscious thought-action—he always is when he finds that hour congenial for special work. The

psychic law we are trying to formulate, therefore, embraces both time and method.

In some cases the selection of the time for work on each study may not be important. If the student come to his work with a heaviness that makes him feel half-wearied before he begins, he would best sit quietly passive and ask the hour he should select for the task. Often he will hear the answer so suddenly that he will exclaim, "Who said that?" Sometimes he may hear the single word, "Now." We are all more or less aware of these spontaneous answers or suggestions; but have we been conscious of their origin? This is the only way intuition can speak. Let the student learn to trust it. The hour rightly selected, let him remember that the attainment of knowledge is not a cramming process. He is not about to try to put something inside: he is trying to learn how to use what is already there.

If the student has given no time to metaphysical studies, I would suggest that he practice the plan herein outlined. "Mental development" has always seemed to me a misnomer, for *development* suggests a working over by the introduction of something new. Instead of development, there is simply an *unfolding.* One is not adding new powers to the mind: he is simply calling forth the latent ones. Each study rightly pursued will aid in doing this; and the unfolding, or uncovering, can be made a series of delightful incidents which always uplift and never break down.

First, the student, by his work, cultivates an atmosphere of attractiveness and force. The etymology and syntax of his Latin grammar fill his thought with the exactness and perfection of that tongue. He images the men who mastered that language as men of force—men to conquer. Virgil expands the imagination, linking mortals to immortals; Cicero's periods bewilder him with their

brilliancy. He finds himself mentally watching for something beyond the mere meaning of the words and their logical relationship to one another. This puts the mind in condition to receive the vibrations from the ethers in harmony with the atmosphere created. It means the unfolding, or the awakening to knowledge, not the crowding of something into a storehouse that was filled long ago.

The student, secondly, has selected the hour to begin work in each study, and understands that no change is to be made in those allotments. Next, he is to drop all thought of learning difficult tasks, or of self-sacrifice for knowledge. There is no self-sacrifice about it; he is giving these hours to the unfoldment of powers within. This "work" is now his season of communication with his real selfhood. Its vibratory force he does not know, but he soon becomes conscious of its relationship to Infinite force; and, merged in this intermingling, the remark of Emerson, as to the impossibility for one to tell "where man, the effect, ceases and God, the Cause, begins," grows luminous with meaning. Instead of his "learning" the lesson, all nature seems to have come to his aid; he has absorbed it, not memorized it. This task is not a foreign substance to be placed in a receptacle called mind. It has now become an integral part of his selfhood. He cannot lose it, and, though memory has been an aid in grasping, the possibility of forgetting it is not tenable for an instant.

Such an absorption of a lesson occasionally comes to every student. If the psychic law and vibrations of "atmosphere" be religiously observed (and fixed hours held solely for the special work each day are primary requisites), such absorption or assimilation will delight the student and bring to him the joyousness of intelligent unfoldment during those seasons that formerly seemed hours of toil. He should, of course, start each day

in as happy a frame of mind as he can. This cheerfulness may require a little effort at first, because the student may have been in the habit of thinking these study-hours wearisome. However happy the mastery of the lesson may have made him, its accomplishment meant work. Even after it was finished, he may have turned to the next task with some fears that memory might prove treacherous the following day. But with a true recognition of mental unfoldment, which this method will soon bring, there can be no possible lodgment for fears of any kind.

As studies are usually arranged, the student never has more than five recitations a week—sometimes not more than four. He has been accustomed to devote, therefore, but four or five seasons of study to the particular weekly subject; yet there are seven days in the week. This has been a grievous error. His subconscious thought started him right, but the requirements of the curriculum upset much of the psychic power he had begun to accumulate. There must be no break. The hour must be kept daily—Sundays and Saturdays and all holidays alike. The student may shorten the time somewhat, if the lessons cannot be made to fill it; but he should start always at precisely the same hour each day. The prevailing idea that the mind needs rest is true enough; but to abandon the sitting even one day in each week is to disturb both atmosphere and vibrations and to fetter unfoldment.

When the vacation season opens, and the lessons of the year are passed, then a new unfolding begins—possibly without any appeal to books. The only embarrassment in this daily work may be found, perhaps, in the fact that at least a portion of it will be performed in the afternoon, and Saturday afternoon is a delightful time for bicycling and matinees. As to one day in the week, from either of these amusements, the student need not be barred. If riding

when the hour comes, let him rest his thoughts on the last lesson studied and image to himself what it brought. He can do the same thing at the matinee, and lose no essential part of the performance.

Students who fairly test this method will never turn from it. If its philosophy interests them, and it surely will, they may later enter upon its consideration. It will bring them to that oneness of life of which so many speak without grasping the deep meaning contained in the word *Unity*. As the vibrations between the atoms of solids give strength and density thereto, so the vibrations from soul to soul unite the life-forces of the universe and make possible individual appropriation of Infinite Power.

WAS IT LEVITATION?

Mrs. Robert L. Stevenson, widow of the celebrated novelist, has arrived from Samoa on her way to England. She mentioned to a reporter for the San Francisco *Call* the following incident:

"About six weeks ago, during the middle of the night, every one else about the house was asleep, when suddenly, without noise of footstep or sound of any kind, I was lifted violently from my bed and thrown across the room. Twice this was repeated, until, in my despair, I thought I had fallen into the hands of a midnight assassin. Fortunately, I took no harm, and then, when I had calmed down, I came to the conclusion that there had been a violent earthquake. But the doors were fastened, the locks were intact, and no one had entered during the night. Burglars were out of the question; and, as to the earthquake, nothing about the house was damaged, not even a piece of crockery broken nor a picture thrown down. And no one else had been disturbed during the night!"

It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge. That which we feel here as beauty we shall one day know as truth.—*Schiller.*

HOW WE MAKE OUR ENVIRONMENT.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

In connection with the imaging faculty, we should consider *environment* and its effects on the life of man. The world is just what we make it: heaven would come to us here and now if we would become truly related to our environment. To illustrate my meaning, let me relate an incident that occurred some years ago.

I was one of a number of persons that were seated in a large, pleasant room. Pictures of merit were on the walls, and beautiful bric-a-brac was displayed in an artistic manner about the place, the whole giving an air of comfort, if not luxury. Outdoors the autumn winds played havoc with the leaves, and at intervals the rain fell in torrents. A lady was seated at one of the windows looking out on the scene—a frown darkening an otherwise pretty face. While she sat there, another lady entered the room. The visitor had been out in the storm and the rain was dripping from her garments, but her face was bright and happy. The lady who had been sitting near the window arose and greeted her, remarking: "What a horrible day it is to be out in—nothing but rain, wind, and black clouds!" The other replied: "Why, my dear, the sun has been shining all day—at least I have thought it was!" After a few minutes' conversation she went out once more in the storm, tranquil and happy, while the other lady turned to one of the company, remarking: "I think Mrs. Blank has gone crazy since she has taken up mental science. The absurdity of her saying that the sun had been shining all day, and such a miserable day as this has been, too!"

One of these ladies had been in a bright, cheerful room, without any so-called physical discomfort; the other had been out in rain and wind. Which of the two was crazy? I leave that for the reader to decide; but there can be no question as to which was getting the more happiness out of life.

After all, the heaven within shapes the heaven without; beauty of thought relates itself to things beautiful in the outer world, and refuses to see the discordant side of life. Inner harmony recognizes the outer harmony. "To the pure, all things are pure." People are continually finding fault with their environment, and feeling that in some way they are not getting their just dues, when they are actually reaping the fruit of the seed they themselves have sown.

As we are going to try to view all sides of our subject, let us begin with the physical. We live in a country where there are extremes of heat and cold; where one season follows another in quick succession; where summer's luxurious foliage disappears before the blasts of coming winter, and the grassy meadow is soon hidden by the snow. Each season, however, seems necessary in the grand economy of Nature; each has its own peculiar beauty and pleasure. It is characteristic of human nature that one person will love the springtime best of all the seasons, while another rejoices in summer; another finds the autumn most suited to his pleasures and needs, while still others think they get most out of winter. If one person could combine within himself these varying valuations of the different seasons, or could learn to adapt himself to the different changes of climate, etc., greater happiness of mind and uniformity of satisfaction throughout the year would result.

When we recognize the many likes and dislikes regarding these things, we are led to ask: Are different condi-

tions and feelings the results of the seasons, or are they due to the way in which people relate themselves to the seasons? Persons that believe only in the material side of life will say that "constitution" is at the bottom of the matter, and that a "delicate" constitution will thrive better in one season than in another. Just here we might ask, What *makes* a constitution delicate or otherwise? We will not stop to discuss this question now; but will say that we must look to man's mental conditions, rather than the physical, to find the reasons for a weak and delicate or a strong and robust constitution.

One thing to be observed in the study of environment is that anything man fears possesses (for him) a certain amount of evil. He looks on things as good or evil as they seem to affect his own life for one or the other condition. If he believes that through dampness, draught, or sudden change of temperature, he has "taken cold" or has some other physical ailment, then these things fill his mind with fear and are regarded by him as evil. It is the mental conception that makes a thing good or bad, and the evil thing has always a bad effect on the body, while the good thing has always the opposite effect. It is easy to see, then, in the light of this, the reason for the expression, "What is one man's food is another man's poison."

At certain times we go out in the cold air and feel very chilly; again, when it is much colder the weather seems to have no effect upon us. In summer there are times when we feel the heat much more than at others. The fact is that when the mind is in a state of poise we offer greater resistance to heat and cold. A mind that is at peace with itself will offer far greater resistance to sickness and disease of all kinds than one that is filled with discord.

The mental attitude we should assume, then, in order to get in tune with our physical surroundings, would seem to be as follows: First, all the seasons are necessary, and

whatever is necessary must be good. Again, allow the mind to dwell on the beauty and grandeur of Nature in all her moods—in sunshine and cloud, in calm and storm; feel that you are at one with all, that the Power that brought you into existence is making itself manifest in all. In other words, become one with the whole force of life, and realize that all things are working together for good. Rejoice in the sunshine and in the storm: the same energy acts in both. God as truly covers the earth with snow as with grass. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." All we see about us in the material world are God's words moulded into visible forms, and if we would only become truly related to these forms they would all serve to strengthen us.

The wrong thoughts we image in mind (which relate us to environment in the false way) are the things that tend to weaken our bodies and to fill our minds with fear and unrest. We should try to see the bright and the true side of things in the outer world, and should cease grumbling about the weather—it only makes it seem worse when we take that course. Let us make life happier and better worth the living by pointing out the good that comes from what heretofore we have looked upon as evil; we thus shall make a new environment for ourselves in this wondrously beautiful world we live in.

Secondly, the way we become related to people is a question to which we may have given little if any thought; but on the true relationship of life depends all that is here worth having. The world about us takes on brightness or gloom precisely as we are related in the true or false way to life. The thoughts we think and the habits formed through thought processes are the causes that operate for freedom or bondage. Through unreal mental pictures—the false imaginings of life—we are building about us walls that shut out all natural light and freedom; and,

having shut ourselves in, we complain of our environment, when, with the assistance of the people with whom we have become falsely related, we have made it just what it is, or rather what it seems to be.

How, then, we ask, is environment made? We make the false variety through allowing the mind to picture unreal states of existence. We become related to the weak and diseased side of life by thinking thoughts of weakness and disease for ourselves and others. Our thought reaches out and unites with such thought the world over, so that all the weak and diseased people on the globe become our nearest relations; our thought acts on them and theirs reacts on us, and so it all goes to swell the discordant thought of the world. Again, thoughts of poverty and want enter the mind and invariably seek their own level, and the seed planted brings its inevitable harvest of poverty and want. Or we send out the vultures of slander, malice, hate, jealousy, and revenge, hoping thereby to injure others and rejoice ourselves; but the eternal law of God stands in the way, and we are made to realize that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and the shame and misery we had hoped to heap on others have returned to curse our own lives. Karma acts. Well said the Master: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

Again, we allow our minds to become filled with anxious thoughts; we worry over the little things of life and become still more apprehensive over the great things. And yet we know, if we would only take time to think, that these mental states do not better our condition in any way. Indeed, they bring to us the very things we fear; for it is a fact that the things we dread are attracted to us just as surely as those we love. Thus we continue to build up an environment and become more and more discontented with the result of our labors. "The hand that smites thee is thine own."

Life is what we make it; if we have filled it with gloom and discord in the past, so that all the happiness and health (wholeness) has departed from it, we have the power within ourselves, if we will to use it, to correct the errors of the past by forming new relationships, which shall work for righteousness and truth, creating for us in turn a new environment. Thoughts are living entities, which inevitably clothe themselves with form. Control and direction of thought are the prime requisites. Whatever you wish to be or to do, picture that ideal clearly in mind, and then will to have it take form.

"I WILL be what I WILL to be." We can safely take this ground when our wills are in harmony with the universal Will. When we are willing the things that are good and true; when we are thinking thoughts of health and strength, of kindness and goodness—thoughts that are beautiful and harmonious—they are going forth from us to unite us with the health-giving, hopeful, courageous thought of the world. We are not only beautifying and strengthening our own lives, but are giving health and happiness to others; and the more we give the more we shall have to give.

The world about us is a great vineyard, and the thoughts we think are the seeds we plant. Every seed will bear fruit after its kind. If we sow the seed of the thorn and the thistle, we reap thorns and thistles; if we sow the seed of kind thoughts, words, and deeds, we shall reap according as we have sown, "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

He who is immersed in what concerns person or place cannot see the problem of existence. This the intellect always ponders. Nature shows all things formed and bound. The intellect pierces the form, overleaps the wall, detects intrinsic likeness between remote things, and reduces all things into a few principles.—*Emerson.*

HEREDITY—TRUE AND FALSE.

BY M. E. CARTER.

Over and over again we hear the word *heredity* employed to explain singularities, eccentricities, and remarkable traits displayed by members of the human family. Heredity is a sort of scapegoat upon whose back are laid especially faults and peculiarities that seem otherwise inexplicable. But this theory eliminates individuality and removes personal responsibility, leaving mankind the victim of an order, or rather *disorder*, which certainly cannot awaken our admiration for the cause of such a condition of things. Happily, however, we are not obliged to accept any man-made theory, or theology, since we may, each and all, employ our God-derived faculties in working out this as well as every other problem that confronts the soul during its journey from its Source back to its Source, after it shall have fully unfolded all its involved powers and possibilities—having described the great "circle of necessity" which begins and finds its completion in God.

A question frequently asked by students of Divine Science is: "What about heredity?" Few are contented at first with the answer, Your only heredity is from God your Source. Deeply rooted in the mentality of mankind is the opinion that family features and characteristics, as well as what we name gifts and graces, talents and special traits, are inherited much in the same way that estates and money are handed down from parent to child. Racial characteristics and features also are attributed to heredity. Accepting this belief (since it is not knowledge), we are left stranded and hopeless, and thus become the

helpless victims of our ancestors' follies or the lucky recipients of their desirable traits.

If by "heredity" we mean that which is handed down from parents to children, or from generation to generation, we might ask, Why is there ever any variation in the type, for we do see extraordinary differences? Why are the children of one family often so entirely different from their parents, and also from one another? Why is not this handing down continuous? Why do we see "odd" members in a family where all the others resemble one another? Why is it not always the same in all families?

In form, feature, taste, and capability, is there not usually more dissimilarity than likeness in almost any family? Do all the members conform to one type of coloring, feature, and characteristic, or do they not? Why, if heredity be a fact, is there any unlikeness between brothers and sisters, parents and children? You may find in one family a musician, an artist, a dullard, and a "good-for-nothing." The same ancestry for all, and yet what marvelous differences among them—some amiable, others the reverse; some upright, others capable of overreaching their fellows; a whole family standing well before the world, and one of its members causing shame to all the others! The same may be noted regarding personal appearance—one great beauty in a whole family of plain persons, or one ugly-looking member in a family of handsome ones. In order to find a satisfactory explanation, we must look deeper and seek for more reasonable causes for these differences than in the threadbare word "heredity."

What would become of our independence as spiritual entities if we should be forever really in bondage to our ancestors, and if we must be like them whether we will or not? How often we hear peculiarities and "queerness" of individuals attributed to the fact that some ancestor had similar qualities! Persons discussing an eccentricity of a member of their family will cudgel their brains and hunt

through their records to find out why that one has certain talents or traits so unlike all the rest. If they discover any near or remote progenitor who evinced a like trait or talent they are content, and think they have made a satisfactory and valuable discovery—solved the problem. They never seem to realize that they are acknowledging themselves and their children to be puppets, and yielding up the precious right of each human being to be an individualized soul, expressing its best possibilities independently of any ancestor. Why must I be like any other human being? Why may I not be my own individual self, and prove my divine origin by manifesting more and more that I am a child of a perfect Source?

The same erroneous idea has been handed down concerning disease. I remember hearing a cousin of mine, who had married an Englishman, say that gout and rheumatism alternated in her husband's family, and as *he* was "gouty" their children would have rheumatism. She accepted the traditions of the elders, and calmly recognized gout and rheumatism as a part of the family entail.

Heredity, as the term is usually employed, is certainly a dogma, since it is something asserted but not proven. A dogma is an opinion handed down, not a changeless principle. A dogma may become a demonstrated fact, and then we may properly name it a principle. Heredity has yet to become worthy to be so named, and the signs of the times point to its extinction even as a dogma.

Let us consider, first, so-called physical heredity. In former times it was said that every seven years in the life of each human organism there ensued an entire structural change, not an atom in the body being identical with any that composed it at the beginning of that period. Hence, a babe coming to birth seven years ago would now, according to that theory, have an entirely new body. Later investigation, however, resulted in the declaration that every *month* there is a decided change in each human body; and

Camille Flammarion, who is one of the most advanced scientists of to-day, states that every eleven months the human organism undergoes an absolute renewal, all the old atoms during that time being replaced by new ones. And now we are even told that every *three* months an *entire* change takes place.

In the first instance, then, a man or a woman, living to the age of seventy, would have possessed during that period ten entirely new bodies; or, according to the later developments of science, at that age would have used more than seventy different bodies from the first birthday to the seventieth. In either case, what becomes of the dogma of physical heredity? At one year of age, the first body has gone to mingle with other organisms, and a new one has been built by the entity that came to an earth-mother for expression the year before. To explain physical likenesses, then, we must look elsewhere, instead of setting all down to heredity, which is only another word for remorseless fate.

In the case of a baby, under one year or newly born, we might reasonably expect to see some likeness, especially to the mother, in form and feature, and even for a longer time while the baby-life continues. The sensitive infant might show a likeness owing to its close association with the mother, and while drawing its nourishment from her. Later on, the child begins to take other food, and certainly rebuilds its growing body from independent material, so that, when it has passed its second year, all "physical heredity" must have vanished. Then it has a new body, its *own*, and may be as free from bodily likeness to its parents and ancestors as if it had never had any relations. Whence, then, the likeness? Whence the so-called transmission of features, traits, disease, deformity, talents, gifts, and objectionable as well as desirable characteristics?

We must look for cause where cause is alone to be found, *viz.*, in the world of thinking—the mental realm.

There only shall we find the explanation of what has baffled the physicist and every scientist who, in his experiments and calculations, has ignored mental and spiritual force.

We know that the soul, or the self-consciousness, of each and every ego is eternal; that the speck of time bounded by the cradle and the grave gives us no adequate conception of eternity; and that every soul coming to-day upon this planet, using a baby shape, has been for æons unfolding consciousness—we know not how or where: but we *do* know that *this* earth-expression is a long way from the so-called beginning.

Realizing the varying moods and mental conditions to which those who are not self-centred subject themselves, we shall begin to see why there are so many differences in members of the same family. Is it not reasonable to think that the unfolding soul-consciousness seeking for expression on the earth plane should go (or gravitate) by a law of its own being to the parents and the environment best suited to its degree of development, and thence on to further expression? We all seek congenial associations as we journey along in *this* life. The adage, "A person is known by the company he keeps," may be applied to souls seeking expression on the material plane. We are all just where we belong. Each soul inevitably seeks and finds its place, in an orderly way, for further unfoldment. Each makes its own choice, and free will dates further back than our material scientists have realized or acknowledged.

When we remember that every cause must have a legitimate effect, also that every cause is thought formulated—an idea, or a mental picture—we shall understand many effects that have hitherto puzzled us. Thinking precedes every manifestation; it builds the body; it is the all-dominating force. We are all absolutely free to choose what we will think. In the realm of ideas, no tyranny can exist except that to which we passively yield. If we permit our-

selves to be hypnotized—to hold unquestioningly ideas suggested to us by others—we are in the attitude of rulers who have abdicated the throne of dominion and permitted those without authority to rule in our domain of thought. Self-imposed bondage to the thinking of others is what ails many people to-day. They are allowing others to stamp upon their mentality thought-forms that are false and consequently detrimental to all impressed by them, whether knowingly or unknowingly.

Independent, individual thinking is what all should learn to cultivate and to regard as their dearest right, never permitting the slightest infringement upon this prerogative by another. We are free-born in this respect, but parents, teachers, guardians, and religious advisers too frequently ignore this fact, weighing children down with their own ideas and opinions, which later in life they must throw off.

If a child shows independence in thinking, it is often called "obstinate," and made to suffer for it by those who should know better. Instead of this, their elders should hail with gladness every sign of mental independence, helping the child to cultivate its innate powers and to make the best of its possibilities in every way. Children that are run into moulds prepared by their elders make poor human specimens, and sooner or later the whole pattern has to be recast by the individual entity; for every soul coming to an earth-mother for expression has its own fate to rule, its own destiny to work out to completion.

Free will and choice belong to each and all alike; for God, the supreme, overruling Good, is no respecter of persons, having made of one blood all the families of the earth. This one blood is the eternal substance—Spirit. We need to bear in mind that, while we can *give* to no one freedom, we can and should *leave* all their own freedom, and not rob them of it through misdirected zeal.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS MEDIUMSHIP?

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

By "mediumship" is meant whatever faculty in human nature enables one person to communicate with another, each with all, and all with God. It may, therefore, be considered in a broad and high or in a low and narrow aspect; and although the former is the only one that calls forth admiration and respect, yet as scientific questioners we must not refuse frankly to consider even the disagreeable phases of a subject of boundless import and universal interest.

We are all mediums or mediators of some sort, in some degree; and as our mediumship or mediatorship depends only so far as its excellence is concerned upon the worth of our characters and the nobility of our aims, the dispassionate student of psychical phenomena—in these days as in times of old—must be prepared to discuss not only chaff and wheat, but also tares and wheat, growing up together in every field. Chaff is a necessary accompaniment to the kernel of the grain, which during stages of immaturity must be protected by it; but tares planted by an enemy (to use a gospel simile) have to be treated from a different standpoint.

Mediumship, when undefiled, may be compared to the entrance of light through a window-pane, the glass serving as a medium through which a connection is established between the occupants of an apartment and people and things outside. There is much confusion in popular thought regarding the true and the false, the genuine and

the counterfeit, the lawful and the unlawful, in mediumship so-called, not only in avowedly spiritualistic circles but among outsiders who profess no acceptance of spiritualism, but are interested in one or more phases of psychic science or psychical research. The "two-minds" theory of Professor T. J. Hudson has caused much comment, but has given little real satisfaction to inquiring intellects, simply because the author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" has failed to account for much that cannot be explained on the dual mind basis. That we possess a subjective as well as an objective consciousness seems very clearly established, from the ever-multiplying testimonies in proof of telepathy, or direct thought-transference; but there are *other* manifestations of psychic force, which have led to the publication of Lilian Whiting's wonderful experiences, both alone and with Mrs. Piper, all tending to suggest a fulfilment of Kate Field's prophecy: "I look to science to *prove* immortality."

For nearly fifty years, spiritualists have been insisting that mediumship is a "gift" on the one hand, and that, on the other, it can be developed by sitting in circles with congenial companions. Although these statements seem contradictory, yet they are not necessarily irreconcilable. Much depends upon the meaning attached to the word "gift." In one sense we are all gifted by God, through Nature, with whatever we enjoy; but when we talk of the gift of sight, etc., we do not mean to convey the same idea as when we say that we receive gifts from friends on certain occasions—birthday gifts, for example. If "gift" and "endowment" are harmonious terms, then there is a mediumistic gift and a mediumistic endowment; consequently, it is by no means absurd to acknowledge one's possession of the germ of the power and then seek by a rational eductive process to express what is contained therein.

Sensitiveness to an unusual degree is a concomitant of exceptional mediumship; thus the remark is often heard: "All persons are mediumistic more or less"—a broad and safe assertion, as the extreme of "more" may be very much indeed, and the extreme of "less" so little as to be scarcely discernible. Mediumship of a physical character—such as ability to become the means for the moving of furniture by occult agency—does not usually accompany a very refined organic development, though in the case of D. D. Home, and a few other noted mediums of that type, an extreme delicacy of nature coexisted with other attributes. Automatic writing, about which we often hear much in connection with Mrs. Underwood in America and Mr. W. T. Stead in England, seems to imply voluntary rather than involuntary passivity, as both these psychics are strongly endowed with individuality and are indeed forceful characters. Various kinds of purely mental mediumship seem due to intellectual receptivity rather than to peculiarity of physique, as telepathy is oftener demonstrated between persons naturally attuned, regardless of their distinctive idiosyncrasies, than as a result of protracted or laborious effort to evolve the telepathic faculty.

Everybody has had rare experiences suggesting some phase of mediumship; and, were we all to live simple, healthy lives, our mediumistic susceptibilities would increase in normal and apparently supernormal ways, while of abnormal or aberrant mediumship we should hear absolutely nothing. The devotees of spiritualism are inclined to identify all modern mediumship with ancient seership, or prophecy, which of course they extol; but the defamers of the cult are wont to declare that the mediums of to-day are the lineal descendants of the witches, necromancers, and other evil-doers whose practises are denounced in the Pentateuch. Probably a thorough investigation would compel the admission that white and black

magic coexist at this hour, even as they did in Egypt when Moses and the court-magicians of Pharaoh encountered each other and proved the limit of their respective abilities to produce marvelous phenomena.

Wherein does black magic differ from white? Wherein does the use of mediumship vary from its abuse? Such questions are not hard to answer, the reply being—just as the proper use of the tongue and the hand differs from lying and smiting. These members can be employed wisely or unwisely; and in order to prevent the misuse of a faculty, we should advocate, not repression, but the highest moral culture.

Simple delicacy of physical structure, coupled with intense nervous susceptibility, may account for the fact of mediumship pure and simple; but, if the student of psychism is to grasp something of the law whereby mediumship may be made a blessing, ethical considerations weigh heavily in the argument. In the light of recent scientific disclosures it is not difficult to accept the premise that we are in the midst of an unmeasured and seemingly soundless sea of psychic influence, and that according to our sensitiveness to impressions do we become conscious of our contact therewith and position therein. The mediumistic temperament *par excellence* is a highly nervous one; but by *nervous* I do not mean "neurotic." One's nerves may be very highly strung and ever ready to respond to subtle vibrations; yet the possessor of such delicate nerves may enjoy excellent health and be far removed from mental derangement. "Nervousness" is a disease if we attach to the word an exclusively pathological significance; but when we employ it in a broader and more liberal sense—as, for example, when speaking of the *nervous* as one of the leading "temperaments"—we may well admit that a highly nervous organization, though very sensitive, can be an entirely normal one.

Extreme nervous susceptibility exposes one, of course, to many influences unfelt by persons whose sensibilities are less acute. There is nothing supernatural or uncanny about clairvoyance, clairaudience, or any other phase of legitimate mediumship, regardless of whether we admit the spiritualistic or the telepathic hypothesis, or (what seems wiser than either) a combination of the two.

Agreeable to the policy of MIND as declared in its Prospectus, the time is ripe for a fearless, all-sided examination of the psychic problem—a proceeding that is well-nigh impossible in places where evidence has to be pared down so as to bring it within the restricting confines of even the broadest sect.

Telepathy is a very important and interesting phase of mediumship, but it does not by any means exhaust the subject, though Professor Hudson and his admirers would make it do so. Clairvoyance and telepathy are so closely allied that we cannot altogether separate them, however much we may sift; then, again, we are confronted with clairaudience, which frequently accompanies other phases. Psychometry, as advocated by the venerable Dr. J. R. Buchanan, seems to cover the entire ground of mediumship, as it is declared to include messages from apostles who dropped their garments of flesh more than eighteen hundred years ago and the most recent and trifling impression received by holding an unopened letter in one's hand or pressing it to the forehead.

The sixth-sense theory, often adduced as an explanation of mediumship, is founded in verity, though the term may not be acceptable. There is nothing, however, repugnant to reason in the idea of a sixth, or even a seventh sense, as we know of many persons that have but four senses, while some enjoy only three. To such persons five senses must seem inconceivable. On the other side of five there may be ample room for six or seven; and, as these

higher or additional senses assert themselves with ever-growing prominence, we may yet come to regard the possessor of only five senses as we now look upon him who has but four. Many theosophists teach that human senses have been developed one by one, and palmists show that fingers are products of evolution, for the elementary or lowest type of hand is almost devoid of thumb.

Without, however, insisting upon a sixth sense, we may account for mediumship in all its mental phases on the basis of a logical theory of hypersensibility. This theory disposes of spiritualistic jargon, while it offers a reasonable interpretation of the phenomenal experiences for which many non-spiritualists as well as spiritualists vouch. Spirit-return is a misnomer, but spirit-communion is an acceptable and adequate term.

The case herein presented for mediumship stands practically thus: (1) Mediumship is simply extraordinary sensitiveness in one or more directions. (2) The mental action of humanity is far greater than physical appearances may prove; therefore, it is possible for two or more persons that are psychically in harmony to receive tidings of each other regardless of their physical whereabouts. (3) It is the sub-self, or "subjective mind"—and this may be more correctly termed the inner and also the higher self —that is the seat of the telepathic faculty, which pertains to immortality; therefore, proportionately as this is developed do we become mediumistic in the sense of consciously realizing the psychic presence of friends whose physical frames may be far away. (4) It is but rational to teach that to the spiritual man or woman the barriers of material space are non-existent; therefore, actual spiritual companionship can be and often is distinctly realized between those yet living on earth and the so-called departed. (5) Frugal habits, quiet employments, and earnest aspirations, coupled with occasional seasons of

retirement from the world's hurly-burly, are well-proved aids to the detection of psychical realities; therefore, all desirable varieties of mediumship are best unfolded by a life of healthy usefulness, from which inordinate devotion to material concerns is studiously excluded. (6) While the *fact* of mediumship may exist irrespective of moral excellence, the *quality* thereof is largely dependent thereupon.

It is of the utmost importance to individual and social welfare that ethical considerations should direct all psychical investigations, as through the universal law of affinity we can come into closest spiritual relationship with such states of thought and feeling as accord most closely with our own.

MEDIUMSHIP, both for physical manifestations and of a psychological character, is purely constitutional. It can not be bought or sold. It does not depend on moral or intellectual development. We have seen wonderful physical manifestations through individuals of most questionable morals, and received communications in writing of a very satisfactory character, from departed friends, through ignorant and inferior persons. As every medium has a personality more or less positive, every one colors his communications in a more or less decided manner. Each has a peculiarity of his own. Subtle differences in organization allow certain manifestations more readily than others; and, by a permutation of innumerable conditions on the part of the medium and spirit, a wonderful variety of phenomena results.—*Hudson Tuttle.*

THE most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music.—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

THE immortality of man is as legitimately preached from the intellections as from the moral volitions. Every intellection is mainly prospective. Its present value is its least.—*Emerson.*

SPIRIT AND MATTER IDENTICAL.

BY MARY PLATT PARMELE.

(*Concluded.*)

There is a greater expenditure of energy in making a drop of dew than in building a cathedral. This sounds like hyperbole; but it is a modest statement compared with the following by Professor Tyndall:

"I have seen wild stone avalanches of the Alps, which smoke and thunder down declivities with a vehemence which stuns the beholder. Yet to produce enough snow-flakes for a child to carry has required an energy competent to lift up these shattered blocks and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell."

But there is still another quality existing in the ultimate particles referred to in the previous article. They are not mechanically or aimlessly beating and throbbing their hearts away in space. There is music and poetry in their atomic souls. Shakespeare and Beethoven were not held as firmly by the laws of rhythm as are they; but most marvelous of all is that other divine attribute with which they are endowed—*sympathy*. Not only do things singing the same rhythmic song respond (audibly or inaudibly) to their sympathetic note, as is well known, but they have a physical affinity for each other that is first made manifest in the mutual attraction of the ultimate particles of matter—an attraction we have named *cohesion*.

We find, therefore, that in the heart of all created things there exists an atomic movement; that, by stimulat-

ing this action, forces of an inconceivable magnitude are evolved; and that, by a sympathetic quality that belongs to this soul of matter, it responds to kindred rhythms, and harmonious affinities draw like unto like. While velocity is a measure of power in this rushing stream, it is sympathy that determines its course and hence the fate of matter, The dancing atoms are the slaves of rhythm. They have an unappeasable hunger for harmony, and move inevitably toward other atoms singing the same music. So, while vibration is the underlying cause of all things, it is *sympathetic* vibration that determines their relations, and that has brought an orderly earth out of nebulæ.

It was also found that this vibratory force was acting not alone upon the grosser constituents of matter, but that the ethereal particles were subject to the same general laws: that sound, heat, light, and electricity are only ascending grades of the same pulsating energy, growing more subtle, more terrible, with each new manifestation, until it disappears from the range of conscious perception. But does a comet cease to exist when it passes beyond the range of our telescopes? Dare any one affirm, does any one believe, that vibratory energy has reached its maximum in electricity? or that there may not be an ether finer than any we have yet conceived, which is the medium for forces as far transcending electricity as that so-called fluid transcends the slumbering atom in the heart of a stone? Still deeper, and still nearer to the heart of all created things—perhaps in those inter-atomic spaces—may there not exist an ocean of this superlative ether whose swifter atoms are singing a more compelling music than that of electricity?

Whither are these soaring conceptions leading, if not to that region of spiritual energies which is the source of all things?

We have seen that life first manifests itself in the inor-

ganic—in a single rhythmic movement;—and that it becomes organic through more and more complex streams of energy drawn by harmonious affinities, which act and react upon one another, thus producing an infinity of forms of life, until the organism of highest complexity has been reached in *man*: a creature godlike in his capacities, because, slumbering in the recesses of his soul, are affinities for all harmonies. The first task for this exalted being was naturally the subduing of the inorganic world to his own uses. In order to do this, he must be sane and practical, keeping close to the teachings of his senses. These served him well in the simple tasks of his infancy, and he grew to trust them implicitly. But the time came when he found that these teachers deceived and misled him about many things; of an infinity of other things they brought him no report at all, and were entirely ignorant of some of the very facts he needed to help him in his wider grasp of inanimate nature. For he had discovered that it was by drawing upon the resources of the *invisible* that he made the greatest strides toward universal dominion, and that the rushing atoms in the furnace could accomplish more in an hour than a thousand horses in a day. In other words, man had outgrown his senses, and had begun to inhabit the air as well as the earth.

In one of the simplest manifestations of rhythmic energy, the ear responds to its pulsations. Then at a certain limit the music fades into silence; and after an interval to which we have no sense attuned it is revealed to the nervous organism as heat. Then disappearing, simply because in our small equipment there is no receiving medium, it again appears as light; and, finally, the ethereal particles having attained a tremendous velocity, the sluggish and infrequent senses again awaken to its presence, and we call it electricity: we attach it to our wheels and spindles precisely as we harnessed steam a century ago,

and in just the same way—simply by using the energy of its rushing atoms to move the rod and piston in the engine.

As Samson ground at the mill for his captors, and as Hercules came down from heaven and sat spinning with the women, so the compelling hand of man has brought this mysterious, uncomprehended Giant down out of the skies to light his cities, to carry his burdens, and lightly to pick up his commerce and skim with it across the plains; *i. e.*, he has harnessed the vibrations that first sang to him, then warmed, and afterward rejoiced him with color and nourished him with light.

But did the music cease when the limit of his ear was reached? Far from it. The heat, light, and color sing to him; and electricity (not the lightning flash, but the energy behind it) is music, color, light, and beauty supernal; and far transcending that must be the bright effulgence and the entrancing music of *thought*—that all-subduing motion in the spirit of man which is bringing nature into subjection, and which in its highest manifestation, *prayer*, must indeed "like an angel sing." Plato says that "poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history." And when Shakespeare said:

> "There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
> But in his motion like an angel sings."

he said it because he was a seer, and was taught not by encyclopedias, not by the printed word, but by the Universal Spirit that whispers "vital truth" and divine realities to us all—which fall, alas! on unheeding hears. And a still deeper truth had come to the delicately attuned ear of the poet when he added:

> "Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly hedge us in, we cannot hear it."

It has taken human reason three hundred years to attain this vital truth, which genius seized in one illumin-

ated moment! Moreover, he divined another undiscovered law, which he saw clearly mirrored in the soul. And he spoke with absolutely scientific accuracy when he said:

"That man who hath no music in himself,

. . . . . .

The motions of his spirit are dull as night!"

There must be music *in himself*, or the music from without does not come. George Herbert expresses the same mysterious thought when he says:

"Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there."

Great thoughts and sublime conceptions came to Coleridge and to Wordsworth and to Emerson because they found "their acquaintance there." Every flying atom is seeking its natural mate; every force in the universe is hunting up its kindred, and goes where it finds "acquaintance"; it is the quickening of the *motions* that brings radiance; but as the motion dies, all is "dull as night," and "affections" grow "dark as Erebus." The statement could not have been more carefully exact.

But even without the higher consciousness of the poet, and simply by judging the unknown from the known, are we not irresistibly led to the conviction that the energy that has its home in the human mind and soul is only a still higher and more ethereal manifestation of that energizing stream which, with increasing velocity, deals ever with finer atoms and retires further and further from the visible and sensible creation to which our gross organism is attuned? At every step it grows more subtle, more resistless, until, as a physical force, it has vanished so utterly from the horizon of our consciousness that a rose-leaf would not tremble at its breath; and it wields only those vast creative energies to which gravitation and all other known laws governing matter are subject.

When we conceive of one supreme and compelling har-

mony pervading all creation, and drawing this ocean of energy, with all its manifestations, into its own divine rhythm, and that things are excellent and true and beautiful only as they approximate to its divine perfection; when we see that this supreme harmony is in its very essence creative, and that discord (or failing to conform to its divine law) is in its essence destructive and means disintegration and dissolution, what are we to think? Does this not define the Creator and Sustainer of the material universe; and does it not explain that eternal and unquenchable hunger for the Divine of which *religion* is the eternal expression? And may it not be that there is another and a better name for this mysterious attraction that is drawing irresistibly together atoms and worlds and souls, and finally all things toward a central Soul? May it not better be called *Love*?

Now, these are some of the things that *Vibration* whispers to the attentive ear. There are no mysteries—only processes capable of rational explanation. If the energy in the soul acts in precisely the same way as the energy in matter, it is because they *are* the same; it is because the soul is only the vanishing end of the same substance. And that is why poets speak "vital truth."

If the energy in a stream be restricted too much by its banks, it ploughs a deeper channel, because its atoms *will* have room. And, in a way just as material, the soul-atoms do the same thing—furrowing deeper channels if they cannot expand superficially. It is a simple problem in dynamics; and so is every human emotion, and every relation in human experience. Each human being is a complex of rhythms, inclosed in one encompassing rhythm that determines the tone of the whole and differentiates that group from all others; that is to say, man is a complex of countless fine streams of energy conditioned in varying harmonies, which are held together and made individual by one inclosing harmony.

This encompassing rhythm that sets the bounds to an individual is what the banks are to a stream, the walls to a house, the bark to a tree. The movement of its atoms is slower, more deliberate, and less subject to change than the impetuous fluid forces which it is its province to guard. Its time (or rate) is what we call "temperament," as that term suggests; and the collective quality of its rhythms we call "character." In no two beings is it ever the same. Temperament and character combine in as many types as there are men walking the earth. The movement is slow in some and swift in others; feeble and ineffectual in some, firm and compelling and dominating in others; in one singing a fine, delicate rhythm, and in another music, harsh and strident. If a bell sings clear and true it is because its every atom is obedient to the law of harmony; so, by a sense finer than sight or hearing, we know when character sings true. It may have only small treasure to guard—its atoms may be singing only a simple song—but we trust it; and, with unconscious accuracy of speech, we say it has "tone."

Character has need to be firm and true; for, just as the freed atom is drawn into new affinities, so are men invited hither and thither by alluring harmonies. They act and react upon one another, changing, modifying, moulding, combining, and finally—of the surging mass, with its swift-flowing currents—making that larger and still more complex organism called "society."

When two persons are in proximity, the energy of each strives to impart itself to the other; and if there be identity of rhythm, it makes sweet music, and we call it "friendship," or it may make those more rapturous strains that we call "love." Again, it may be that the rhythms, although both are true, are yet so utterly unlike that they can never mingle; and with every apparent reason for liking, they are conscious of having nothing in common. And there are others whom we like, perhaps even love, and

yet they may exhaust and fatigue us. Our flagging spirits lack buoyancy and our wings lose their lifting power, simply because our store of harmonies has been drawn upon with no resulting music.

All these phases of human experience are *dynamic*: the way of energy in the world of physical atoms is precisely its way in the soul of man. And when we say a person is "consumed with grief," we are asserting a physical fact. The atoms of that soul have been loosened from their moorings and torn apart, just as are physical atoms by the energy of fire; and only some healing stream of harmony, or that great, all-inclosing rhythm from the Divine Heart, will bring them into relation again and still the pain.

Good and evil, health and sickness, success and failure —our longings, our aspirations, our friendships, and our loves, human and divine—can all be rationally explained by this conception of a spiritual world (which is only a sublimer natural world) and of a creation that is not two detached hemispheres, but one perfect sphere. It makes a philosophy complete in all its parts—a philosophy of hope, not of despair. For that there is a Cosmos, and not a Chaos, proclaims the supremacy of a triumphant creative principle. This fair and orderly creation bears witness that health is stronger than sickness, and that the principle that binds together is triumphant over the one that tears apart. If things disintegrate, it is only for a higher and fuller integration; and Love is the mighty Artificer of it all.

Are these dreams? Is this vision of a common meeting-ground for philosophy, metaphysics, science, poetry, and religion only a foolish rhapsody which might better not have been shown in the light of day? Perhaps so; but Emerson encouraged such mistakes when he said: "Every surmise and vaticination of the mind is entitled to a certain respect; and a guess, or a dream, may often let us deeper into the secret of nature than a hundred experiments."

THE MICROBE AS A BLESSING.

BY JOHN EMERY McLEAN.

Now that the germ-theory of disease is undergoing one of its periodic revivals in medical history, and we are taught to regard bacteria as an enemy under perpetual sentence of death, it is interesting to find Professor Ward, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, quoting one of Pasteur's pupils as follows: "Wherever there is decomposition of organic matter—whether it be in the case of an herb or an oak, of a worm or a whale—the work is done exclusively by bacteria. They are the important and almost the only agents of universal hygiene. They protect the living against the dead." This learned man also quotes Professor Conn, of Middletown, Conn., as asserting that "the fine flavor of good butter is almost entirely due to the presence in it of a certain kind of bacteria."

So evil a name has been given to the bacillus of conventional pathology that the struggles of physicians to exterminate it have been scarcely less pathetic than the efforts of theologians to account for it. The embarrassment of the latter when trying to reconcile the existence of "deadly bacilli" with their conception of a merciful Creator would be ludicrous if the subject were not of such serious import. As is often the case, however, their statements regarding the "unknown good" of bacteria are true literally, but not in the sense intended by their authors.

Microbes are of many kinds and serve a variety of purposes; but in my opinion they are in all cases—some

immediately, others ultimately—beneficent. They are Nature's scavengers—the outcome of a principle inherent in all objects, whether animal or vegetable. Wherever there is diseased tissue, micro-organisms will nearly always be found. Are they not, however, the *outgrowth*, rather than the cause, of the morbid condition? If a number be injected into the blood of a healthy person, they will of course cause a definite disturbance—probably very similar to the conditions from among which they were taken; but so would any foreign substance, not consonant with the assimilative capacity of the organism.

The law of life has both positive and negative aspects—growth and decay of form. Microbes are undoubtedly the *modus operandi* of decomposition—a means employed by Nature to facilitate the disintegration of organic substances. Decay means death, with the element of uselessness added. When the life principle has ceased to function in an object, and the latter is no longer adapted to the uses or purposes of man, Nature seems to hasten to resolve it into its original elements. This rule applies also to a *portion* of the object, as a limb of a tree or an organ of the human body, which when hopelessly diseased is practically dead—a fit subject for the scavengers provided through the condition itself. The fact that the power of mind can be successfully employed in the work of reproduction does not affect the principle. It would seem, therefore, no more logical or just to accuse the "tubercle bacillus" of causing consumption, for instance, than to assert that the maggots in an unburied canine carcass caused the death of the dog. In fact, the cases are parallel, for Nature's loathing of non-utility, stagnation, and inertia seems on a par with her abhorrence of a vacuum.

Through this inductive method of reasoning, all natural laws thus far known have been discovered. Let us pursue it a little further—into a domain that has caused more

confusion in the theological world than any other familiar fact and has been the source of nearly all the world's superstitions. I refer to pests and plagues. The old ecclesiastical idea that these are attributable to the wrath of an angry Jehovah is dying a hard and lingering death; while the materialistic view that they are due to fortuitous changes in the chemistry of Nature is becoming obsolete through a wider recognition of the universal law of cause and effect.

A theory has been propounded by a certain school of occultists which, to my mind, possesses many elements of plausibility. It is held that man, while a creative and immortal being and a free spiritual agent, is yet amenable to natural laws, processes, and principles—as much so as is the universe itself. The exercise of his divine faculty of choice, however, involves personal responsibility for the control of his thoughts, which rightly should be evolved under sanction of immutable law. Human experience has proved that the laws of Nature are not less operative in the realm of thought than in that of physics, and that the penalty for their violation is equally inevitable and acute.

In the sphere of mind-activity, as elsewhere, the law of growth has both positive and negative phases; yet the thinking process is essentially divine and its product capable of independent action. "Ignorance is the source of all evil," says Dr. Franz Hartmann. And what is ignorance but the negation of wisdom, a misapplication of knowledge, a perversion of the right and true? All evil is undeveloped good. Hatred, anger, malice, jealousy, envy, self-conceit, etc., represent each a lack of its contradictory; they are transitory—therefore unreal—conditions, to be dispelled by developing their opposites. To introduce light is the only possible way to dispel darkness; but no volume of the latter is great enough to extinguish the smallest particle of the former. Misdirected thought is just as

truly an expression of *mind* as that which results in the noblest work of literature or art. The tendency, or underlying impulse, of all thought is to become *embodied.* This is a necessity of its objectification, whether the thought-energy be individual or collective, good or bad.

The passions engendered during war times, for instance, are especially productive of pestilence. A few years ago, thousands of sheep, goats, horses, and cattle were killed in South Africa by the rinderpest, a plague that followed a series of bitter conflicts among the natives. The disease is almost identical with the "murrain" that ravages Europe from time to time. In the early history of Italy it invariably followed an invasion of the northern barbarians from beyond the Alps. Its earliest recorded appearance was immediately after the invasion of Attila's Huns and the internecine Germanic wars. An aged resident of New York once told the writer that he had never heard of the American "army-worm" until after the close of the civil war. Does it not seem, therefore, that these visitations are simply the embodied hatred of armed foes?

As long as nations are arrayed against each other in mutual strife, and the spirit of militarism is cultivated among beings that are otherwise civilized, there is bound to be a reaction against such disturbances of the harmony and peace of natural law. The effects are not always or necessarily felt by the immediate authors of the violence, because humanity is a unit—we are individually responsible for and affected by the progress or decadence of the race as a whole. As undeserving and ignorant persons participate in the benefits conferred by the wise and good, so do the peaceful tillers of the soil share the consequences of selfish and misguided statesmanship as evinced in the passion for military conquest.

The results of evil thinking on the part of mankind, throughout the centuries, are to be seen in every kingdom

of Nature, because man—the apex of the pyramid of evolution—is an epitome of the macrocosmos itself. He represents all planes of being, containing within himself the elements of each. He is, therefore, organically related to the whole. In the mineral kingdom we find mercury, blue and green vitriol, corrosive sublimate, creosote, and various other poisons; in the vegetable kingdom, aconite, toadstools, sumac, and many kinds of poisonous berries, etc.; and in the animal kingdom an immense variety of repulsive vermin, poisonous insects, and venomous reptiles.

It is characteristic of an evil thought to recoil upon its author, the evident purpose being to teach him a better use for his divine privilege of independent thinking. In the present stage of evolution, the great majority of men and women can be reached through only one avenue—the physical senses. When the body needs replenishing with food, we are conscious of the sensation of hunger; when it requires drink, we have the sensation of thirst; when we ignorantly misgovern the organism, and the adjustment of its parts is no longer harmonious, we are conscious of physical pain. All three conditions are alike protests—admonitions for our neglect from intelligent Nature.

But these interior states are not the only means adopted by Nature to remind erring man of his obligation to her decrees. External methods are even more abundant and salutary. The stagnant pool is often prolific in the development of mosquitoes and other annoying creatures. Decaying vegetable and animal substances frequently swarm with minute organisms more or less poisonous; and, when their attacks are inadequate to bring man to a realizing sense of his duty, his function of smell is outraged with offensive odors. Persistent neglect of the laws of sanitary cleanliness by communities that assume to live on the intellectual plane results in producing noxious gases more or less injurious.

The manifestation of animal life that accompanies these negative conditions is not the product of evolution in the ordinary sense. Such microscopic beings are not immortal entities—as the noble horse and dog, for instance, must be if evolution is a fact. They, however, propagate their species with astonishing rapidity, for their life is short and the object of their existence is twofold—to acquaint man with natural law by affecting his senses and to hasten the removal of substances that are deleterious because *unutilized.* Every landlord knows that an unoccupied house decays, or "goes to rack and ruin," more speedily than one that has intelligent human tenants.

Domestic animals alone are afflicted with "disease." Wild fruit is seldom stung by insects. The obnoxious creatures that man vainly devises so many material remedies to destroy are primarily the result of his own erroneous thoughts and acts. Being in themselves, therefore, the effect of a definite cause, they in turn, like other effects, assume the function of causation; and a myriad reproduction of the species continues just as long as the favoring condition of negativity remains. When the state that gave them birth is (through their aid) removed, the race becomes extinct, leaving no descendants; but man can easily recall the visitation by repeating his neglect or misuse of "refuse," which has been aptly defined as "matter out of place." The statistics of the New York Board of Health show that the death-rate in 1893 was twenty-seven per thousand of the population; but in 1897, during which the city streets were properly cleaned and an improved sanitary condition was effected, it fell to about twenty per thousand.

The statement that "life cannot proceed from death" is altogether superfluous and misleading, for there really *is* no death. Even materialistic science has demonstrated that the supposed "solidity" of the earth itself is an illu-

sion. The hardest and most unyielding and "inert" substances are composed of atoms in constant motion, no two of which, it is said, ever touch each other. The rock of Gibraltar pulsates with pent-up vitality and energy, while the granite hills of New Hampshire are vibrant with intelligent life—called molecular apposition. Life—one life—is everywhere; but the infinity of its modes of manifestation and the variety of its planes of expression cause us to lose sight of its unity. All life is intelligent, and intelligence implies *mind*, the activity of which is *thought*—the matrix of all things, visible and invisible. The nucleus of every physical organism is a living cell, which is a world in itself. Says Professor Elmer Gates, in the *New York Herald*:

"Cells, as I have often taught, have minds, because they can feel and adapt acts to ends. They differ from dead organic matter because they can feel stimuli and respond. Now, only mind can feel and respond adaptively; hence, cellular life is mind, vitality is mentality, and physiology is psychology. Cells are, therefore, the psychologic units of the body. It follows that the phenomena of metabolism are mental phenomena, or rather the results of mentation. The processes of health and disease are consequently processes of mentation. Mentation in its simplest form is found in cells; and it is in the study of the effects of medicines, forces, and foods upon the psychologic activities of cells that we may expect to find the environmental part of the secret of health and disease, and it is in the study of the effects of mental activities upon cells that we may expect to find the subjective secret of health and disease."

The "subjective secret" of health is right thinking. Thought that is properly directed and controlled is an effectual safeguard at all times against any form of even external danger. While the "ravages" of bacteria and other animated forms of penalty for man's wrongdoing in the mental realm are educating the ignorant as to their duties toward Nature and their fellow-beings, the one

whose mind is exalted to the spiritual plane of non-resistance is exempt from their operations by reason of his lack of fear, his personal obedience to the law of which they express the negative phase, his belief in the universality of good, and his serene altitude of *poise*. His perception of the ultimates of existence is accurate and acute; he knows not the meaning of slavery; his consciousness is divine. And this is the destiny of every human being. Although individuals are seldom very far in advance of the race, yet each member can do much to promote the progress of the whole toward its attainment. The speed depends wholly upon ourselves; the method is to be careful of our thoughts; the result is oneness with God.

THE first characteristic of nineteenth century religion is that it must satisfy reason. It must answer to-day's questions, and not merely those of four hundred or four thousand years ago. It must be, in respect to beliefs, *en rapport* with the modern mind. It must keep pace with the progress of thought, be afraid of no discovery of science, and face the intellect of the future, not that of the past. It must allay superstitions, not foster them. It must venerate truth rather than tradition. It must accept truth as its proper food. The love of truth must be its impelling enthusiasm, the pursuit of truth its engrossing object, the living of truth its supreme pleasure. On no other terms can religion meet the conditions of existence in this modern era. It must first of all respect the liberty of the human mind; it must be free.—*B. F. Underwood.*

EVERYTHING founded on appearances, and apprehended only by observation and sensuous perception, is transient and temporary; it must wane and perish when the cause that gave it existence shall cease to afford it life and vigor.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

THE mind that has beauty in it, and learns not to express it, is like iron that has a jewel set in it—it holds it for no suitable use, and is rust-gathering while it does so.—*Rev. H. Hooker.*

THE GENTLE VOICE OF STILLNESS.

BY THE SWAMI YOGANANDA.

When lives grow dark and human hopes are dead,
And aspirations meet on every hand defeat,
Our works seem vain along the paths we tread—
Lost in illusions of the world's conceit.

Sometimes a Voice speaks gently, 'mid the weary strife:
"Thy divine Self hath all the power of seeing;
Thou must ascend unto the mysteries of life
Upon the buoyant wings of thine own being!"

And the gentle Voice of stillness whispers soft and low:
"*I am Reality, in the grand Totality*!"
O Brahman! Thou, I, and the Universe are One!

"In the all-sense of Being, 'I Am That I Am,' "
The answering Voice to each questioning soul
Responds from the innermost temple of Man,
"Iswara the Lord—individualized Whole!"

Arouse, then, O sleeper, to thy sense of being!
Thou art one with the Absolute Master of All.
To thyself belongs the duty of thy freeing—
Thyself, through the Truth that responds to thy call!

For the gentle Voice of stillness whispers soft and low:
"*I am Reality, in the grand Totality*!"
O Brahman! Thou, I, and the Universe are One!

A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER III.

TANIA.

Upon thinking over the matter afterward, I came to the conclusion that there had, after all, been nothing peculiar about the disappearance of the gentleman whom I had noticed in the little room. He had simply gone out of the door, as any one else would have done. But I had been so preoccupied with Tania that I had not observed his departure. She certainly had the faculty of monopolizing one's attention.

"You will like him, dear, as Papa and I do," Mrs. Cathcart was kind enough to say.

Then some callers were announced, and she returned to the drawing-room to receive them, leaving Tania and me together. Meanwhile I had observed that the large book on Tania's lap was the Bible, and that it was open at the story of Judith and Holofernes, in the Apocrypha.

"Did she love him, do you think?" said I, not so much out of curiosity about Judith as to find out what Tania thought on the subject.

She drew her right hand slowly down the page, the tips of her delicate fingers seeming to feel of the letters. There was a meditative expression in her eyes, which looked past me toward the Japanese lily. But after a moment they

encountered my own, and she spoke in a soft, leisurely voice, which reminded me of music heard at a distance:

"She could not have sacrificed him if she hadn't loved him."

I smiled. "Women nowadays would be apter to make their love for a man a reason for sparing him," I said. "She killed him for her country's sake; but, if she loved him, was it not in spite of love rather than because of it?"

Tania continued to draw her fingers lightly over the page. After a few moments she said: "It was a sacrifice, not a murder. They loved each other. That gave her the right."

"Love gave her the right to kill him!" I exclaimed. "Isn't that paradoxical?"

The girl shook her head gently, and color came into her cheeks. Then she sat looking straight forward, as if intently watching some scene created by her imagination. A gleam that was wholly Oriental lightened in the dark of her eyes. And yet there was a noble tenderness and grief in the expression of her mouth: she looked as one might fancy Judith herself did at the supreme moment of her life.

"The sword had to pass through *her* heart," she said, in a voice that was almost a whisper, "before it could reach him."

She closed the book as she spoke. When, immediately after, she turned her face on me, it was changed in all but its features. She was now simply a beautiful young girl of modern times entertaining a caller. The soul of Judith flamed in her no more. My impression at the time, I remember, was that she might become a great actress; but later, when I had come to know her better, I felt that this was a shallow view. But her spiritual part was complex, and possessed of powers that swayed its physical vehicle as changing music breathes through the strings of a harp.

Meanwhile I said the most commonplace thing I could think of: "You must find it very different here from India and Europe?"

"It must be different, I suppose," she replied, assentingly; adding, "I don't know much about it—I know very little about anything."

"Well, we have no rock temples, or pyramids, or feudal castles here," I said, laughing, "though there is an Egyptian obelisk in Central Park. But it will be very eccentric of you to go on knowing nothing about anything; *our* young ladies—the new girls, you know—know all about everything."

"I live at home," remarked she; "and that is always about the same. Of course I go outdoors and walk about; but I am always with Mama or Papa. I have home—what makes home to me—always with me: the thoughts and feelings."

"Society, scenery, and manners—the outward world—don't interest you, then?"

"Yes," she answered, hesitatingly, seeming to be perplexed to interpret her own thought; "but I don't live in them. They are not part of me. I only look at them; I don't feel them. But after a time I come to feel some things, and they seem real. But I know it isn't right to be as I am, and I hope I shall learn better here. Mama took me shopping yesterday; but it didn't seem to me that I was really there. I kept thinking it would stop and disappear every minute. But it kept on—that's the strange part of it!"

"Is it strange not to have things disappear?"

"It's strange not to have what is outside you like what is inside you. Is there any sense in what I say?" she suddenly asked, bending forward and looking up in my face, as a child might have asked whether there were a smutch on its forehead.

"There's metaphysics in it," I replied, cautiously. "But there may be sense in it too, nevertheless. Probably, in a perfect state of existence, the world will be merely mind externalized. But it is so far from being perfect now that we have forgotten even that it ought to be, and take the most disagreeable things to be the most real. Your condition is probably more nearly normal than ours."

I was speaking half in jest; I could not do otherwise. I was forced to own to myself that I did not understand this young creature. Of course, the child mind is often an enigma to us; it is too simple or too natural for our sophisticated apprehension. But Tania was not a child, in spite of some childlike ways. And her sense of humor was evidently imperfectly developed. Satire, irony, and innuendo would be lost on her; she was too disconcertingly sincere. Real fun might make her laugh, but not fun that is funny only by tradition or convention. I was half tempted to try a pun on her, just to see whether she would be most hurt or perplexed.

Notwithstanding my worldly superiority, however, I was perfectly aware that there was in this girl a profound quality that made me feel small and mean in comparison. At any rate, I felt that the higher I rose above my average level the finer would be our comprehension of each other. She could be known on a high plane only. If you approached her on any other, she would appear stupid and obscure, simply because her true life was not there and she could not make herself felt. The vibration we call "color" has no existence in the dark; and the finer vibrations of Tania's being failed to operate in the gross medium that invests our every-day life.

It must not be supposed that I made this analysis (of which I am rather proud) then and there. It is the fruit of a good deal of subsequent study and observation. But I did have some dim intuition about her even then; and the

effect of it was to make me perversely more commonplace and flippant than ever. There are times when we are defiant of the finest poetry, and similarly when we fight against uplifting influences in our friends. I had had a brief intimation of the true Tania while she was still under the sway of the Bible story; but when she closed the book and came down (so to say) to meet me, I preferred keeping her down to ascending with her whence she came. Had I been a merman, dwelling in muddy water, and Tania a being of the upper air, our relative situations would have been about the same. I was wronging her, as well as doing injustice to myself, by constraining her to such indignity; and recognition of that fact only confirmed me in my evil way.

Fortunately, before I had reduced Tania to complete incompetence, Mrs. Cathcart came back, accompanied by her husband and Holinder. The oval room was too small for so many, and at Tom's suggestion we all came into the big study, disposing ourselves comfortably in the unconventional but luxurious easy-chairs there abounding. Tom lit a cigar and gave me another; they were very good, and comforted me much more than Tania had done. Holinder, as before, did not smoke; neither did he sit next to Tania, as I had expected he would; they were on opposite sides of our little circle. Nevertheless, I surmised that there was a certain sort of communion going on between them. If this girl had really brought back his spirit from the other world, there could hardly fail to be special sympathies between her and him. It might not be love; but there must be *something.*

Holinder, when I knew him years before, had been rather loquacious, though not very edifying; but his latter life had rendered him both taciturn and laconic. Not that he was surly—far from it. The few words that he uttered were apt and pregnant, and produced more true conversa-

tional effect than much babble; even his silences were genial and encouraging. Of course, the fact that we were all on familiar terms with one another, and that Tom and his wife were in a delightful mood of reminiscence and comment, one setting the other going, like octave strings of a musical instrument, powerfully conduced to the success of the occasion; and I may be permitted to add that, now that the pressure of obligation was removed, I made a very decent appearance myself. I could talk on high matters to Mrs. Cathcart or to Holinder, and Tania could listen if she chose. I believe she did me that honor, to some extent; and I may as well admit that what I said was addressed to her, although it was spoken to the others. She interested me very much, and I wished to lay the foundation for further acquaintance with her. But let me also be clearly understood at this point: I was not, then or at any other time, "in love" with Tania. The discrepancy between our ages was too great, for one thing; she never thought of being in love with me, for another; and there were other reasons. But her orbit and mine, though they crossed, never coincided, and our only bond was a frank friendship, in which I got the benefit and she gave it.

The evening drew on, and the light in the studio faded. I was sitting between Tom and his wife. Tania was on her other side. I had stopped smoking, but Tom drew forth another cigar and struck a match on the sole of his boot. The little blaze cast splashes of light about the room and over our quiescent figures. I saw Mrs. Cathcart's beautiful hand clasped in Tania's; I marked the preoccupied glance that Holinder was bending on the young girl; and then, as the light died out, I saw him get up, cross over, and take an empty chair beside her. Tom threw down the extinguished match and said, in continuance of the topic on which he had been holding forth: "I can paint the Sphinx the way I see it—any painter can; but if I could paint it the way I feel it, I should be the greatest painter living."

"If you give me what you see, cannot I feel in it what you felt?" asked I.

"Well, that might be, too," returned he.

"No," Tania interposed. "Nature has the Spirit of God in it; but in art there is only the spirit of man. A picture can create nothing higher than itself."

"Oh, I say, Tania: true art's above Nature, you know."

"She said, dear, that it cannot give birth to anything above its own level. But Nature's inspiration has no limit." This was from Mrs. Cathcart.

"The Sphinx itself is a work of art," Holinder observed.

"Well said!" rejoined Tom, chuckling; "and that knocks out Tania's argument."

"I think Tania is right," said I, after a pause. "The Sphinx was a work of art originally, no doubt; but it is now a ruin. Nature has taken it back; and, although we see only a mass of shattered stone, yet we feel the spirit that the ruin has disincarnated."

And that (thought I, surprised at my own insight) will compensate for a good deal of the nonsense I gabbled in the gold room!

Mrs. Cathcart—who, like other pure and noble-minded women, has a certain queenly freedom about her—put out her free hand and touched mine as it rested on the arm of my chair. It was a silent recognition of a true word. I was looking in Tania's direction as I spoke. I could distinguish her white dress in the gloom, and the mass of Holinder's figure near her. But at the same moment I saw, or fancied, that another figure stood between them, leaning with its right arm on the back of Tania's chair and seeming to whisper in her ear. I don't understand how I could have recognized the features in that obscurity; but I certainly believed at the time that they were those of the young man of whom I had caught that perplexing glance in the gold room.

Mrs. Cathcart removed her hand. No; there was no one there! Of course, there could have been no one. But I was not satisfied, and I yielded to an impulse. "Holinder," said I, "did you ever read my story about the lover whose rival was a phantom?"

"Which won?" asked he.

"The story is not written yet," I replied. "Which would you say?"

It was some time before he answered. "I would rather be the lover."

"And what say you, Tania?" I demanded.

Now, there were several answers that Tania might have made; and, whichever she had chosen, I was ready to cross-question her. But she did the one thing for which I was not prepared—she kept silent. I could interpret her silence as I pleased: either as rebuke, or hesitation, or ignorance. Meanwhile, I was left in suspense, and was glad when Cathcart gave one of his healthy yawns and proposed that we should go down and have a game of billiards.

(*To be continued.*)

BEAUTY of form affects the mind; but then it must be understood that it is not the mere shell that we admire. We are attracted by the idea that this shell is only a beautiful case adjusted to the shape and value of a still more beautiful pearl within. The perfection of outward loveliness is the soul shining through its crystalline covering.—*Jane Porter.*

CHARITY is that rational and constant affection which makes us sacrifice ourselves to the human race, as if we were united with it, so as to form one individual, partaking equally in its adversity and prosperity.—*Confucius.*

DESPISE not the obliquities of younger ways, nor despair of better things where there is yet a prospect.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE ALLIANCE OF DIVINE UNITY.

HARTFORD, Conn., on December 3d, 1897, was the scene of an event of more than local interest and importance. It was the installation of the Alliance of Divine Unity in its new home at 26 Chapel street. Among those present was a delegation from the New York society of the same name, to which brief reference was made in the last issue of MIND. Alliance Hall, as the new edifice has been named, is a beautiful temple dedicated to a worthy cause.

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This noble organization is so free from the trammels of creed and dogma that even the festivities in connection with the dedication were utterly devoid of ceremony. A brief address of welcome by the President, Charles Brodie Patterson, preceded a musical and literary entertainment of a very high order of merit, although the talent was all local and volunteer. The performance began with a beautiful piano solo by Miss Louise Spieske, whose sister Emma followed with a violin selection of Sarasate's composition, exquisitely rendered. Mr. H. H. Larkum then contributed a humorous recitation that elicited several encores, and Mr. F. G. Burnham brought Part I. to a close with a fine baritone solo. After a brief intermission, Miss Ada M. Austin, who has a soprano voice of rare sweetness, sang "The Angel's Serenade," with violin obligato by Miss Spieske. Mr. W. Carroll followed with a tenor solo, after which the Arion Quartette of male voices contributed one or two selections by request. As the numerous encores had already prolonged the enter-

tainment to a late hour, Mr. Larkum concluded with a number of character impersonations that were well received. After the audience (which taxed the seating capacity of the hall) had dispersed, refreshments were served to the performers and the delegations from sister societies.

* * *

On the following Sunday evening, the Alliance held its first regular service in its new quarters. After the usual singing and Scripture-reading, the President delivered an instructive lecture on "Mental and Physical Health," which was listened to with close attention by about three hundred members. At noon of the same day, more than a score of children assembled at Sunday-school, to receive instruction from competent teachers in the fundamental principles of being.

* * *

No other feature of the society's work impressed the writer so deeply as its success in interesting and caring for the spiritual needs of the young. The mind of childhood is the most responsive field in which the seeds of metaphysical truth can be sown; yet it is frequently neglected by organizations of this nature. These principles, by virtue of their very simplicity, naturally commend themselves to the unbiassed minds of children. It is during this plastic age that character is formed; for, in the very young, the step from the mind to the heart is extremely short. Indeed, they are almost a unit; and, when these basic elements are subjected to early and proper discipline, the evolving soul soon learns that mind is life, that life is being, and that being is spiritual consciousness. This point attained, the beautiful law of evolution has then its normal sway.

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On the whole, December 3d was a red-letter day in the history, not only of the Alliance of Divine Unity of Hartford, Conn., but also in that of the metaphysical movement in general. The influ-

ence of the organization, and the illustration it has afforded of what can be accomplished by intelligent energy and enterprise, will not be lost on kindred societies outside that city and State. And it was a propitious day for Hartford itself. From the focal center now permanently established at Alliance Hall, there shall yet radiate a thought influence that cannot fail to affect (for their lasting good) every other religious body in the city. It may be subtle and unseen, but it will be not less effective on that account. The Alliance is the friend of *true* religion, under whatever guise of materialism or personalism it may be presented. It holds that religion should be rational, practical, and scientific, rather than emotional, traditional, and theological; and it is very evident that the advocates of its tenets are rapidly increasing in number—being recruited from various churches and sectarian bodies, as well as from the ranks of liberal thinkers.

* * *

We have given much space to this forward step in the New Thought movement because it has our heartiest approval and deepest sympathy. The Alliance of Divine Unity's "Statement of Principles" is virtually an epitome of our Prospectus. Its labors and aims are in exact accordance with the policy and purpose of MIND—the promotion of a universal brotherhood and sisterhood of man through a scientific and spiritual regeneration of religion. We congratulate the society on the success of its noble endeavors in the uplifting of humanity; and, on behalf of the New York delegation (of which the writer was a member), cordial thanks are hereby offered for many acts of fraternal kindness, hospitality, and courtesy to the "strangers within their gates." We bespeak for the Alliance of Divine Unity a long life of prosperity and usefulness, and trust that its new headquarters will prove a Mecca for all lovers of freedom of thought and conscience and for the broad-minded in all walks of life.

ANOTHER INDIAN RELIGION.

IN pursuance of the liberal policy outlined at the inception of MIND, we present as the leading article of this number a contribution from the pen of Virchand R. Gandhi, of Bombay. Mr. Gandhi is eminent in his own land as a scholar and teacher, and has achieved by his lectures in this country, since the year of the World's Fair, a wide reputation for sincerity, candor, and ability in the presentation of the esoteric truths of Jainism. The number of adherents of this Eastern religion is nearly five millions, and many of its features have commended it to thoughtful minds among all races.

Part of the mission of our contributor is to correct the numerous misconceptions regarding Oriental philosophy in general and Jainism in particular that have gained currency in Western thought and literature. For instance, we are repeatedly told that it is customary for certain fanatics deliberately to seek death by allowing the car of Juggernaut to run over them. "There is a certain heavy stone car," said Mr. Gandhi in a recent lecture, "that once every twelve years is dragged by hundreds of people from the river to the temple. A vast multitude watches the ceremony. Sometimes there is an accident and a few persons are run over, but to say that they 'throw' themselves under the wheels is ridiculous."

This teacher's article on the psychology and philosophy of the Jains is an inspiring example of the subtle workings of the Indo-philosophic mind, and our readers are to be congratulated on getting an exposition of this ancient religion from an authentic source.

THE mind is one, and the best minds who love truth for its own sake think much less of property in truth. Thankfully they accept it everywhere, and do not label or stamp it with any man's name, for it is theirs long beforehand. It is theirs from eternity. The learned and the studious of thought have no monopoly of wisdom.—*Emerson.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

IN SEARCH OF A SOUL. By Horatio W. Dresser. 273 pp. Cloth, $1.50. The Philosophical Publishing Co., Boston.

"A series of essays in interpretation of the higher nature of man" —a fitting supplement to "The Power of Silence" and "The Perfect Whole," successful works by the same author. The present volume is intended to inculcate the principles of a sublime altruism in a practical and simple way, and in this attempt Mr. Dresser has succeeded to a most praiseworthy extent. In the chapter on "Reincarnation and Receptivity," however, he is plainly treading on unfamiliar ground. The arguments he offers against the principle of reembodiment were disproved centuries ago. Something more than "heredity," "environment," etc., must be presented to account for the world's geniuses and martyrs—for the wise sons of ignorant parents. If the knowledge and power of Jesus, for instance, were attributed to "pre-natal influence" and "heredity," instead of to antecedent mundane experience, then our Catholic friends are not far wrong in their deification of Mary. The appalling injustice of earth's conditions were enough to suggest the necessity for rebirth, even if we did not have abundant evidence in support of it as a natural law. To repudiate reincarnation is to abandon evolution and to exploit the philosophy of purposeless chance.

HOW WE MASTER OUR FATE. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. 109 pp. Cloth, 75c. Published by the author, New York.

A series of essays that originally appeared in *The Exodus*, a unique and valuable publication edited by the author. In reprinting them in this convenient and compact form, Mrs. Gestefeld has rendered an important service to the increasing army of metaphysical readers; moreover, a distinct enrichment of the New Thought literature has been the direct result. Many erroneous ideas concerning the alleged influence of "heredity," predestination, etc., have been cleared away, and the reader is taught how to control his own destiny. The idea of "fate" is robbed of its terrors, while the development of one's individuality is shown to be a spiritual process —the only and all-conquering means of salvation. The divine independence of the human soul has had few more lucid expositions, and it embodies this prolific author's ripest thought.

EVOLUTION OF EMPIRE SERIES. By Mary Platt Parmele. William Beverly Harison, publisher, New York.

We are indebted to the publisher for four volumes of this most interesting series of outline histories—the United States, England, Germany, and France, respectively—beautifully bound in cloth. They supply a want that has long been felt by all classes of readers, inasmuch as the salient facts in connection with the development of each country are given in terse but comprehensive form, divested of the extraneous matter with which the average historian is accustomed to "pad" his work. Yet they are not a mere series of names and dates. They possess all the charm of a fascinating romance, while imparting abundant information that the ordinary reader actually needs. They contain "knowledge in capsules," well adapted to this busy epoch. The concluding portion of "Spirit and Matter Identical," by Mrs. Parmele, in this issue of MIND, reveals the author's thoughtful and brilliant literary style, and should stimulate a desire to read more of her productions. The "Evolution of Empire Series" is unhesitatingly commended to our readers, as well as to all others interested in the progress of the world.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 222 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers, Boston and New York.

The sub-title of this volume is "Fulness of Peace, Power, and Plenty." It is No. 2 of "The Life Books"—a series that is well named. The author's prior work, "What All the World's a-Seeking," has proved helpful to an immense number of readers, and we bespeak for the present book an equally cordial reception. Perhaps its chief charm lies in its rare simplicity. The profoundest metaphysical truths are presented in a form that commends them even to readers of the most ordinary intelligence, while advanced students of whatever school of thought will find in these bright pages much to stimulate research on the higher planes. Mr. Trine's fundamental aim is to set forth the principles of right thinking—of proper control of the interior forces of the spiritual man—and to aid in effecting a readjustment of humanity with Nature along rational and logical lines. Harmony is the key-note of every page.

MIND.

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PSYCHOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

It is out of undue deference to psychologic tradition, Dr. Carl Lindorme remarks, that the brain is exclusively dwelt upon as an organ of the mind. In fact, it is an abuse of this term, "mind," to restrict its meaning to the sense of intellect, or more strictly to that of the understanding and reasoning faculty. Such a restriction, he insists, is in obvious contradiction to the plainest facts of every-day observation; for "it is literally and logically incontrovertible that there is not one organ in the body that is not an organ of the mind."

The vagueness of the term is evidently due to the fact that it is made to stand for a number of words in other languages. In old English, the mind is simply memory, thought, understanding; and its Greek equivalent, *menos*, denotes disposition, inclination, eager desire. The term *phren* is of very similar purport, as are also *thumos* and *epithumia*, which Plato employs to define the mortal part of the soul. Even the Sanskrit *manas*, which is of the same origin as our own racial name, denoted the heart—the seat of the emotions. Thus far, therefore, the hypothesis of Professor Lindorme is amply sustained.

The Egyptian priests considered Man as of a sevenfold nature. He consisted of the *kha*, or corporeal nature; the *ba*, or breathing impulse; the *khaba*, or shade, the sensu-

ous principle; the *Ren*; the *akhu* (*manas*), or perceptive faculty; the *patah*, or intellectory quality; and the spirit, or noetic faculty. These seven were comprehended in the eighth, the *ka*, *pleroma*, or collective essence of the whole.

In the New Testament, the word "mind" is made the equivalent of several Greek terms that are by no means alike in sense. In the Pauline Epistle to the Roman Christians, for example, it is used for the noetic principle, or ruling thought (i. 28; vii. 23, 25); and again for the *phronema*, or sensuous principle—viii. 6, 7, 27. In the first Corinthian Epistle, another term, *phrenes*, comes in use: translated by the Revisers: "Be not children in mind: howbeit in malice be ye babes, but in mind be men." Here plainly the emotional nature is signified—the loving, hating, fearing, hoping, resenting, forgiving. Of all these, as the Greek term implies, the physical seat is at the ganglionic center beside the stomach, and all the organs are their representatives.

The late Dr. John W. Draper affirmed that the only possible route to truth in mental philosophy is through a study of the nervous mechanism. We must hesitate to accept of so sweeping an assertion. There is a strait gate with a narrow way leading to that which is the higher, although "few there be that find it." A wider gate and broader way, which the many choose, will lead us to the knowledge that is of "the mortal part of the soul." It is not the best or most desirable, but it has value of its own.

Nevertheless, we do not abate a whit in our insisting upon the great importance of comprehending thoroughly the nature and functions of the nervous structures. They extend from their respective centers and focal points to every part and corner of the body, imbuing it with the vital force, enabling it to subsist, maintaining it in its activities, and also constituting the intermediaries by

which the *pleroma*, or entity that feels, thinks, and wills, communicates with every fibre throughout the whole.

We may regard the ganglionic (or sympathetic) nervous system as being, in a manner, at the foundation of the corporeal edifice. It is the first to take shape in the embryo, and the last to die. So far as is known, it is possessed by all animals, and it may be by plants, as well as by human beings. Every sensibility, affection, and excitation of the moral nature refers itself to the solar ganglion as its source. "I feel that my life has passed from my brain to the epigastric region," said a dying man to Doctor Kerner. "I have no more consciousness of my brain, and no longer feel my hands or my feet; but I see things in which I had never believed, and am not able to describe. There is another life!"

In this instance, nevertheless, it is apparent that the brain, or rather the mind within it, was still active; else the life beyond would not have been perceived. This ganglial foundation is not itself an end, but is for the superstructure. An acephalous child, having no brain-organism, is a failure in the economy of creation. No provision exists for the purposes of its existence. The brute animal also comes short, because the brain is but partly formed and there is no ability to think and reason, much less to perceive intuitively by higher faculties. If we lead a dog through a public library, he will see all that we can see; but no training or instruction can be imparted to him that will enable him to form any idea. He is not human, but only a dog; and his nervous structures are subservient to the limitations of his canine nature. We must look beyond the body to its superior in the head.

"As concerning the soul," says Plato, "we are to consider both its mortal part and its divine part; also in what way it existed, and in what way as well as why it was placed in a separate habitation. The truth respecting

this can be firmly established by the consent of the Deity only." The fact here stated is cognized by us intuitively. The brain, or, to speak more precisely, its gray substance, is the organism that is occupied and operated by the "divine part." It is a collection of little ganglia, or masses of neurine, more or less dependent on one another and associated in their functions. It is aided by the cerebellum and other structures of the spinal cord, but it alone furnishes the conditions for the manifestation of the various faculties.

The rest of the bodily organism is subordinate. The ganglial system carries on the functions that are essentially vital, and is accordingly the seat of the affections and emotions. All structures—brain, eyes, neck, heart, liver, mesentery, and abdominal organs—have chains of ganglia and networks of nerves to keep them in normal life; and every blood-vessel is lined with a membrane of nerve-material. An effect of this is that every emotion at once produces its influence at the central organ, and accelerates or retards the circulation of the blood. We know the deathly feeling of fear, the stimulus of joy, and the blood-disorganizing result of excessive anger. Disease is the result of morbific emotional conditions; and such distinctive ailments as cancer, consumption, and chronic gangliasthenia, or "nervous prostration," have their inception often in the blighting of a fond hope, some mental shock, or the wearing occasioned by an aimless life. Sometimes death occurs instantly upon sudden excitement, or from distressing news.

The converse is equally true. The function of these nerves is to minister vital energy, to procure the supply of deficient force, to remedy what is lacking whether from wear or disease—in short, to keep the life intact. Much of this is done subconsciously. The body is repaired and made whole by the agency of sleep, or, perhaps more correctly, during sleep.

We aid or deteriorate one another by our normal or abnormal mental conditions. Mesmeric manipulations demonstrate this forcibly. Thus "virtue," or dynamic force, is described as passing from Jesus when the woman with a hemorrhage touched his garment; and her faith saved her, or made her "whole." If we are cheerful, kindly disposed, and full of charity, we infect others. Health is far more contagious than disease.

It is undoubtedly true that a nervous fluid, or nerve-spirit, exists and operates in the various nerve-structures. All the solid parts of the body—bone, muscle, cartilage—end with the nervous system. This, at the same time, is so generally distributed that if we could separate it from the grosser structures and leave every one of its fibres and ganglia in place, there would remain still a perfect figure of the body. Indeed, we are not sure but that it would constitute the greater part of the material of the body. The source of this nerve-spirit is in the brain itself, and it courses like lightning to every part, however minute or remote. The mind (or soul), operating by the light of its intelligence, forms a purpose. This instantly passes to the sensorium beneath, and thence to the organ required to carry it into effect. The thought will quicken or slow the pulse, and add strength to muscles or take it from them; and we may as well say at once—it daily performs miracles.

We have a mind in common with animals, and a mind properly human. Indeed, there is a variety of problems to be determined. We have a twofold brain—a right and left hemisphere, corresponding in many respects to the distinct characteristics of the sexes. With the man the right hemisphere is masculine, the left apparently feminine: while with women this is reversed. We have the abnormity of effeminate men and virile women. Goethe has commemorated the *ewig weibliche*, or ever-woman-like, that leads us all to the higher and better.

In other cases, one hemisphere will be active and the other quiescent, exhibiting singular phenomena. Then, likewise, there are diverse manifestations of moral quality, like what is illustrated by the story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which is a classic. At times, perhaps, we are ourselves "unco good," and apparently ready for an ascension-robe and a journey upward in a chariot of pure light; then, again, the earthy and base may seem to pervade us through and through. We can only comfort ourselves by remembering that the province of our life on the earth is to bring these things into relief, and to purify by our discipline.

The lesser brain, the cerebellum, has a most important office. Various have been the conjectures, and their solution has been vainly attempted by vivisection. The sexual instinct, the "muscular sense," and the faculty of harmonizing the movements of the body—these are the more common guesses. It behooves us, however, to look further. The movements that depend on the brain and spinal cord are necessarily intermittent. Sleep suspends the functions of sense, understanding, and impulse of will. Fortunately it does not interfere with the action of the ganglionic system; else there would be no digestion and assimilation, no nutrition, no circulation of the blood, no breathing. Indeed, we have been compared to "living corpses" when asleep.

Yet we are conscious that this is hardly correct, or even admissible as a figure of speech. The cerebellum never diminishes its activity. It is the watch-tower of the mind; its keeper neither slumbers nor sleeps. Here, in this department, the mind is always at work. By the brain and its auxiliary spinal nervous system, impressions are received and held for decision; but they incessantly pass from consciousness and give way to new percepts. The cerebellum performs the duty next devolving. It serves

as the register of the mind, and completes the work which had only begun in the brain. Silently and unconsciously (or subconsciously), every problem is resolved, conclusions are evolved, and decisions made. Presently these are carried to the brain, and the results made conscious to the external being.

We are aware of this in many ways. We find our thoughts more bright after sleeping; we feel that our judgment is clearer and more correct when we have slept over a proposition. The mind has plunged from the surface of our nature into the deeper principles, and comes forth again invigorated in all its faculties.

The organism of the body is adapted, as we perceive, to the various functions essential to its preservation and normal activity. We have no doubt that the shape of every part is necessary to the office which it performs. The soul of a human being must have a body of human shape as well as human form. From the brain as a center the spirit radiates to every part; the lungs generate the physical force; the digestive apparatus, including the glandular bodies, prepares material to renovate the structure; the blood transports nutritive matter to every part, and dissolves and removes that which is effete and noxious; and the skin holds all together and maintains a healthful equilibrium. But it would require a volume to enumerate and explain all.

In short, the human body is twofold; there is the "earthly house," and the "house not made with hands" that belongs to the world beyond time—one transient and the other permanent, and each correspondent to the other. We have placed the greater stress upon the nervous system, because it extends from the one to the other, inspired with life, thought, and will from the psychic realm and transmitting the forces to the natural—thus joining the two into one personality.

IS THERE A FOURTH DIMENSION?

BY RUSSELL PEMBERTON, A.M., M.D.

The general and most laudable opinion is disposed to make speculative thought originate from and be dependent upon provable theorems, and thus favor intension rather than extension. Earthlings have wooed Dame Science so importunately within the last century that they have to some extent come to her way of thinking; moreover, have found her so stern a mistress that the philosophic method, formerly so cherished, of casting a rope into the air and climbing by it is not now so popular. Somehow we have preferred to "look for the hook." Perhaps, however, the most guarded will not consider it a waste of time to test the virtue of a possible fourth dimension as explaining certain phenomena commonly classed as hyperphysical. Could anything serve better than hyperspace? And is there any such?

I cannot offer any solution of a problem so intricate mathematically, and seemingly so visionary philosophically; nor am I persuaded that any valid solution can, with our present data, be offered. It is evident, however, that some kindred thesis may assist many to a system of psychical belief subjectively more reasonable, though it be from our present standpoint only a Keplerian guess.

It would seem that in current empiricism we are not so secure in our fundamentals as in the pride of partial knowledge we have hitherto been pleased to think. Our two ultimate ideas are time and space: the first of one dimension, the second of three. Not only do we find them upon analysis to be in essence non-ulti-

mate, and mere conventions in both thought and speech (terminological makeshifts to minds that demand a place where matter has been, and a period in which something has happened), but we are not even ready to offer a flush "measure" for either of them. As regards *time*, neither "life," "existence," nor "motion" will help. *Life*, with any meaning defensible on biological grounds, is inapplicable; *existence* eliminates protoplasm but not matter, and is a mere quibble of etymological art; *motion* is not generally acceptable, for many will claim conceivability of time without mechanical displacement. *Space* is a trifle more amenable to evolvement, but, when radically sounded, establishes little that is satisfying to our appetite for specific and exclusive terms. To any that may doubt it, the Spencerian *method* is an adequate reply. Moreover, these two ideas are not even in sequence, as the gap of no correspondent for the two-dimensional warns us. Each is vague, inexact, unmanageable, undefinable.

Without following to forced conclusions the deductions to which this line of reasoning will lead us, we may yet observe that the application of a fourth dimension to psychometry and psychography would assist in making them exact sciences. Hyperspace not having as yet shown itself susceptible of demonstration, it is profitable to note how such a factor might extend or modify prevalent metaphysical abstractions; and, if we have any zeal for the advance of our master-science, we are more gratified at finding the probability of existence or non-existence of its unwonted factor exhibited in a new light (and helping us to an understanding of such materials for psychoscopy as are now in our possession), than pleased with any endeavor to disprove it.

From a philosophic point of view, the determination of eternal damnation or eternal beatitude by present conduct is illogical except so far as such conduct is a finite differ-

ential from which an infinite whole may be constructed. The mathematical equivalent is found in circles placed close together in parallel planes, and serving as basis for building an unknown but calculable solid that may vary from a perfect sphere, through cone and cylinder, to the most irregular and distorted polyhedron. The possibilities are more than one can tell. But if we complicate the geometrical guess by another dimension, move the induction to the next higher station, and take the sphere as our given *section* of some unknown "solid," we shall observe that the chance results are unlimited. And properly so, even as one might never hope to formulate biological laws from the most complete understanding of crystallography. The number would seem to be appropriately represented by an infinity of the second degree. Small wonder, if the analogy be fair, that to many men are many minds, and that the race in its mentality runs riot between extremes of mysticism and materialism, confidently either peopling another world with phantasmagoria of Orientalists and apocalyptists, or fashioning it as void and featureless as the "after-death" of ancient Hebrew theology.

Wherever a man may place himself on the line that extends from materialism to transcendentalism, some such hypothesis would seem expedient. To believers in orthodox religion, a specific assumption respecting future states is necessary to prevent agreement with "nihility," or nothingness. Accepting immortality in a general sense, without seeking its locus, is unsatisfactory; it is thereby reduced to mere symbolism. Dogmas of resurrection and incarnation not only imply, but directly insist upon, continuity of existence, whether it be sentient or dormant, in purgatory or paradise. For such continuity, either a welding-point or a place of intermediate actuality must be assumed. The reasoning mind demands, even though it may not yet supply, the extra dimension. This must be something

hyperphysical, but at the same time in one "plane" at least co-zonal with the physical: and it is just that needful zone of correspondence between what we know and what we do not know that suggests a fourth dimension. In a thinking, rational man, it is easy to argue a soul; but the casket and the urn offer no metaphysical premise.

A man given to introspection—one to whom heaven and hell are dream-fancies (persistent forms of a primitive intellectual stage)—must needs locate his dreamland and ascertain its noological latitude and longitude. One who interprets metaphorically the traditional view of rewards and punishments will seek the conditioning ground of self-approval and self-disapprobation. The mere framing of canons for self-government would appear to require groundwork as well as cause; and application of a fourth dimension to various modes of belief is the only thing so far proposed that offers this substantial basis.

The phenomena of ghosts, regarding whose appearance doubt has by no means been dispelled in many intelligent minds, need explanation as to whether such apparitions are projected into space by imagination or consist of actual rays of light impinging upon the retina. Whether they be subjective or objective, we must admit that many persons have been thereby profoundly affected, and from this alone might infer metapsychical as well as metaphysical agency. Those that doubt such phenomena will as a rule claim that they doubt scientifically, and should therefore, to be consistent, be interested in seeing the platform erected whether it be walked or not.

If there really *are* spiritualistic "raps," how shall we account for phantasms making audible vibrations in solid oak, unless we allow that the spiritual and ethereal is for the time being put into relation with matter? One should remember that belief in spiritualism is largely dependent upon evidence (acceptable to many) of matter affected by

spirits: few of its adherents base fundamental tenets exclusively upon *a priori* conviction. The line of demarcation between psychical and physical, passed and repassed by apparitions, implies limitations of the lower range (the physical), and thereby necessitates a higher as well as a lower, for there can be no horizon without sky, as well as land or sea. The existence of a boundary is unthinkable except upon the postulate of adjacent members of the same or of different orders. The survey of one bourne only should in all due modesty suggest our ignorance—it is still so very difficult to prove a negative!

Taking all these facts into consideration, may we not conclude that the spirit-world, if existent, is not so much a matter of qualitative as of quantitative differences regarding dimensional franchise? And more insistent, perhaps, is the thought that spirits, ghosts, etc., demand, if they be real, not only a stage of action, but a region for occupancy during inaction.

To cast aside such an explanation of psychophysics, on the ground that introducing an unprovable assumption is a gratuitous complication of thought, is to deny the function of a "working hypothesis." The same intent would in physics at once reject a "luminiferous ether," for how could one approve the statement that matter and ether cause no friction even at the highest rate of vibration, and yet find that light-waves, acting exclusively in ether, can by a prism of diamond or of hydrogen be decomposed, and by a series of such prisms be subdivided sufficiently to identify six hundred or more lines representing a single chemical element? What, moreover, would we do with the phenomena of reflection? The claim that a hypothesis is futile because open to what even primitive logicians recognized as "the fallacy of objections," must be waived. We simply want the best, the most reasonable, until we can discover and recognize the true.

Whether or not this view of four dimensions shall be the true explanation is unprovable by any rational process. There may never be any ultimate standards perceivable to us, for they, even did they exist, might be inappreciable under present psychic limitations. Although, therefore, we may not be justified in claiming that the facts as known bear testimony to the reality of four dimensions, yet we are privileged to say that, if there be four, and we are still limited to three, those entities, essentially parts of the four—and when in the fourth unknown to us—would show themselves quite as unknowable as certain psychic phenomena are to us now.

Turning to psychology, the ego—in its three phases of will, emotion, and cognition—depends upon some medium for its articulation with the external world: demands some explanation of the control of consciousness over cortical cells. Since scientists have studied three-eyed lizards, the pineal-gland theory has fallen into disrepute, and something more subtle is required. The postulate of four dimensions, with the ego inborn, makes *will* a direct relation between that region and the physical; *emotion*, a stimulus acting partly at the junction of the three and the four; *intellection*, a process taking place in the fourth dimension alone and co-ordinated within that limit. Mental suggestion, more strongly perhaps than a single "exhibition" of volition, by its double phenomena of mind governing matter and mind contiguous to mind, gives added force to the implication.

This conditional acceptance of four dimensions aids in understanding the persistence of memory despite bodily changes; for, as has been suggested, a child with mirth and pleasing unwisdom dissolving into a gray-haired form, bent with age and much philosophy, may be showing only phases of the same body, the larger part of which is in four-dimensional space, and of which the physical appearance

is only a section of one continuous whole. A belief in the resurrection of the body would imply such continuity, and the definition therein implied guides to an understanding more adequate of what "the body" really is.

When we remember an acquaintance, we do not recognize the molecular groupings of which the face is composed, but rather that norm by which assimilated materials fall into predetermined places. The real body, then, is only a die with which the individual stamps material particles with which he becomes associated—a section of the four-dimensional self with the three-dimensional universe we call physical.

To a being restricted to one straight line, a point one inch laterally is infinity. The induction passing through two dimensions to our present one of three is obvious. What is the meaning of *infinity*? Mentally "producing" a straight line will never give it, unless, appealing to space-curvature (which postulates four dimensions), we accept it as a curve. Take the light-year distance of the star of smallest parallax, express it in miles, add to it as often as you please the same number multiplied a million times over and over again, and you still have only distance: very large, but not infinity. We dare not so call it, for in thought we may still add some finite quantity which proves the previous result to have been less than infinity. More is needed. May there not lie for us some instruction in the coincidence that infinity and a fourth dimension should both be mathematically inconceivable, and both lead to a higher plane of psychology and general philosophy?

The phenomena of hypnotism seem inexplicable on any hypothesis more defensible. Direct thought-transference finds no connective with material facts purer or more simple in its cogency. Substitutes offered with a view to excluding the physical entirely have only forced upon us more indefinite and less debatable theories of processes.

Few persons will agree that, given matter and protoplasmic organization, mind is latent in the premises. Yet it does not violate logic to deduce, from matter, life, an extra dimension, a force that might present itself as *mind* to beings familiar (as we unfortunately are) with only three. We bear, of course, in mind that any such extension of our horizon does not make matter in itself four-dimensional, but only enlarges our metaphysical view and broadens the field of inquiry. Should we be disposed, from the standpoint of certain alienists, to construe all spiritual presences, telepathy, clairvoyance, premonitions, etc., to result from diseased conditions, we still explain away only selected cases, and are not yet rid of whatever quality it may be that endows protoplasm with thought.

Though no claim can be made, we may at least allow that a fourth dimension, when admitted, would materially assist the proof or disproof of many psychical phenomena. Being so closely attendant upon spiritual matters, the discovery of some additional mode of extension is the legitimate quest of mental science. Let us hope that it may some day be legitimate to elevate the doctrine of Quesne, when shorn of its verbal crudities, to a system in which individualism will become dependent upon psychisms rather than "organizations." To accomplish this we must go up higher, even though such ascent be by a step demanding bolder faith than is generally understood in "the evidence of things not seen."

Four dimensions involve no new factor more absurd than would have been a radiograph to Daguerre, or a geodetical formula to the Argonauts; therefore, we should be prepared to meet the issue fairly. The motto of "nil admirari" has never yet contained less of pessimism than in our age, as we stand eager to accept and ready to deal even-handedly with anything that falls from the plenty-horn of Progress. And yet this query, and the further one

—whether "soul" should properly belong to the fourth and "spirit" to the fifth or to some higher—are matters that the present state of psychical non-science may tempt us to leave to the ingenuity of a subsequent generation. If so, then we are unfortunate. Let us be up and doing. There are no more material worlds to conquer; but *mind* may yet transcend those conventional limits that physicism has found it expedient to establish. We are a republic in psychology as well as in politics and letters, and never more deservedly so than during the closing of this most progressive century man has ever known. We may not believe in a fourth dimension, but we all should agree that science demands some pioneer that will indicate its proof or offer an equivalent.

If we seem to any to be superseding the Present by the Past, it is only because they together make up the mighty Now which the many term the Future. We contemplate the All, of which Time is the reflected part, and Matter, world-stuff, or physical existence, the ephemeral outcome. It is very proper for sagacity to take thought for means, but the nobler Wisdom transcending it considers the ends. The aim of all genuine Philosophy is to obtain the overknowledge—that truth which has no price in the market. It is enough for it that it is a life—a collected, and finally a completed life. Truth is not this opinion and that, but an insight and intuition above them all.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

The Chinese hold the most advanced ideas, in that they abhor war and standing armies. They believe in choosing officials for their talents, and they honor old age. Their ideal is justice, while the European thinks that success, which justifies everything, is the criterion of worth. Sentiment of some sort rules the European, whose virtues and vices are found in their vigor in America. Reason rules the Chinaman. It is thought better to have a hundred hands working than to supersede them by one machine.—*De Gondourville.*

FOOD FOR MIND AND BODY.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

When Jesus said: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," he implied that food other than material is necessary in the life of man. In the light of this, the question of food becomes of marked importance.

Before turning our attention to physical food, let us briefly consider the food that Jesus speaks of as the "word of God." In our understanding of this subject, we must see that this "word" is not to be found written in books or spoken by man. Only as the soul has awakened to a knowledge of its real self, is it possible to discern the impress of God's word on the printed page or in the verbal utterance. The God that speaks to man is the indwelling Divine Presence in each individual life; and this speaks rather through states of feeling than in words. "The pure in heart shall see God."

As we show forth these inner states, we reflect the Divine Image. Every soul is a word, and through the communion and unity of these the word of God in its largest sense is best understood. Through soul communion—a realization of the unity existing between God and man—the soul is fed. The soul is the "Word" that was in the beginning with God, from whom come all things. We mean this in the larger sense—the Universal Soul that becomes individualized in the life of man. True soul communion must never be regarded in any personal sense. It is, as it were, the losing of self and the becoming at one with the Soul of the Universe. In this state the indi-

vidual soul receives nourishment necessary for its fullest expression. This soul nourishment has its consequent action upon the mind of man, transforming and illuminating his thought so that the forms of life take on a new meaning, and the world becomes filled with a brightness that could have no existence if it were not for the influx from the spiritual side of life into the mental and material side.

Thus we see that the real bread of life—the true sustenance of humanity—is not in the outer form, but rather in the inner word; and this latter has its effect upon the whole life of man, finding its ultimate expression in the shaping of the physical form.

The body, or physical organism, is a house that we have builded for our special needs while on this plane of existence. In order to do this, it is necessary that we should draw from the things of the material world; and, while the soul is its builder, yet the body is of the earth, earthy, and the things essential in its construction and reconstruction must be drawn from the world of forms. If the mind were always under the direction of the inner word, the body would take on perfect form, expressing health and strength; but, because the mind is content with drawing what it believes to be needful from the outer world, regardless of the inner, our bodies do not always express what we should desire. Sometimes the expression is that of weakness—sometimes that of disease.

The mind, not being nourished in the true way, cannot rightly supply the needs of the physical form. The body is strengthened and perfected only as the mind is renewed by the inner word. If man's mind were only under the complete direction of the inner word, a weak or diseased body would be impossible: for the force of life moving from its center outward would bring perfection of mind and body, and the food necessary to build up the physical

form would be of a kind and quality that would supply each and every need of the external man. Such is not at present the state of the majority of mankind; but this is no reason why it should not be attained.

When the force of life is directed through knowledge and understanding, the question of material food will not be so dominant as at present. Indigestion and dyspepsia will be things of the past. If man exercised half the care in the selection of his mental food, and the source from which that food is drawn, that he displays in the choosing of his physical nourishment, the results would prove far more beneficial. But his investigations are invariably on the surface, and he chooses to deal with effects rather than causes. The wrong mental desire finds its expression in the imperfect selection of material food. Looking upon this food as the cause of many physical ills, he seeks to bring about a better bodily state through foregoing certain kinds of food and cultivating a taste for others. One after another, however, they fail to bring the required good. Just so long as the wrong desires are retained in the mind will the physical indigestion and lack of true assimilation continue.

Many persons would have us believe that the different kinds of food we eat or refrain from eating have a tendency to make us spiritual-minded—some taking the ground that vegetables and cereals are ideal food for the perfect development of the physical man, others claiming that fruits and nuts are all that is necessary for the welfare of the body. That these positions are true I cannot believe. Man may live on *any* kind of food without its having any effect in spiritualizing his life. It is the true impulse that brings the true desire, which in turn brings the true expression. We cannot reverse this order and get the true results of life.

I do not think that animal food is necessary to give health or strength to our bodies—that conscious life must

lose its own form in order to perpetuate the form of man. The animal has as much right to exist, and in its limited way to get as much enjoyment out of life, as man himself; but, so long as we believe that animal flesh is necessary for the welfare of the body, it will continue to be used, regardless of the pain and suffering inflicted. I believe there can be no question that there is a reflex action resulting from all this cruelty. The pain we inflict on the animal inevitably comes back to us, causing both anguish of mind and pain of body.

I have a theory, which may or may not be true, as to this reflex action. It is well known that the fibrin, or vital part of animal blood, is, or seems to be, indestructible. Subject it to whatever test you may, and its vital force is not destroyed. Conditions being right, from this fibrin proceeds the construction of new forms, two conditions only being necessary (warmth and moisture), and the rebuilding begins. Another fact, not so well known but equally true, is that the condition of *fear* in man or animal affects the blood; and when we think of the animals that are daily destroyed in the world's slaughter-houses, and reflect that the sense of fear of loss of life, or rather loss of form, is just as strong in animals as in men, is it to be wondered at that this state of fright should leave its impress on the blood, thence to be transmitted to the minds of men?

Why is it that meat-eating people are so fearful of the loss of the body? We say that they are the bravest, that they are the best "fighters," that they have a greater hold on life; yet they are certainly more fearful of losing their physical existence than those that live on fruits, cereals, and vegetables. Again, may not this "fighting" characteristic proceed from the animal, which in a sense has been perpetuated by assimilating the fibrin of its blood, so that we are unconsciously continuing an animal existence through the sustaining of the body by flesh food?

It may be asserted here that I am inconsistent in taking this position after having said that the food eaten by a man cannot of itself make him spiritual or bring about a higher state of existence; but, while these outer conditions do not affect the soul of man, yet there is a definite action on both mind and body, and mind cannot become spiritualized save as the soul qualities flow into it. Everything in the outer world, being related to every other thing, must affect and be affected by every other thing in the outer world. Now, as the true relationship is established from the inner (or higher) state of being, we have the perfect harmony of life; but if the relationship be established through purely mental and selfish objects, for gratification of the personality, then such relationship, being discordant, inevitably brings with it evil effects.

A question that may arise at this point in the minds of many is, If spirit alone is the creative power, how can the fibrin of the blood bring about the construction of new forms? I would say in reply that the life principle is in all and through all; and the creative principle is in the fibrin--just as much in the life of the animal as in that of man, though not expressed to the same degree. We cannot conceive of anything in the universe in which this creative force is not found. We must not look upon the fibrin, or the outer form, as the constructive or creative agent; but we cannot fail to see that the fibrin must enter into and be incorporated in the physical form of man, if that form, under the influence or direction of mind, is nourished by the blood of the animal. In the light of this we may be able to understand why Moses (Lev. xvii. 11) commanded that the children of Israel should not eat of the blood of any animal, giving as a reason, "for the life of the flesh is in the blood."

Abstinence from animal food while the mental desire for it remains is not going to prove helpful either to mind or body. Desire for anything keeps us related thereto,

as well as to all other minds having the same desire. Hence, *desire* is the thing to be changed, rather than the expression of it in the outer habit. With the disappearance of this mental state will go the thing that corresponds to it. All strong mental desires assume form (find expression) sooner or later in the physical world; consequently, if we wish to replace wrong physical conditions by true ones, we must begin with *motive*. Does the motive proceed from the inner world of being, fashioned by the spiritual force of life, or is it produced by external things? This is a question we should ask ourselves, for on the answer will depend the expression taken by the form in the outer world.

The varying mental states produce the physical hunger that is gratified by the nourishment that comes to us from without. Take the mind that is satiated with things of the world--the mind that fails to recognize or to get good from the people and things that constitute its environment—and we find that desire for food is wanting. On the other hand, a mind that is eager for knowledge and sees things continually in new lights—a mind that digests and assimilates—invariably accompanies a good physical appetite, the possessor of which relishes his food. Take also the simple-minded man: he will get more enjoyment from simple food than from all the so-called luxuries of the table. Wherever the animal nature predominates in man, we find the desire for animal food; and if this nature is vigorous, it will require such food in abundance.

With the awakening of the spiritual nature comes a change in the desires concerning physical food, many things being laid aside and entirely new ones being substituted. This process may be altogether unconscious, but it takes place just as surely as if it were a conscious act. There is no violent or sudden change—it may be hardly perceptible; but little by little the change goes on. The amount of food required to nourish the body becomes

less and less, so that to many it would seem as if the person were literally starving himself. Such, however, is not the case; but the little he eats is digested and thoroughly assimilated.

At this point I wish to introduce another theory, which may be true or otherwise, but I can find no reasonable ground on which to discredit it. I apprehend that the air about us contains all things needful for the replenishing of the human form; that all we eat and drink is to be found in the atmosphere; that, as man's desires are affected by the higher impulses of life, each desire has *its* action on all parts of the body (but nowhere is that action more manifest than on the organs used in connection with the breath); that with the higher and truer desires of life comes a new state of breathing—we breathe deeper and stronger and take more time in inhaling and exhaling; in short, that *we draw nourishment direct from the atmosphere* as naturally as do plants and trees—all the varied forms of vegetable life.

The question may be asked, Why is it that some persons living on a very material plane breathe strong and deep, but are not nourished in this way, requiring a great deal of prepared food to meet the needs of the body? I would answer that the desires of such a person were strong and true as far as they went; that his perception of life did not extend beyond that plane; that, his mind being engrossed in the things of form and his desires being there, the natural way to replenish the body would be to draw from the visible rather than the invisible realm. But the truly spiritual mind—whose aspirations and desires are for things invisible to material sight—*attracts* to itself the things necessary to sustain the body. The alchemist is within; it acts upon nature in such a way as to separate the dross from the gold, casting aside the former as being unnecessary to give true expression to the form of man in the world in which we live.

GUIDING VOICES.

BY HELEN L. MANNING.

"And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way; walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left."—*Isaiah* xxx. 21.

I have just had an interesting interview with Mr. J——, an unpretending workingman, skilful and prosperous in certain handicraft, and he told me of voices that speak to his inner ear, much as Jeanne d'Arc must have heard them. There is nothing in the man's manner to indicate a temperament given to fancy or sentiment, nor could one well doubt his sincerity and integrity. His moral sentiments seem well developed, but I should not say that he is religiously inclined. He says these voices often follow him, as he goes about his work or walks along the street, and say, "Do this! Do this!"—naming something specific—or "Don't do that! Don't do that!" until he yields obedience. Sometimes it is to do something he does not want to do, or that he can see no reason for doing, or that it would seem absurd or impertinent to do; yet, if he obeys, he finds they were true guiding voices, and the object of his mission is made plain in the performance. He gave me one instance in detail, which I will try to reproduce as near as possible in his own words—an experience of which he said he had never spoken to any one:

"I went to bed early one Saturday night, for I had been working very hard through the week and was up a part of the night before with a sick friend. I slept heavily for a while, but was soon awakened suddenly by hearing a

voice say: 'Get up and take a five-dollar bill and spend it for F——. He is sick and out of work, and he and his family are suffering from cold and hunger.' The man named was one who had tried to injure me a few years ago as no other man ever did, and it was only that I was able to establish my innocence that kept me from going to prison. To be called upon to leave my warm bed on a winter's night to help—that man of all others! It was too much to ask, and I said to the voice: 'I can't do this. Why, I would rather take every dollar I have and put it in the fire than to take five dollars and spend it for F——!'

"'But you *must*; you really want to do it,' the voice insisted.

"'I *don't* want to do it,' I returned. 'Besides, I don't know where he lives.'

"'Get up and get the things and I'll tell you where to take them!' sounded in my inner ear imperiously. 'To-morrow will be too late.'

"I arose and dressed reluctantly, then glanced at the clock and saw it was 10.30 P.M. I knew the shops in the adjoining tenement-house district would be open till midnight. I stopped at the first place I came to where coal and kindling-wood could be had, bought a supply, and told the man to follow me to deliver them. I also stocked a large basket with food and bought some bed-covers at a second-hand store. I went along as one in a dream, the voice seeming to lead the way, while my conscious, reasoning self seemed to protest at every step at such an unheard-of proceeding as carrying comforts to an enemy who, when I last heard about him, was comfortable enough on his ill-gotten gains.

"At the door of a miserable basement tenement I got the command to 'Stop!' I went in without ceremony, and had the supplies deposited. There indeed sat F——,

emaciated and in rags, holding his hands before a smoky kerosene lamp in an effort to get a little warmth, while his wife and little boy were trying to forget their misery in sleep on a pile of rags and straw. I held out my hand to the man, and said:

"'Why, F——, I'm sorry to find you in this plight. I've brought a few things to meet your present needs, and I'll look after you until you are better; then I'll get some work for you, if I can.'

"I hadn't intended to say anything of the kind, but my better self seemed in the ascendency; and somehow I was not sorry. F—— recognized me, started to grasp my extended hand in a shamefaced way, groaned, and hid his face in his arms on the top of the rickety table before which he sat. It was too much for me, and I turned about with a queer feeling in my throat. I hastily made a fire in the little cook-stove, and left without a further word."

Mr. J—— paused as if his narrative were concluded. "But what was the outcome of all this?" I asked, unwilling to have the story close so abruptly.

"Oh, the man got well and got work in another town, and, so far as I know, behaved himself. Some months afterward a woman came to my work-shop, heavily veiled, and asked for a dollar's worth of a certain article. I wrapped up the parcel and handed it to her, when she gave me in exchange a bill all crumpled up, which I supposed was a one-dollar note. After she had gone I straightened it out, and to my surprise found that it was a 'five.' I hastened to the door to call after her and have the mistake corrected; but she was nowhere to be seen. Returning to my shop, I was further mystified by finding that my strange customer had not taken the goods she bought, but had laid the package on a box near the door.

"The incident puzzled me for a long while, but I finally concluded that this woman might have been the wife of the man I was sent so strangely to help in his dire distress;

still, I have never known positively, and probably never shall."

We may make of this little incident, which Mr. J—— told me, what we will. For myself, I do not profess to offer either theory or explanation. It interested me deeply, and so I offer it to the readers of MIND as I heard it

THE GIFT OF SELF.

"Charity is a virtue of the heart, not of the hands." They who would *do* good in a settlement, as elsewhere, must first *be* good. If the brotherhood of man is not felt by us, if it is nothing more than a theory in our lives, then let us not think that our work has been, or can be, fruitful. Though a man have wisdom and eloquence, his words will fall on dull ears if he try to help his fellow-men and love them not. Our brothers want ourselves, our love, our sympathy—or, rather, they want God working through us. Set self aside, that there may be left a free channel in thy heart, through which the Infinite can pour currents of hope and healing. Give thyself to God, and through thee he will give himself to men.

What is it to give thyself to God? It is to give thyself to Good—to gentle thoughts, kind words, helpful acts; to recognize the divine spark in all, and by a breath of encouragement and affection to fan it into flame. If it be true that "as a man thinketh, so is he," it is also true that, as we think of our fellows, such they are to us and to themselves, in great measure. Believe in a man's possibilities for good, and you have helped him to attain the good. Love him, and in some measure he will love you. And if in you he find good, then has he in the truest sense begun to find God.

A few lessons in arithmetic, history, literature, or what you will, may mean little, almost nothing, to the scholar, if the teacher give his mind alone to his work; but if with it go sympathy and the sweet influence we feel in the presence of the selfless, then the dryest subject may teach a lesson in the exhaustless theme of upward striving. Let your charity be more than a fad, or a passing fancy. Let it be your life—the gift of your best self.—*May B. Loomis.*

HEREDITY—TRUE AND FALSE.

BY M. E. CARTER.

(*Concluded.*)

Consider the allegory of Adam and Eve and their children, Cain and Abel. We call Adam and Eve our "first parents," and many who cling to the old dogma of heredity maintain the literal verity of that fable. To others, however, it contains great truth veiled in allegory. Whether we read it as fact or fiction, it is intended to refer to the beginning of men and women as we know them on this planet. What was the heredity of those of whom Adam and Eve may have been representative? Certainly there was a time when what is called "heredity" could not be predicated when it was unthinkable. But let us examine the story of Cain and Abel.

From whom did Cain inherit his murderous nature? and why was his brother Abel so unlike him? Cain, we read, was a tiller of the soil; he brought an offering of the fruits of the land, while Abel took from his flock a kid and sacrificed it. It would seem that Cain at first was the more humane, for Abel took the life of an innocent kid; yet his brother has been called "the first murderer." After all, was it not Abel who shed the first blood? Be that as it may, for our purpose we will accept the statement that Cain was the wicked one, and that Abel fell a victim to his brother's jealous hatred because his was the more acceptable offering.

The question now is, Why were Abel and Cain so

exactly different? From what "ancestors" did they inherit their peculiar traits? Whether the story be allegorical or not, the time has come in the history of the race when some reason other than heredity must be assigned for the varying traits of character in members of one family.

Take another biblical illustration (because we are more or less familiar with these stories and they can be duplicated many times outside of scriptural records)—Esau and Jacob, *twin* sons of Isaac and Rebekah. Here, again, we have totally opposite characters; moreover, Esau was so "hairy" that when Jacob wished to deceive his blind father he found the skins of kids not too rough to wear on his neck and hands in order to pass himself off for Esau, and thus obtain the blessing supposed to belong to the first-born—even if his advent was only a few minutes earlier than that of his twin brother. Isaac said: "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

The question for *us* to answer is, Why was Jacob smooth of skin and his twin brother so rough? Is this marked difference to be explained by heredity? May we not rather find the cause in some line of thought, some stage of soul-development, by which each naturally built and used the organism most in keeping with his line of thinking and consequent degree of unfoldment—for they were as unlike in character as in skin?

If we hold to eternal justice we must also adhere to independent soul unfoldment; and the instrument used by each soul for manifestation must be its own choice in every respect, and not forced upon it in whole or in part. Then, are we not justified in saying that every soul—in its journey from its Source in infancy back to its Source at maturity, as a fully developed, conscious being—gravitates according to its stage of development to the parents

and environment that it chooses; also, that it *builds* the body that it takes of its own choice, not of necessity, and that that body will always express the thinking of the user of it? Thus we see that, as each soul chooses its earthly parents, it takes the race and ancestry belonging to that selected parentage, but only during its earth experience.

Soul-relationships exist where there are no ties of blood. The choice of race and parentage does not involve any necessity for manifesting the diseases or traits of those ancestors; but naturally, having chosen, the soul may have spiritual relationships with some of that family —not necessarily with all; and to those to whom it may be so related it will bear some likeness in character.

Is this not more reasonable than the old dogma of heredity? And is it not infinitely more encouraging, since we now see that we are *free*, and are not the victims of blind fate, called "heredity"? Much that is so named is simply opinions, ideas, and habits, transmitted and accepted during the training of a child because its stage of development permits. But now and then we find an independent one who will not accept the traditions of the elders, who steps out and thinks independently—because, again, of a stage of development; and too often it pays the penalty of loneliness and social ostracism which old, cast-iron opinions impose upon a free thinker.

Sometimes very practical, matter-of-fact parents have the most visionary and unpractical children, and *vice versa*. How rarely ministers' sons care to follow the calling of their fathers! And the same may be said of all the professions. Sons do not take up the business of their fathers as frequently as some other line of work. We have few, if any, records of great poets, musicians, or artists having children like themselves.

People often say that a talent, a trait, or whatever the likeness may be, "skips" one, two, or several generations.

Why skip? This cannot be explained by heredity. Where, then, shall we seek for the real cause of all the likenesses and differences? When we discover the cause of the former we shall also know that of the latter; and the secret of the wonderful contrasts to be found in those related through the tie of blood will be revealed.

Granted that environment, association, and training have large influence in the development of characteristics, and even features—or, more truly, expression between persons closely associated (since it is an acknowledged fact that people who live long together and *love* each other grow to look alike)—is not the solution here? Have we found the key that will unlock the door of real knowledge—not theory, conjecture, nor speculation upon our subject? *Love* is the word and the explanation. What we love we seek after; we think about and dwell with it in thought; it becomes to us our closest environment: for our own thought-atmosphere is nearer to us than anything else. We are enveloped in and permeated by it; it is our expression of ourselves.

Mozart loved music, and at four years of age astonished his elders with his knowledge of harmony. At an age when other children are just being taught their alphabet, Mozart was playing before those whom the world calls great. Did Mozart obtain that amazing musical knowledge through heredity? No; but the living soul that came to earth and took the material shape named "Mozart" had loved music long before—had unfolded that faculty of his soul during previous experiences—and then the world saw what it calls a musical prodigy.

If we say that Mozart's genius was a gift of God, in the old orthodox sense, then do we not make of God a respecter of persons? Why should—nay, how *can*—a just God be partial? Shakespeare wrote as never man wrote, although he had few, if any, early educational advantages.

Where did the immortal bard develop his marvelous command of the English language and his wonderful, masterful way of delineating character? Were these accomplishments special gifts of God? Raphael painted as never man had painted. Dante and Milton wrote poetry to the wonder of the world. Napoleon and Wellington stood head and shoulders above their fellows in military skill. And there have been mathematical and other prodigies.

We do not usually find the children of such remarkably developed ones manifesting like powers. Why not, if heredity be a fixed principle? The simple fact is that every soul coming to this planet for expression brings with it all that it has previously developed in its past soul-life, somehow, somewhere. I do not say that the soul has been, and must be, "reborn" over and over again on *this* globe; but the self-evident fact remains that not all development has been nor can be attained in a single earth-life, however long.

When we begin to realize this fact we can then also feel that the great First Cause, our Source, is Justice itself; and the many puzzling questions regarding the differences manifested on the earth plane will be answered satisfactorily. We can feel that *order* rules the universe and all pertaining thereto.

To-day if I lay down this "coat of skin," this fleshly body, and pass through the change called death, I shall have just as much knowledge, goodness, spirituality, and development on every line of my being as I have unfolded, and no more. I shall be exactly what I have made myself; and I shall not have a "present" of any knowledge, goodness, or spirituality. What I do have will be *mine*, because I have evolved just so much of what has been forever involved in my real being, which is the "image and likeness of God."

Then, as eternal progress is the law that governs all

things belonging to Reality, I shall continue to progress. What sort of a body shall my next one be? It will be exactly what I have made it by my own line of thinking, and will be fitted to my next plane of development.

Leaving the unseen life, let us consider for a moment the traditions of the elders, and return to the likenesses that we see in families. Sometimes persons that have borne a slight resemblance to one another in youth show what is called a "family likeness" in later years. Again we find our explanation in the habit of thought. Nothing but thinking builds up or tears down; nothing but thinking causes all these changes. Observe how many people, as years increase, return in thought to their childhood days. How they dwell upon them, and speak oftener of their parents than was their custom in early manhood and womanhood!

Is it remarkable that persons, dwelling in the thought of parents, brothers, and sisters, with the mental pictures that their thinking evokes, should outline their ideas on their physical organisms? Every idea that we form *and hold* has its outward symbol; moreover, it may be seen and read by one that understands the law of correspondences. In extreme cases it may be recognized by any one. A confirmed criminal cannot hide his character from the most casual observer. A sensualist carries about with him such an expression and thought-atmosphere that pure men and women shrink from his presence; while, on the other hand, there are persons that radiate so much that is delightful that we all want to be near them. A person's business can often be known by glancing at his features and carriage, especially if he has been long established in it. Happy people, sorrowful people, ill-natured people, and amiable people go about known and read of all men.

Our bodies are the symbols of ourselves, for as we think

we picture our formulated thoughts upon our organisms. No one builds our bodies for us; we do it ourselves. No one can do our thinking for us, although we may *accept* the thoughts of another, and in so doing subject ourselves to an external mentality.

The truth is, we have all just *one* heredity. It is one we need not fear to claim and prove; and, in claiming and proving this true heredity, we assert a glorious birthright that includes all that we may desire. This heredity is our God-derived being—our Individuality; and it comprises all that is great and good and beautiful on the physical, intellectual, and spiritual planes.

The manifold differences we see in human beings of our own day and generation, and that we read about in history, are all due to stages of development—degrees of soul-unfoldment. Involved in every entity, because of our eternal Source, is all that belongs to that Source. Hence, if I never yet wrote a line of poetry, I shall one day be a great poet. If I never painted a picture, sooner or later I shall unfold my inborn artistic ability. If I never had a line of beauty in my person, I shall yet learn to build a beautiful body. One day I shall prove my relationship to my Source by evolving all the glorious possibilities involved in my nature, which as Divine Love develops within me shall, through orderly steps, manifest more and more of my true heredity—even the great truth that I am, with every other soul, a child of God, made in his image and likeness, and forever an inheritor of a kingdom of boundless knowledge and bliss, because I may and can work out my own destiny and prove my divine ancestry.

There is only one thing compulsory, only one thing that no one can evade; and that is final oneness with Perfection, whence all the races of mankind have come.

PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY BROTHER FREDERICK.

At first sight it may seem that man is conscious of more than he sees. The earth plane being only the ultimate object to his view, man himself (existing on other planes than the objective earth) is conscious of what he perceives on other planes. So it *seems* as if he were conscious of more than he *sees*. Nevertheless, this is not strictly true, as I will now try to make clear.

Let us suppose a man to be constituted of three distinct parts: (1) psychic, (2) physical, and (3) astral. Now let us liken him to a telescope having three different lenses, representing his psychic, physical, and astral constituents. The whole telescope is the man; and all objects seen through it are seen by the whole telescope, *i. e.*, by the whole man. The different characters of the three lenses are necessary to the proper discernment of objects on the ultimate, or earth plane. Similarly, man's consciousness on all three planes of being are concentrated on the physical, in order that he may have a true conception, in the flesh, of what he perceives on the flesh plane.

Since the soul does not come into direct contact with physical things, the soul *per se* is not conscious of them. For like reason, in the body, considered apart from soul and astral functions, man is not conscious of psychic phenomena. Neither in the soul nor in the body is man conscious of the astral plane of being. In the flesh we are conscious of physical things; in the soul, of psychic things; in the astral, of angelic (*i. e.*, spiritual) things. Some persons are abnormally sensitive to the psychic

plane; such are called "mediums." Geniuses and inspired persons are sensitive to the astral world. The psychic plane is the world of physical life, *i. e.*, the life (or soul) of the body. The astral plane is the sphere of memory (understanding).

Man, in viewing any object, concentrates his whole threefold nature on what he sees, or perceives; so that he brings to bear on all he does (1) his psychic forces (energy), (2) his physical organism, and (3) his astral light (memory, instinct, judgment). Thus he brings the consciousness of his whole being to play upon what he studies. And in that very performance he bears witness that he sees (or perceives) only what he is conscious of, *i. e.*, only what he himself is on all the planes of being.

"Therefore, O friend, know that whomsoever thou judgest thou hast judged thyself. For every trait or characteristic of which thou art conscious is in thyself on some plane."

Each phase of the consciousness constituting these three planes is distinct and different in nature from the other two. The psychic is the plane of Thought, and is the first to appear in the creative order. The physical is the plane of Word, and is expressed second. Third and last comes the astral, which is the only plane or sphere on which Understanding (true memory) appears.

These three planes are outpictured in the heavens as Moon, Planet, and Sun. Each planet of any solar system is in a different condition (or phase) of unfoldment from all others; but the character and consciousness of any planet are consistent with its other attributes—vegetation, humanity, etc. This earth is in a mortal condition; and all that exists upon it is mortal. To become immortal is to transcend earth conditions, which is practically to reach the Christ-plane of consciousness—a planetary home which the earth-man cannot see, because in him

there is not the Christ consciousness. Nevertheless, this divine mental state is for man's attainment, even while he inhabits the earth.

The Christ consciousness is to be attained in an orderly way, and not otherwise. Proper drilling is required as education in any department of life. The mere desire to be a musician will not carry one at a leap over the training necessary to bring consciousness of music and its realization. Merely laying claim to immortality will not bring it. A man must be trained for the divine life, or for a carpenter's life, or for that of a musician, if he is to *realize* divinity, construction, or harmony.

The world to-day is a veritable Babel of doctrines, offered and accepted as substitutes for the only way by which any one can become conscious of Truth. If any reader will forsake the Babel of Doctrine for the less alluring path of Right Practise, he shall not fail of attaining divine consciousness—Truth.

TRUE prayer does not consist in words but in actions, and the gods help him who helps himself; but he who expects that the gods should do for him what he ought to accomplish himself, does not know how to pray, and will be disappointed. Prayer means a rising up in our thoughts and aspirations to our highest ideal; but if we do not ourselves rise up to it we do not pray. If we expect our highest ideal to come down to us, we expect an absurdity, an impossibility.—*Franz Hartmann, M. D.*

NOTHING is more unwholesome than dejection. Crippled lads, consumptive mothers, angelic little girls with spinal complaint, infidel fathers, lingering death-beds, famished families, innocent convicts, persecuted schoolboys, and friendless children wrongfully accused of theft, have held their own mournfully for many years. It is time we admitted, even into religious fiction, some of the conscious joys of a not altogether miserable world.—*Agnes Repplier.*

HAS SPIRITUALISM A FUTURE?

BY JAMES U. SPENCE.

The movement called Modern Spiritualism has now been before the world for nearly fifty years, and during that period has made its mark on civilization. Our purpose is to consider its present condition, and to see whether it has within itself the power of further growth and progress or has not to a large extent fulfilled its mission, and should now give place to the advancing hosts of Truth following in the pathway prepared by it as a pioneer.

A careful observer of this movement cannot but be struck by two facts: first, the very large number who call themselves spiritualists and are content with the various phases of phenomena, without progress on other lines. They seem satisfied with the evidence that these phenomena are produced through the agency of the spirits of human beings who have passed from earth life to the other shore, and who thus prove to beings on the earth plane that there is a life beyond the grave and demonstrate that the theories and speculations that religious bodies in all ages have held and taught, without being able to prove, have had a foundation in fact. They do not seem desirous to find out the laws governing and producing these manifestations, or to seek for light through such phenomena whereby they may become a power in advancing civilization. They are always anxious to receive "tests" and to attend materializing and other seances, and are perfectly satisfied with themselves and their spiritual condition.

These persons should be called *spiritists*, as the name *spiritualist* when applied to them is a misnomer. In their daily life they cannot be distinguished from their brother man who lives in the world, and who is not a believer in spiritualism. The same aims and objects of life govern them all—being seekers after this world's goods, and sometimes not over-scrupulous as to the means used to obtain them; following selfish ends and rarely thinking of their duties to their neighbor; generally trying to obtain their own way—to have their ideas followed out irrespective of the religious scruples of others, and thus proving not only a hindrance to their own progress but also that of the cause they have at heart. They usually reject teachings that emanate from churches or from the Bible, even when such doctrines ennoble life and render it worth living as a preparation for the life beyond, being seemingly satisfied with the fact that there is no fiery hell to escape and no death to fear—thus feeling that they may do as they please. They apparently ignore the fact that there may be some good and serious purpose for their existence on the earth plane, and that they may be missing an opportunity by their want of thought.

The second fact noticed by the careful observer is that there is another class of persons among spiritualists who are desirous of better things and try to live a pure and correct life; who are, to the best of their ability, trying to discover, by and through phenomena, the hidden laws that govern all things. When they seek after these phases, it is not to have their curiosity gratified, but to receive whatever teachings in spiritual philosophy may be given them. These teachings and philosophy they generally try to exemplify in their daily lives, thus showing forth the power of Truth to ennoble and purify the earth-life and prepare it for future growth both here and hereafter. These persons recognize Truth wherever it may be

found—whether in churches or outside; in the Bible and other books or in Nature; and they are therefore true spiritualists, since what they learn has its effect upon their spiritual life, and this spirituality cannot but be made manifest in earth life.

Between spiritists and spiritualists, therefore, there can at present be no true harmony, the purposes and desires of each being so distinct and different. The former, from the very fact of their condition of mind, cannot understand the thoughts and feelings of the latter, and thus they are constantly trying to hinder, by various methods, those who are trying spiritually to progress. Human nature is the same all the world over, and when any one believes he is right there is a desire to force those who do not think exactly with him to come into line. This is really the old idea that has led to the persecutions that history is so full of, and which it seems are again coming into play, not only among so-called spiritualists but also among orthodox churches antagonistic to spiritualism. This class of *true* spiritualists is to be found, not only in the ranks of the cult itself, but also in those of all churches, as well as among those who profess no creed whatever. There surely must be some good reason for this state of things.

The future of spiritualism depends more upon the teaching of its philosophy than upon the exhibition of its phenomena. We do not wish in any way to decry such manifestations. We insist, however, that too much attention has been paid to phenomena and too little to the examination of the teachings of true spiritual philosophy; and that, therefore, if present-day spiritualism, as an organized movement in the advancement of Truth, is to take the lead, there must be a movement within itself to harmonize the two classes herein referred to. And it would seem that this can only be done by the spiritists recogniz-

ing the fact that they have much to learn, and are willing to accept the leadership of those who have advanced into greater knowledge of Truth. Hence, the future of the movement depends entirely upon the spiritists; and if they will not consent to this growth they must not be surprised if a new movement be begun by the true spiritualists—one that, while perhaps beginning in a small way, will soon draw to itself those believers in various churches who are disinclined to join the present movement. Indeed, many of these church-spiritualists, as we may call them, were at one time in the ranks of Modern Spiritualism, but left it because they did not find therein the spiritual food they required.

For many reasons it were best for spiritualism to carry on the propaganda of *Truth*, as thereby the ground already gone over would not have to be traversed again; but if this unity of thought and purpose cannot be obtained, then the new movement or dispensation must soon come to establish the power of Truth among mankind. There are too many weaknesses in Modern Spiritualism, technically so called—too many chances for fraud and chicanery in its phenomena as at present demonstrated—to allow it to stand long, unless, as already said, the spiritists awake to the seriousness of the situation and become progressive on true lines.

TRUE progress is a complete development of the individual, comprehending the improvement of the physical being in strength, beauty, grace, longevity, material enrichment, and increase of knowledge—in fine, the perfecting of character: the becoming more noble, more generous, and more devoted.—*Elisé Reclus.*

FOR every biological fact there must be posited the unexplained—and so far inexplainable—fact of Life itself; of sentience, or "sensitive" or "irritable" protoplasm, as the very beginning of the fact. —*Dr. George M. Gould.*

SUBJECTIVE MENTAL ACTION.

BY A. MURRAY.

To any one familiar with Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and his theory of the susceptibility of the "subjective mind" to suggestion through telepathy, Mr. Underwood's article, "Automatic Writing," in MIND for October, 1897, has a special interest.

Two years or more have elapsed since Mr. Hudson's work appeared, and undoubtedly a much longer time since the gathering of the data upon which the law is based. Never before, perhaps, have so much close attention and painstaking study been devoted to the subject as during that period; and it is therefore especially interesting to find much of the phenomena described in articles such as the one referred to falling naturally into place under the law.

Mr. Underwood is perhaps right when he says: "None of the explanations thus far advanced in regard to automatic writing . . . is free from difficulties;" and he is certainly right in saying that "further study of the subject will lead to larger knowledge, and ultimately, I have no doubt, to a correct theory of automatic writing and of the different varieties of automatic action." Further study and greater knowledge are imperatively needed.

Mr. Hudson did not, nor did he strive to, deal with ultimate causes. It is probable that wider knowledge will disprove some of his conclusions and modify others; but few who accord him an intelligent and impartial hearing can doubt that he does demonstrate that what he calls the "subjective mind" is possessed of certain definite

attributes; and it would be interesting to know whether Mr. Underwood, or any other candid investigator, has thus far met with phenomena of automatic action that may not be readily classified under this law of dual mentality.

The wide application of the general theory is well illustrated, for instance, in the explanation it affords of the case of prevision in regard to "The Paris Disaster," quoted in the same issue of MIND (p. 62) from a London newspaper. A certain lady, to whom some remarkable instances of foresight had already occurred, had, on Saturday, May 1st, a prevision of the Paris fire, with the names of eight of the victims and many other details. The account, written on a postal card and duly attested by three gentlemen—one a member of the Psychical Society —"was posted on Sunday, and bears the post-mark, 'May 3, 12.15 A.M.'" The fire occurred on Tuesday, May 4th, and the card, among other things, "described the building, and attributed the accident to the lamp of the cinematographe—and the authorities came to the same conclusion after a searching inquiry."

Under the dual-mind theory, all thought in this world of ours is open to the "subjective mind" through telepathy—not merely that of those with whom we are brought into personal contact, nor even of those still in the flesh, but all existing ideas, for human thought often persists for a greater or less period after the death of its originator. All existing thought, then, is accessible to the subjective mind. Rarely, indeed, does it rise to the surface of consciousness; but the record is there, and it may be read under exceptional circumstances, or, more frequently perhaps, furnish a starting-point from which the subjective mind will deduce with wonderful lucidity of reasoning the most remote logical conclusions.

In the case in question, among the hundreds of people who visited the bazaar there must have been many who could not enter such a building without having the thought of fire, and the frightful results that must inevitably follow, forced upon them—or fail to think, further, in such a gathering, of the many bearing distinguished names who would surely be numbered among the victims. Such a thought, telepathically conveyed to the mind of the lady mentioned, either directly from Paris or through another or half a dozen other minds, would furnish a suggestion that would be mentally worked out to its logical conclusion in every detail.

This explanation of prevision seems to imply that the thing foreseen is *likely*, but not certain to happen, because a suggestion strong enough to be thus brought to the surface of consciousness is apt to have good reasons back of it; and, given a starting-point, the deductive reasoning of the subjective mind is perfect. It may not be *certain* to happen, however, because the starting-point itself is sometimes unsound. Do not the recorded facts in regard to prevision also accord with such a view? Is it not true that, while prevision scores many hits, misses are not wanting?

THE ancient writers said that the soul of man, embodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of its own, out of which it came into this, but was soon stupefied by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects than those of this world, which are but shadows of real things.—*Emerson.*

STRIVE to keep a free, open sense; cleared from the mists of prejudice, and above all from the paralysis of cant.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

FALL not into transforming degradations which, under the old name, create a new nation.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

ALTRUISM.

BY LAURA STERRETTE MCADOO.

What is 't to love one's neighbor? Is it to prate
In the cheap coin of words—to flatter men
With protestations smooth and unctuous—then
The petty ego see in smiles inflate?
Does noblest love its story thus relate?

So would I neither praise nor favor gain:
Awake no interest where I must abase
My higher nature and the soul's fair grace.
Where fawning adulation crowns love's reign,
Scorned be the troop of flatterers in her train!

In humble effort e'en the least to aid
Of daily ills such as we all must bear,
In unobtrusive sympathy with care—
Without a trace of plaudit or parade—
I long to feel I have some pain allayed.

My creed is love and duty, and my hope
Is so to blend the two that I may give
My neighbor truest service while I live.
It may be small (some lives have not large scope);
But light will one day shine for those who upward grope.

A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER IV.

A STRANGE RIVAL.

Holinder and I left the Cathcarts together that evening, and at his request I went to his rooms. There he told me a queer story. It began with my remarking, "It's none of my business; but if you are not very fortunate, you are——" I paused for a word.

"An ass," he suggested; "yes; but, since Balaam's, not one has faced a stranger situation."

"Well, I had an impression myself—or imagined so," I added.

"I inferred as much, from that question about your unwritten story. Come up and have a chat. It's early."

He had a bachelor apartment, a little off the Avenue. It was simply furnished: a few books, some maps on a table, a carved alabaster box from Agra, a small Burmese idol on the mantel-piece, a tiger-skin on the floor, some odd-looking but comfortable chairs. Evidently he did not encumber himself with earthly impedimenta.

"I can march on short notice," he observed, as I took a chair and glanced about the room. "A bachelor needs little."

"But marriage makes a difference."

Holinder leaned against the mantel-piece, facing me, and with his eyes upon me. After a pause, he said: "I

want Tania. You see that. They would be willing; and Tania—if she were left to herself. But she is not."

I did not speak my thoughts, feeling that more was coming and that it would be something out of the common. Presently he went on, quietly.

"My life came back through her, as Cathcart told you. It began then, rather. I remember what I was only as a story that is told to me; there is no conscious continuity between then and now. Otherwise I'm normal enough; I have no occult faculty, like Tania and Mrs. Cathcart. I am content, so far as that goes—a man is a man."

"And a Mahatma is—what?" asked I.

"The natural human being, who does good, resists evil, and knows what he wants, is a great force, in my opinion," Holinder said, slowly. "And never is he so nearly irresistible as in his love for a woman who loves him. God, Creator of man and Maker of nature, is Love. The form that Infinite Love assumes is perfect Wisdom."

"An idea of Swedenborg's," commented I, nodding.

"Matter is the image—the shadow—of spirit. This material universe reflects the principle of the spiritual: love directed by intelligence on one side, and matter shaped as 'things' on the other. Leave out form, or intelligence, and you have chaos; but leave out substance, or love, and you have nothing at all. And that, in the final analysis, is magic, white or black. It does not so appear—it deceives us; and deception is a power—for a while. But in the end the true man wins."

Now, I have passed the age of metaphysical argument, so I assumed the air of one who understands and conditionally accepts the proposition, and said, "Then you consider a Mahatma just a sleight-of-hand man writ large?"

Holinder smiled. "Bearing in mind that neither I am a fool nor he an abstraction, he is a man to reckon with; and so am I!"

personal and temporal gratifications, and living solely with a view to the betterment and elevation of others, she can preserve the race on this earth from otherwise inevitable sufferings and errors. To a girl like Tania, there can hardly be made an appeal stronger than that; it seems to her (as against yielding to my love) to be a conflict between self-sacrifice and selfishness. If she comes to me, she leaves the race to disaster; if she denies me, she forwards its regeneration by perhaps hundreds of years. No; the Mahatma is a rival to be reckoned with."

"Do you mean to say you believe all this?"

"No; I speak from her standpoint. But unless I can persuade her that she can do more good as my wife than as the instrument of the Mahatma, I can hardly hope to win; and what is more, I should not wish to do so."

"You're right in that," I said, after some consideration. "Unless she believes she is right, she could never be happy. But who or what is this Mahatma, and how does he bring his influence to bear?"

"You have had a glimpse of him, I think, this afternoon. I have never seen him myself; but I can guess, from Tania's manner, when he is present. I know nothing of him of my own knowledge; but Mrs. Cathcart has told me of him. Of course, what you saw to-day, when you and Mrs. Cathcart were in sympathetic vibration (as they call it), was not the personage himself, but only an emanation proceeding from him. But there is no doubt that there is a real existence behind the emanation, and he is able to appear in flesh and bones when he chooses."

"His residence is Thibet, I presume?"

"According to my information, his proper abode is far more remote than Thibet. And, since his pursuit of Tania began two thousand years ago, you can infer that he is not an ordinary person by any means."

"Holinder," said I, a little irritated, "I don't know whether you are jesting or not."

"There is no question of jesting. Whether or not I believe what is asserted about this person is unimportant; it is what Tania believes that is decisive. There's no denying, of course, that he has powers transcending what you and I know of. To my thinking they are magical powers, and I have told you what I think of magic. On the other hand, there are features in this matter that are hard to explain. We incline to the opinion that God is working out the salvation of mankind in hidden and universal ways—not dependent upon the aid of any human being. But we know, too, that He has had emissaries—that such beings as Buddha, Christ, and Mohammed have existed—who have profoundly modified human affairs. It is possible, therefore, that Tania may be another of these messengers from the Unknown. As I understand it, our Mahatma professes to have such a mission, but he needs Tania in order to make his influence effective. He even claims to be able to specify, to some extent, the kind of work they are called on to do together. My difficulty is to get hold of the man—if he be a man—to fight against him. What are you to do with a creature that controls powers of nature of which you know nothing?"

"But you don't believe, do you, that you and he and Tania lived in the flesh two thousand years ago, and that you are working out now the destiny that was not accomplished then?"

"I don't accept the theory of reincarnation—I don't consider such a theory necessary; but there does seem to be a connecting thread between what our ancestors were and what we are. My father is in some way nearer to me than any other man's father. And yet it is true that I am not the same man I was when you and I were young fellows together. What has become of that individuality? Who is the father of this present one? And if I am a stranger, so to speak, in my own body, why may not

I have existed before in another body? It is safest not to dogmatize either way."

"If you lived in a former age, and have now returned after a sojourn in the world of spirit, would you not have recollections of a previous existence?"

"Perhaps I have. But how am I to prove to myself that what I suppose to be recollections are anything more than fancies? I seem to myself, for example, to have known Tania before; but I have no evidence of it. I feel certain that we were created for each other and belong together; but that should be the case with any true lovers."

"Does what you think you remember of a former state coincide with what the Mahatma asserts about it?"

Holinder evaded this question. "He is no doubt able to read my thoughts," said he, "and might, if he chose, adapt his story to what he saw in my mind."

I stared at the fire in silence. "What are you going to do about it?" I finally asked.

"I look for him to make a demonstration before long," Holinder replied, folding his arms. "My own purpose, meanwhile, is to make Tania my wife."

"This promises to be interesting!" said I to myself, as I walked home.

(*To be continued.*)

THE philosophy of six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul. In its experiments there has always remained, in the last analysis, a residuum it could not resolve. Man is a stream whose source is hidden. Always our being is descended into us from we know not whence.—*Emerson.*

THE beauty of the face is a frail possession, a short-lived flower, only attached to the mere epidermis; but that of the mind is innate and unchangeable.—*Moliere.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

WHERE AND WHAT IS HEAVEN?

THE Rev. Lyman Abbott, Henry Ward Beecher's successor in the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, created quite a sensation last winter by declaring in a sermon that the biblical story of Jonah and the whale is not a historical narrative but a mere allegory. Since the delivery of that discourse, Dr. Abbott has been accused of holding views that exceed even the liberalism of his famous predecessor. But no pulpit utterance in recent years has so startled the orthodox clergy or lent such encouragement to the friends of liberal theology as the following remark by the same preacher, made only a few Sundays ago: "I do not see why an agnostic cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. I do not think God will fail to know him because he has failed to know God."

Newspaper discussion of this statement has revealed the interesting fact that many other clergymen, of various denominations, hold almost the same view of the agnostic's fate, though some apprehend that the concession is a dangerous move toward the alluring horizon of heterodoxy. To *our* mind, however, Dr. Abbott's position on this question is far less "liberal" than his opinions on certain other religious topics. He apparently adheres to the old superstition that heaven is a *place*, to which some of God's children are admitted while the majority shall be forever excluded from its holy precincts. Forgetful of the logical requirement that a "place" for the good implies the necessity of a "place" for the wicked, these liberal clergymen are prone to concede the non-existence of Hades! Verily, it would seem as if the clear teaching of Christ, that "the

kingdom of heaven is *within* you," were lost on even the most progressive of our religious leaders.

How much more consistent and accordant with the demands of justice is the metaphysical view of *post-mortem* rewards and punishments! Yet the position taken by the New Thought has abundant scriptural corroboration and support. We reap, both here and hereafter, exactly what we sow—no more, no less. The conditions of life after death, therefore, must be as varied as humanity is numerically great, for no two persons think or act precisely alike. Futurity is not a factor in determining spiritual states. Some mortals *now* enjoy the most heavenly felicity, by virtue of their having already sown the seeds of goodness *here*, while others are degraded to lower depths of mental and moral depravity than any future misery can possibly equal. Avarice, selfishness, and sordid greed make it "easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle" than for the kingdom of heaven to enter the hearts of some men. To the personality, death is a change of tremendous importance; but the individuality it leaves unaltered. We are the arbiters of our own destiny. As the writer has said in the pages of another magazine: "Heaven and hell are states of consciousness, not localities; and they are of man's making, not God's."

THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

IN June, 1862, at a conference at the Presidential Mansion upon the dark appearance of the country's affairs, Mr. Lincoln said:

"My faith is greater than yours. I not only believe that Providence is not unmindful of the struggle in which this nation is engaged; that if we do not do right God will let us go our own way to our ruin; and that if we do right he will lead us safely out of this wilderness, crown our arms with victory, and restore our dissevered Union. But I also believe that he will compel us to do right in order that he may do these things—not so much because we deserve them as that they accord with his plans of dealing with this nation, in the

midst of which he means to establish justice. I think he means that we shall do more than we have yet done in furtherance of his plans, and he will open the way for our doing it. I have felt his hand upon me in great trials, and submitted to his guidance; and I trust that as he shall further open the way I will be ready to walk therein, relying on his help and trusting in his goodness and wisdom. Sometimes it seems necessary that we should be confronted with perils that threaten us with disaster, in order that we may not be puffed up and forget Him who has much work for us yet to do. I hope our present case is no more than this, and that a bright morning will follow the dark hour that now fills us with alarm. Indeed, my faith tells me it will be so."

This utterance, from the lips of one who more than once has been charged with anti-Christian tendencies and beliefs, is suggestive of the lofty degree of spiritual development to which the martyred Executive had really attained. In the foregoing remarks we find no bondage to creed; no slavery to dogma; no appeal to tradition; no reference to authority, either printed or personal; no intimation of "fear and trembling;" no pharisaical cant about "chosen" instruments; no condemnation of opposing human forces; no arrogant or offensive assertions as to the righteousness of the Federal cause; no invidious religious comparisons; no allusion to a desired vengeance, on the part either of God or man. On the contrary, we find a complete subordination of individual impulses to the wisdom of a higher Power; a surrender of personality to principle; a serene confidence in the eventual triumph of the right; an intuitive recognition of man's inseparable union with his Source, and of an overshadowing Mind that governs all things along natural lines.

The words of Lincoln, uttered when the nation was in the throes of civil war, are not less timely to-day, when we are at peace with all the world. Indeed, they embody many of the principles for which MIND is contending; for his "faith" was reposed, not in an external and distant Deity, but in the immanent God whom all progressive beings are striving to develop from within their own souls.

THE GOOD IN HYPNOTISM.

WE are glad to observe that the advocates of hypnotism are beginning to recognize the need of conducting their experiments on a much higher plane than that to which charlatans have degraded the science. The spiritual truths that lie at the basis of these phenomena are becoming more widely acknowledged by the expounders of hypnotism, the better class of whom discountenance most of the practises current among the "rank and file." The following extracts from a recent lecture by Dr. C. W. Hidden are apropos:

"The day of frothy hypnotism, the fad of society, the plaything of the few, the fancy of an idle hour, is passing; but the hypnotism which seeks to demonstrate psychical truths, to establish a point of connection between the deeper states of human consciousness and a something beyond—this is the hypnotism which has come to stay until the psychical problems which have perplexed the ages have been solved to the satisfaction of mankind. . . .

"There seems to be a lamentable lack of originality in psychical research. The real meaning of this is somewhat obscure, but I fancy it is because the investigation of the subliminal self tends to support the spiritualistic hypothesis. It would never do to admit this. Why? Because science has declared that death ends all; because the medical fraternity has not discovered a soul; because the Church declares that there is no knowledge of soul and after-life outside the Bible, and there is hesitancy about pressing this mighty trinity to declare that for centuries it has been in the wrong. . . .

"What passes for the subconscious state is often nothing of the kind, and many of the exhibitions of double personality are but the mischievous workings of a fun-loving subject. Not that the subject intends to deceive, but because the earlier stages of hypnosis are but states of hypnotic intoxication, in which the subject betrays an exalted perception and love of mimicry, quickly perceives the nature of the experiment, and as quickly responds. This is the dream stage of hypnotism, or what is known to mesmerists as the charmed state; it is only just below the level of normal consciousness. It is not the

true subjective condition, and does not reveal the real subliminal self; the latter is brought to the surface only in the deep somnambulic sleep, a state familiar to all who practise mesmeric methods, but overlooked by writers and investigators according to the Braid system, and probably entirely unknown to them. The absurd mechanical fixity or fixation of gaze in modern hypnotism acts as an aid in inducing a state bordering the hypnotic, but it is not true hypnosis; in the latter we have spontaneity and ease, and in the other a stupid, mechanical state, hardly worthy serious study and investigation. . . .

"Obedience to command is the unwritten law in laboratory and hospital. The patient is expected to obey, and strives to please. The patient is well aware that nothing more serious than wooden pistols, paper daggers, and imaginary poison will be utilized for experimental work. Little wonder successful results are reported. The patient cannot be made, however, to commit real crime in real life; and why? Because the subject is never at the mercy of the operator. There is no such thing as true automatism or helpless obedience. The subject is not really asleep, but very much awake in hypnosis. The perceptions are heightened and the subject keenly alert and suspicious. The subject is not a slave, but a being armed with superior powers of resistance.

"Hypnotics are prompt to resent undue familiarity, and treat with superb scorn suggestions tending to the practice of immorality. It is a singular fact, but true, that while liquor makes one quarrelsome and impure, hypnotic intoxication makes one reach out to the ideal, and this tendency acts as a barrier to wrongdoing. But, urges the skeptic, this may be true with respect to the good man and woman, but how about the criminally inclined? To which I reply: It would be a hard task to make the hypnotized criminal commit crime. The evil-disposed, once hypnotized, are the first to argue against wrong-doing, the first to appeal to the hypnotist to aid them in walking in the paths of the upright. If we persist in our efforts to make them do wrong, we awaken a powerful element of fear, which acts as an insuperable barrier to the commission of crime or moral excesses. Danger is the hypnotic bogy, and we cannot hope to establish hypnotism upon a scientific basis until this bogy has been banished. Hypnotism is a natural phenomenon, evoked by natural

means, and if we are to master its phenomena it must be by natural rather than the mechanical hypnotism so much in vogue.

"The subliminal self is a fact. The particular point in life which witnesses its primary manifestations is not half so important as the possibility of its continuance independent of the physical organism. What becomes of the subliminal self when life goes out—does it go with it? Is it lost, banished, blotted out of existence—this marvelous manifestation of intelligence, force, energy? I regard the subliminal self kin to the soul, man, and believe that when Death —life's mighty hypnotist—induces final hypnosis, it leaves this tenement-house of clay for a newer life in a field of newer activities and vaster possibilities than this life can ever afford."

POWER OF MIND OVER BODY.

One of the most interesting illustrations of the power of the mind over the body was related by Dr. Spitzka, the well-known alienist, at one of the meetings of the American Neurological Association. Every one has read with skepticism of the apparent "miracles" wrought by sacred relics in curing the halt, the sick, and the blind. Disciples of "faith cures" have sometimes produced results in their patients which have puzzled the most intelligent. These cures, whenever they are real, are attributed by scientific men to the power of the mind over the body.

Dr. Spitzka's story and the experience of Dr. Weir Mitchell, who is perhaps the best-known specialist in nervous diseases in the country, show how much the learned physicians rely at times upon the imagination of their patients. Dr. Spitzka declined for professional reasons to repeat for publication the story which he told the Neurological Association; but here are the facts. A young woman of good personal and family history had access to a medical library and became deeply interested in the clinical history of disease. She became like the man in Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat," who, after reading a medical work, suffered in his own person every disease described, except housemaid's knee. Dr. Spitzka's young woman confined her imagined ailment to a single disease—abdominal tumor. She became thoroughly familiar with all the symptoms

of this dreadful malady and promptly imagined herself the victim of it. Her sufferings were intense, and her friends became convinced that her worst fears were justified. The physicians in attendance, however, were decidedly skeptical. Her youth and the absence of certain proofs convinced them that the case was one of hysteria.

After exhausting all the usual means the doctors determined to consent to the performance of a dangerous operation for the removal of the tumor. The girl herself was carefully prepared for the operation for several days. The room in her own residence in which it was to be performed was stripped of wall-paper and carpet, and prepared with hospital-like cleanliness and bareness. The surgeon with his assistants and the trained nurses came upon the scene. The girl was carried into the operating-room, in which, contrary to the usual practise, all the surgeons' knives and paraphernalia were spread out in full view of the patient. The physicians and trained nurses stood around the operating-table upon which the girl lay. She was then carefully etherized. Three hours later, when she was allowed to recover consciousness, she was too weak to raise her hand. She found herself carefully stitched up with elaborate and cumbersome surgeons' dressings, and she knew that a deep incision had been made half the length of her body. She felt the irritation of the wound, and the fading day told her that she had been three or four hours under the influence of ether, perfectly unconscious. She was thankful to find herself alive, although she felt like the ghost of herself.

In two weeks the result was all that the clever physicians had anticipated—she was completely cured. The specialist told her again and again how remarkable was her escape, and requested as a privilege that he might describe in her presence to several young physicians the operation which had been performed, showing them, at the same time, how completely the wound had healed. The young woman consented to go to a private hospital for that purpose, accompanied by a member of her family, and with a veil thrown over her face she again took her place on the operating-table in a private clinic, to enable the surgeon to illustrate to his class the difficult operation which had been performed with such happy results. This time there was, of course, no ether and the patient heard described all that she had undergone. The lecture being finished she was

escorted from the clinic by the grateful physician, who speedily returned to his admiring class and said:

"Gentlemen, this cure was effected exactly as I have described to you. There is only one detail that I have omitted. No operation whatever was performed. While the patient was unconscious an incision was made through the outer muscle, barely skin deep, and the wound then carefully stitched up as though the body had been indeed opened. The irritation from this slight scratch, the abstinence from food, the effects of ether, and the imagination, did the rest. The young woman really felt the pains of the disease which she dreaded. If the fictitious operation had been conducted with less painstaking care she would not have been deceived and might have easily drifted into a state of hopeless invalidism. As it is, she is absolutely cured."—*New York Sunday World.*

REAL Christianity is not a sect that some men acknowledge and some do not; but it is the light of Truth, which enlightens the whole human race. It is worthy of acceptance, not for its special rules and institutions, but because it declares the way for all mankind to walk in. When a man is walking well and reasonably, he is walking in the way of Christ's commandments.—*Count Leo Tolstoi.*

I AM convinced that Jesus was a Pharisee, *i. e.*, a Parush—a man separated from the vulgar mass and above them in feeling, in learning, in holiness, and in all that goes to make a grand character. He spoke against the scribes and Pharisees in the service of Sadducean high priests. These were the "hypocrites" against whom Jesus uttered such crushing words.—*G. A. Danziger.*

IF society were well ordered; in other words, if society were in a healthy condition, without any injustice in it—if it were impossible for one man to be rolling in luxury while his neighbor is in want of bread—then society would preserve itself.—*J. L. Van der Wee.*

THE *Union* is at an end when an immoral law is enacted.—*Emerson.*

PREHISTORIC MAN.

Judging from skeletons found in Europe, palæolithic man was short of stature, and had a low, retreating forehead; it is supposed that he had a yellowish skin, which was covered with coarse hair, much like the Ainu of Yezo. He was strong in body; but he had the diminutive mind of a child. Wild and fierce, he knew little of pity or of love; he was lower in savagery than any we know, but he bore the germs of a better race; he was only a hunter, living on the animals he had slain, and the roots and the nuts which he could gather. At war with his neighbor and with himself, his life was racked with fears and torments, and his mind was filled with debasing superstitions, which civilization has hardly yet wholly eliminated. Clothing of the crudest he made from skins. He had no home, save a rock shelter; and in one such ready-made home, by the banks of the Susquehanna, we have evidence that early man once feasted on deer and bison; such was, perhaps, his greatest pleasure. His only weapons were rude spears, tipped with the relics which we now find, or ruder knives; perhaps he had a primitive bow and arrow; with these he had to wage war on the hugest animals that ever existed.

In these dark and cheerless days man was not all alone. Woman, too, had a share, which was probably more of sorrow than of joy. Her condition must have been somewhat lower than that of woman in the lowest of the wild tribes of to-day—not man's helpmate, but his slave. Man was not yet her lover, only her master; but, deep down in this slave-woman's breast were the germs, only waiting development, of those tenderer feelings which have made man human and have been the most potent factors in assisting the race to mount the golden steps of progress.

What became of these palæolithic men we can only conjecture. Perhaps they loved so well their ice-clad land that they followed the retreating glacier and became the Esquimaux of to-day. We really know only that, with the passing of the great floods and the giant mammals, they, too, fade from view. Another turn of the hand on the great dial, and another race, descended, as we, from palæolithic ancestors in Europe, or in Asia, appears with a higher degree of primitive art and skill. Chipped and polished weapons, flint and jasper,

take the place of the rude palæolith; and the old race is forgotten in the birthday glories of the new.—*H. W. Bashore, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

DO YOU KNOW YOURSELF?

It has been said by one who ought to know that no man has a clear conception of how he himself looks. The expression of the face is continually changing. No artist, no camera, can catch this changing, fleeting, evanescent expression. When you look in the glass, the very intent to find out how you look is depicted on your face. The more you strive, the more the intent is intensified, and such an expression is not natural to your face. How often do we look at a photograph and find only disappointment in it? Why is this? The camera depicts the sitter just as he is at the moment the picture is taken, but very seldom can the instrument catch and record that subtle thing called "natural expression," because few persons are natural when seated before the camera. If you are noble, loving, and true, such virtues will light up your face; if you are sordid, mean, and selfish, your face proclaims it to the world. Anything in your life that is active for either good or evil will impress itself upon your personal appearance. Pride, scorn, hate, and lust write themselves indelibly in the physiognomy. When such ignoble qualities rule the life and have become habitual, they are impressed on the face and finally become habitual to the countenance, and the features themselves become permanently changed to accord with such expressions. It has often been remarked that persons who have been married for a long term of years come to look something alike; nor is this surprising when we call to mind that their life and environment are one, made up of the same joys and sorrows, the same hardships and trials, and the same successes and pleasures—in short, the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere of both is to a considerable extent identical, and we know that these things affect the physiognomy often to such a degree as to mould the physical features of the face into the same shape.—*Journal of Medicine and Science.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD. By Charles B. Newcomb. 261 pp. Cloth, $1.50. The Philosophical Publishing Company, Boston.

Topics that are new and unusual are especially well handled by this writer, who is a valued contributor to MIND and other high-class metaphysical periodicals. The present volume comprises many important essays that have already appeared elsewhere, and we congratulate the author and the thinking world on their republication in this handsome and durable form. Mr. Newcomb's optimism is not of the emotional or sentimental order: it is rational and scientific. Adhering throughout to the fundamental principles of life, which are lucidly expounded, he gives a masterly setting forth of the shortsightedness of pessimism in any form. The doctrines of degeneration have seldom had a more acute refutation; for he proves by the clearest logic that man and his Creator are spiritually *one*, that Progress is a universal and irresistible *law*, and that decadence and reaction have no legitimate place outside the perverted consciousness of the human race. The book should be in every library.

THE GOOD TIME COMING. By Jane W. Yarnall. 187 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Published by the author, Chicago.

The many readers of the author's prior work, "Practical Healing for Mind and Body," will welcome this supplementary volume, the sub-title of which is "The Way Out of Bondage." It is a most helpful and beautiful blending of science and religion, being largely devoted to the theological aspects of the present metaphysical movement. Mrs. Yarnall's well-founded contention is that "the good time" is already here for those who are spiritually awakened and are conscious of the eternal principles of being on which human life is based. She shows the futility of relying upon any external power for the attainment of health or happiness, or even worldly prosperity, and proves that the vivid realization of universal Truth is the only practical remedy for all ills. The development of the Higher Self is shown to be a fundamental requisite to progress on any line. The book contains a half-tone portrait of the author.

THE NEW DISPENSATION AND MISSING LINK BETWEEN JEW AND GENTILE. By Florence Cecil Gilbert. 329 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Published by the author, 68 West 65th street, New York.

This is an esoteric interpretation of the Bible from the standpoint of Christian Science of the liberal sort. While the book has very little literary merit and is somewhat obscure in certain respects, yet it proves the author to be a profound student of the Scriptures and a close reasoner. The argument is based chiefly on definitions of biblical terms, a spiritual significance being attached to commonplace words that furnish a key to interpretation that is most alluring. That all races are of "one blood" and spiritual essence is proved in a convincing way. The work is unique in being at once theological and metaphysical; and, although the ideas are not all new, yet they are of a kind that will bear frequent repetition. The book is handsomely printed and contains a half-tone portrait of the author. It will interest all friends of progress, enlightenment, and peace.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCIENTIFIC CORROBORATIONS OF THEOSOPHY. By A. Marques, D. Sc. With an introduction by Annie Besant. 54 pp. Paper, 15 cents. Mercury Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY. By Countess Constance Wachtmeister. 15 pp. Paper, 5 cents. Mercury Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal.

WRINKLES; Their Cause and Cure. By Anna McGowan. Revised edition. 52 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Los Angeles, Cal.

DAILY PRAYERS. By Madeline H. Lissak. 30 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE. Anonymous. Paper, 34 pp. Published by the Order of Atonement, 3 Evelyn Terrace, Brighton, England.

THE DHARMA; or, The Religion of Enlightenment. An Exposition of Buddhism. By Dr. Paul Carus. Paper, 50 pp. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

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UNITY IN VARIETY.

THE VEDANTIC VIEW.

BY THE SWAMI ABHEDANANDA.

Unity in variety is the fundamental principle of the Vedanta philosophy. It is likewise the ultimate conclusion of modern science. After studying the diverse phenomena of the external and internal nature, science has arrived at the conclusion that the whole universe is but the manifestation of one eternal Energy, which manifests in the objective world as matter, motion, and force, and in the subjective world as mind, thought, and will. The same Energy appears in external nature as gravitation, electricity, heat, and light, and in the internal nature as intellect, understanding, emotion, and feeling.

These various forces, according to science, are not the Reality, but *symbols* of reality. Herbert Spencer says, in his "First Principles," that matter, motion, and force are but symbols of the unknown Reality. He also says, in his "Psychology": "that unknown Reality appears subjectively and objectively." J. Arthur Thomson, one of the eminent scientists of the present day, says: "There is an entity, which is known objectively as matter and energy and subjectively as consciousness." Thus we see that the tendency of modern science is to find out the underlying unity in the variety of phenomena. Its investigations

have subverted the old crude explanations given by the scriptures and theologians of different countries and have dethroned the extracosmic personal God who was said to be the creator and ruler of the universe. The established fact of evolution has supplanted the theory of creation out of nothing. Science tells us that the whole universe is the result of the evolution of one self-existing eternal Energy.

In India, the ancient seekers after truth arrived at similar conclusions at a very early period. If we read the Vedas we find such passages as the following: "That which exists is One; men call it by various names." "As one fire coming into this world appears in various forms, so the one Reality appears in the innumerable forms and names of the phenomenal world." "As one clay takes the various forms of pots, basins, etc., so the one eternal Reality manifests variously in the universe." The Upanishads are filled with such passages, which show how clearly the Indian sages recognized unity in variety even a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Not only this, but when once they grasped the idea of the ultimate Unity they began to explain through that unity the creation of the universe and the relation of the visible to the invisible—at first by postulates and guesses, and then through strict reasoning and proper analysis of the nature of matter, mind, and spirit.

This reasoning and analysis gave rise to different schools of philosophy and science in India, whose object was logically to explain the phenomena of the universe—their beginning and end. One philosophic school, called *Vaiseshika*, starting from the analysis of external objects, at last arrived at the conclusion that the universe existed before creation in the form of subtle, invisible atoms. It was held that these atoms were the material cause of the universe and God the instrumental cause. This explana-

tion gradually developed into the more scientific system of *Sankhya*, founded by Kapila, who lived about the seventh century before Christ. Kapila rejected the atomic theory, insisting that, as the whole universe is bound by the law of cause and effect, those subtle atoms themselves must have had some producing cause. Accordingly, he searched beyond the atoms, and at last succeeded in discovering their cause, which he called *Prakriti* (Latin, *procreatrix*), which means "the one undifferentiated Energy." Kapila denied the existence of an extracosmic personal God, "because," he said, "such a God cannot be proved." Nearly twenty-five centuries ago, therefore, Kapila said what John Stuart Mill, the great logician of the present century, says in almost the same words.

Some of the interesting and suggestive conclusions which Kapila arrived at are as follows: (1) Something can never come out of nothing. (2) Nothing in the universe can be annihilated; destruction means reversion to the cause. (3) The effect lies in the cause: in other words, the unmanifested state is the cause; effect is the manifested state. (4) The law of nature is regular and uniform; that which exists in the microcosm exists also in the Macrocosm. (5) The universe is the gross result of the evolution of Prakriti, or eternal Energy, and atoms are the subtle forms thereof.

It was Kapila who first explained, in India, the theory of evolution, through logic and science. In the Sankhya system, many *Purushas* (pure, intelligent souls) have been admitted. Each of the Purushas is by its nature absolute and unchangeable; so in this system the ultimate Unity is not established.

At length the Sankhya philosophy developed into a still more reasonable and scientific system called *Vedanta*. This term is a Sanskrit compound consisting of *Veda* (knowledge, or wisdom) and *anta* (end). Vedanta, therefore,

means literally the end of all wisdom. All knowledge ends in the realization of the unity of existence. According to this system, there cannot be a plurality of Purushas, or absolute, individual souls; the Absolute must be one and infinite. Prakriti is not separate from the Purusha; it is the Maya, divine energy, or the power of the one infinite and absolute Reality called *Brahman.* Thus Vedanta resolves the manifold phenomena of the universe into one all-pervading Reality.

Vedanta is the only system that thoroughly harmonizes with modern science. So rigorous a logician and philosopher as Schopenhauer declares his complete submission to the teachings of Vedanta. He says: "Vedanta has been the solace of my life and it will be the solace of my death." Ralph Waldo Emerson says in his journal that the Upanishads and Bhagavad Gita were his favorite studies; and his poem on "Brahma" and his essay on "The Oversoul" show his keen appreciation and comprehension of the doctrines of Vedanta.

According to Vedanta, this universe is the objectified divine Energy, or Maya. It was not created by an extra-cosmic personal God, but is the objectified thought of God. The God of Vedanta is an all-pervading Deity. He is immanent and resident in Nature. In him we live and in him we move; through him we exist, and without him there would be and could be nothing; indeed, we are already one with him, whether we be conscious of it or not.

Although in the teachings of Jesus we find this idea of unity suggested here and there, yet we do not really understand the spirit of such a saying as "I and my Father are one." If we would understand the fatherhood of God and the sonship of man—which is only a metaphorical way of expressing intrinsic unity and extrinsic variety—we must realize the true nature of the unity of existence. The Vedantic explanation of this unity in variety is not through

metaphor, allegory, mythology, or poetry, but through solid reasoning based upon logic and science.

Some persons are trying to impress upon the minds of students that Vedanta is a narrow sect because it teaches that ultimate Truth is one. They might as well say that modern science is going to form a sect because it teaches the unity of existence in diversity of phenomena. The fact is, that those who believe that ultimate Truth is manifold, not a unit, cannot comprehend the idea of oneness; consequently, they try to differentiate their ideas from Vedanta by calling it sectarian. To such persons, Vedanta says there are three principal stages of knowledge, one above another. From the recognition of the multiplicity of existence we ascend to that of duality, and from duality to unity. There cannot be anything higher than this unity of existence. All science, philosophy, and religion end in unity. Unity does not mean "many things of the same species, each having its own peculiarity separate from that of the others;" it means *the infinite mass of indivisible Reality.*

Although Vedanta was started originally as one school of philosophy, yet it now includes every other system within its all-embracing arms. Professor Paul Deussen, the great German philosopher—a Sanskrit scholar who lived in India for several months—says, in his "Metaphysics":

"It is true that most of the ancient *Darsanas* [systems of philosophy], even in India, find only a historical interest; followers of the Sankhya system occur rarely; Nyaya [logic] is cultivated mostly as an intellectual sport and exercise, like grammar or mathematics; but Vedanta is, now as in the ancient time, living in the mind and heart of every thoughtful Hindu."

Vedanta cannot be a sect, because (1) it points out the underlying *unity* of all sects and creeds that exist on earth, and (2) it teaches their common basis and accepts all that is logical and scientific without killing the higher aspira-

tions and purposes of other religions. Professor Max Müller, a most unbiased scholar and a stanch advocate of truth, says:

"For all practical purposes, the Vedantist would hold that the whole phenomenal world, both in its objective and subjective character, should be accepted as real. It is as real as anything can be to the ordinary mind. It is not mere emptiness, as the Buddhists maintain. And thus the Vedanta philosophy leaves to every man a wide sphere of real usefulness, and places him under a law as strict and binding as anything can be in this transitory life. It leaves him a Deity to worship as omnipotent and majestic as the deities of any other religions. It has room for almost every religion; nay, *it embraces them all.*"

IT has been taught that men are saved by baptism; saved by the eucharist; saved by the confessional and the priests' absolution; saved by church membership; by accepting the infallibility of the Pope; by accepting the infallibility of the Bible; by faith in the atonement; by the atonement without faith; by decree and foreordination; by conversion; by believing the creed—this creed, that creed, and any creed that happens to be the popular creed. There is no end to the plans for saving people in some other way than making good people of them. Every plan for saving people without making them good is a plan for saving bad people and damning good people. Whether Christ were a mere man, a deified man, a humanized God, or the very God, is not half so important as whether we do our best to pattern our own life after his. Goodness constitutes the only salvation that the world takes any practical account of. —*Rev. Dr. W. S. Crowe.*

MIND, in the perceiving of ideas, is in its power. It is in this way that ideas rule. Begin from causes and first principles. Thence all objects are vivified; earth, the mother of all beings, is dignified and honored; thence mystery is unveiled and accompanied with bright evidence; thence the forms of religious faith are opened and established in their divine sources and reasons; thence the laws and institutions of society derive their highest illumination and sanction. —*H. K. Jones, M.D., LL.D.*

MEDICAL DOCTOR AND MENTAL HEALER.

BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

To one who has noted the growth of tolerance toward the idea of healing without drugs, the rapid narrowing of the gulf that was formerly so broad between medical and mental practitioners is of deep interest. On one side, there was opposition to new thought—always the history of effort to depart from the beaten track; on the other, the error of impatience, forgetting that evolution is a slow growth. These two erroneous positions have widely separated those interested in what *seem* exactly opposite methods.

It comes as a matter of surprise to the majority of each school that their interpretation of disease is identical: for when one simmers down all that is stated in regard to the nature of "dis-ease" by mental or spiritual science, it is found that the term "inharmonious vibration" covers it; while Schüssler, the medical authority, states that disease is a disturbance of molecular action. Here is a distinction without a difference. Moreover, in all cases the idea is to re-establish harmonious vibration, or normal molecular action; but when it comes to the *cause* of the disturbance, medical practitioners attribute it to certain physical conditions, while the mental healer goes further back and sees that the physical condition is due to a state of mind, a thought-correspondence, a thought-vibration. There is truth in both systems of healing; else we cannot account for successful cures by each method; and those willing to grant that there is "some sense" in mental science, but ridicule Christian science, are quite likely to read with

respect Kant's statement that "the world is to man but a projection of his inner consciousness."

That the medical fraternity is taking up the question of mental healing with growing interest is shown by the subject-matter of certain papers read recently before medical societies. It will appeal with special interest to those who appreciate the conservatism of New England that the Dunham Medical Society of Hartford, Conn., recently spent an evening discussing "Mental Suggestion as an Adjunct to Medical Treatment." Dr. Pierre D. Peltier appropriately opened the discussion with Mrs. Browning's stanza:

"If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,
If we wrapped the globe intensely with one hot electric breath,
'Twere but power within our tether, no new spirit-power comprising,
And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder men in death."

The speaker continued:

"More wonderful than the electrical discoveries that enable us to transmit thoughts instantaneously from one end of the earth to the other, and to transport freight and passengers with greater velocity than that of steam—more wonderful than all the discoveries pertaining to the microscope, which have made it possible for us to view with equanimity the active poisons that produce diseases—is the mind of man, which, with its psychological influences, has remained undeveloped to any great extent by science. Every physician knows that the mind has an influence over the body for good or for evil, according to circumstances. Have not many of us witnessed wonderful improvement in a patient's condition, and even a remarkable cure, effected chiefly by confidence in the physician's ability to heal the afflicting malady? And, alas! have we not also seen the evil effect of some unfavorable suggestion made by a member of the family, or a solicitous friend, regarding the remedies employed or the mode of treatment? Possibly the patient has become inspired with hope of speedy recovery, when some one says: 'Why! How badly you are looking this morning! Who is your doctor? Jane Brown had the same disease you have. When her own physician gave her up

they called in Dr. Quack, and he got her on her feet in less than three years! He gave her so-and-so. Have you been taking that? You *haven't?* It cured *her.* I should think you would see Dr. Quack!' In some such manner as this the patient's condition is often made worse. His confidence and faith may be shaken, and we have the discouragement of seeing the result of all our past efforts overthrown simply by the force of adverse suggestion."

Dr. Peltier then gave a brief but comprehensive review of Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," concluding with the remark that "it has been proved that the subjective mind has control over the functions of all the organs of the body, even, sometimes, to their complete suspension; and that it is influenced by suggestions from the objective mind." He continued:

"The cures made by the laying on of hands; through mental, Christian, and spiritual science; through the application of handkerchiefs that have been held a few seconds by certain persons—these are due solely to mental suggestion. Faith appears to be at the root of the matter: it is the essential prerequisite. Thousands are becoming interested in the various sects of mental healing, notwithstanding the absurdity of the principles governing some of them. There is one class of healers, however, who merit special consideration, for they teach their patients how to help themselves. In effect, they inculcate the method of auto-suggestion. Without having the remotest conception of the real principles underlying their so-called science, they have somehow stumbled upon the machinery of mental therapeutics. The greatest fault one can find with them is that they are over-confident in the universal efficacy of their methods.

"We have been taught that certain remedies will produce certain results; but we cannot accurately determine how many of the beneficial effects of our treatment are due to mental suggestion. Would it not, therefore, be well for us to investigate this subject, and, if we find it worthy, adopt it as an auxiliary to our treatment? I might possibly be skeptical as to the therapeutic value of the hundred-thousandth dilution of a drug; but if a cure were effected I should have great confidence that faith in the prescriber was largely responsible. The physician who is most successful in the healing art—

most able to diagnose correctly and to prescribe proper remedies—other things being equal, is the one who can inspire his patients with faith in his ability to cure."

Here came interesting accounts by the doctors present of mental cures made in their practise with little or no medicine. General discussion followed, the notable feature being that there were no sneers nor condemnation of the mental healer, but rather courteous treatment and suggestions that certain works by mental scientists be read for further enlightenment as to their methods.

It is evident that medical doctors have accepted the Century Dictionary definition of Mental Science: that it is "a professed method of healing which rests upon the suppositions that all diseased states of the body are due to abnormal conditions of mind, and that the latter (and thus the former) can be cured by the direct action of the mind of the healer upon the mind of the patient." So stated, the mental healer is little more than a hypnotist; but "a 'hypnotizer' merely paralyzes the will of a patient and acts upon the imagination." The mainspring is left out in the definition—"that there is only one, eternal, universal Cause of everything, which is God"; and that it is the power with which the mental healer can demand the influx of Spirit (his capability of making himself a means for the transmission of the universal or divine Thought), not his own thought, that enables him to cure.

"We are in the presence of an infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed," wrote Herbert Spencer. "The things that are seen in the material world depend for their action upon the things unseen," is the testimony of Tyndall. "Matter is a mode of thought," said Huxley. Thus we see that mental healers have a philosophy based on science.

Although medical doctors are conceding that cures may be made through the subjective mind of man, yet

that this mind is finite and needs to be reinforced by the Infinite does not seem to have commanded their attention. Four hundred years ago Paracelsus wrote: "Those who attempt to cure disease by their own power, without recognizing the eternal Source of all power, will never know the deeper mysteries of nature." Again: "A physician must seek for his knowledge and power within the divine Spirit; if he seeks for it in external things, he will be a pseudo-medicus and an ignoramus."

On the other hand, many mental healers do not understand or appreciate the medical practitioners. They affirm that they have increased the number of diseases by confounding names given to subdivisions of a disease once called by one general term. They have failed to note, no matter how inexact the science of medicine, that mortality has been greatly lessened through the control of epidemics, the observance of hygienic laws, and the artificial rearing of infants. If the medical doctor is responsible for the crime of vivisection, and for much unnecessary suffering through other forms of "experimentation," he has also relieved and immeasurably lightened humanity's ailments. But the aim of the medical doctor is simply to alleviate or remove the condition he calls disease, while to this aim the mental healer endeavors to add a knowledge of the real (or spiritual) man by reinforcing the soul—or the subjective mind, if one prefers the term—by the inflowing of the universal, divine Energy.

In answer to a question as to whether she could work harmoniously with a medical doctor in treating, a healer said: "It is absurd, ridiculous, to suppose that we can work in unison when our methods are diametrically opposite." This lady was neither so broad nor so advanced as the mental scientist who remarked: "I have given mental treatment along with the physician's medicine, and I am satisfied that a quicker cure has been effected—

because antagonism was removed. Those who opposed my treatment could not do half the damage with the thought, 'She can do no harm,' that they could do with, 'It is criminal to let that patient die for want of a doctor!' In rare instances, where I have had the sympathetic co-operation of the medical practitioner, the benefit arising has been marked." "I cannot heal a 'mind diseased,'" said a doctor. "When I am sure the illness arises from a mental cause, and I see that my medicine is having no effect, I suggest sending for a mental scientist."

Co-operation is advisable where a healer is not sure of his diagnosis, especially if he ascribes certain diseases to certain mental conditions; for it is easy to confound diseases of similar appearance whose natures are unlike, and, therefore, would arise from very different mental disturbances—for instance, follicular tonsilitis, which is local inflammation, and diphtheria, which is blood poison. It is often necessary for the healer to discern the cause from the effect. A medical practitioner's knowledge may sometimes be valuable to those healers who give general treatment without looking for specific mental causes, recognizing only "disease"; for it often happens that ailments that kill quickly give little external evidence of their malignancy, and it is important to know the exact condition of a patient, who certainly needs more frequent and stronger treatment where there is severe illness. Again, let the healer that is prone to use medical terms be sure to call the disease by the right name and not lay himself open to ridicule—and so retard the cause he represents—by announcing that he has cured diphtheria, for instance, when the medical man knows very well that it was only a case of follicular tonsilitis, which with care should have disappeared anyway, after having "run its course."

Mental or spiritual science is yet in its infancy. Therefore, let it not disdain any legitimate aid in its growth.

The medical doctor is offering his hand to the mental healer, as we hold out ours to a little child, wondering if he is nearer God than we are, and knowing that he has latent energy that some day may become active in bringing us in nearer conscious relationship to the universal Energy.

A famous New York physician acknowledged recently that a spiritual scientist had cured a patient whose case had been pronounced incurable. "I believe," said this broad-minded man, "that fifty years from now the art of healing will be revolutionized, and no medicine will be used." Let healers, whatever their method, remember that Paracelsus said: "Those whose minds are open for the reception of truth, who are charitable to all, . . . will be taught by the light of Wisdom, and God will perform his miracles through their instrumentality."

The medical doctor, or the mental or spiritual healer who is intolerant of those that differ from him, dims his own power. But as all religions are growing lenient toward one another, and find that they are all dovetailed, so to speak, so are the practitioners of the various methods of healing realizing that there is a broad platform on which all can meet; and, as each recognizes good and truth in the others, so through their joint forces, where antagonism does not enter, "dis-ease" will rapidly lessen, for the Spirit will become more manifest in men.

THERE is more in menticulture than the careless among us consider. It is absolutely true that in a great many regards men and women are, inevitably, what they think they are. If they make up their minds to be wretched, the process of becoming miserable is easy. If they decide that a day or a year is to be a blue one, it takes uncommon good luck to change their gloomy view of things. Mental conviction has made many an invalid.—*New York World.*

BREATH VIBRATION.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

One of the problems yet to be solved by the Western mind is that of the true action of breath. It is not the purpose of this article to give definite instructions in regard to the control of breath, but rather to suggest the possibilities for good that may accrue to man from a knowledge of its proper direction and use.

One may go without food or drink for quite a long period; but with breathing it is different. A few minutes, at the longest, without taking breath will cause a separation between soul and body. The writer is convinced that the question of breath—in relation to the power it exerts on man's physical life and the direction it should take through a true understanding—is of great importance: one on which the majority of people fail to place an adequate estimate.

It is well known that people in the far East, who lay claim to considerable knowledge of occult matters, declare that many of the phenomena that seem so wonderful and mysterious to Western beholders are produced through the properly controlled and directed action of breath. Inability to take strong, deep breath serves to bring about an unbalancing of the physical organism. Breath acts as a counterbalance to the "fire" in the human body, which is composed of all the elements of the planet. Now, it is plain that these elements should be properly adjusted or related one to another. Fire, when dominant, destroys the equilibrium. If the breath is short and weak, there is a tendency for the fire to consume and destroy the body,

and where there is this consumption there is also a lack of respiration.

I do not wish to be understood as laying undue stress on the power of breath aside from a controlled and directed effort on the part of man, for I believe that physical exercise of any kind is of little benefit save as it becomes a vehicle for the expression of inner things. In order to get lasting good from breathing exercises we must pay attention to the mental qualities that normally should control the action of the breath. Desire expresses itself in our method of breathing. Strong, true, uplifting desire causes us to breathe strong and deep, while a weak, vacillating, and false desire results in superficial breathing. This can be proved by any one through carefully noting the effect of varying desires upon the breath.

It is singular how the natural state of breathing is affected by the thought of a material object, or even a color. The thought of anything black seems to produce a restraining influence on the breath, while to think of something white or yellow tends invariably toward freedom in breathing. In fact, any color we look upon or think about has a definite action on the breath. This is not a mere guess: it is a fact that has been repeatedly proved by persons that have made a study of the question. It is evident to all who give any thought to the matter that the breath is affected by the different mental emotions: that, for instance, the false mental condition of anger or hate causes a short, quick breath, while thoughts of peace and love produce the properly controlled, deep, long breath.

It is possible through thought-action alone to effect a marked change in the circulation of the blood; but, with thought and a controlled and directed action of the breath, such a change can be effected almost immediately. I believe it possible thus to regulate the circulation of the blood so that it will flow equally to all parts of the body.

Again, I know of no better way to acquire concentration of mind than through breathing exercises. As already explained, however, we must not lay so much stress on the breath itself as on its properly regulated and directed *action*. It is not the long, deep breath that gives the strong, true thought; but, rather, the strong, true thought that gives the long, deep breath.

Breath does not penetrate one part alone of the body. The lungs are not the only organs that breathe: this function characterizes the whole body, from head to foot. Under a controlled and directed action, the breath penetrates, or circulates, among all the molecules of the body; hence, the whole organism may be said to breathe.

In the last paper I referred to the possibility of taking food direct from the atmosphere through breath-action; and I am convinced that this is already being done to a marked degree by numbers of people—in some cases consciously, in others unconsciously. I feel assured that, as man grows more spiritual—as his desires become more centered in the inner, conscious world—material food, in its present form, will be no longer necessary to sustain the body whose nourishment will be drawn from the finer substances of nature.

The possibilities of controlled breath-action cannot be overestimated. No matter from what point of view we consider the subject, in its different bearings, we can see nothing but good flowing from it. It gives elasticity and "lightness" of body; it is beneficial in overcoming nervous conditions, and is invaluable in banishing insomnia. Its renewing power is most marked—as it tends to establish a harmonious vibration of all the molecules in the physical form. Through its proper use, coughs, colds, and other lung troubles would become things of the past. It is undeniable that even at the present time the lungs are not utilized to more than half their capacity. It is self-evident

that the organs of our bodies are intended for proper and thorough *use*. If they are not used as they should be, weakness will come—soon to be followed by disease and death.

Persons having but little knowledge of breath-action feel, nevertheless, that its right use must be important; otherwise they would not recommend long, deep breathing as an exercise. But, while this in itself may produce some good results, yet it is a very different thing to know and to use the force in a conscious and intelligent way.

To say nothing of the sacred books and the fragmentary writings of the sages of India, our own Bible is filled with thoughts concerning breath. In Genesis we are told that God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." In Job we read that "the Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life"; "but there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Inspiration and breath, in a certain sense, are one—as the outer correspondence of inspiration is in-breathing. Even the word *spirit* (Latin: *spiritus*, *spirare*, to breathe) gives the thought of breath as the correspondence of the Universal Spirit, making all vibration dependent on the breath of life. In the twentieth chapter of John's Gospel we read: "And when he had said this he breathed on them and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." The old English and ancient Saxon *gast* signifies breath. The word "holy" has no other meaning than that of *whole*; and so we might well read the passage in this way: "Receive ye the whole breath." The receiving of the whole breath would mean a thorough knowledge as to control and direction of breath. For a number of years Jesus had been instructing his disciples in the mysteries of life, and we know that he said on one occasion: "To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God." And in the passage

quoted the thought we get is that the time had come when the disciples were ready to receive their last instruction; and his breathing upon them would seem to indicate that they received it through other channels than that of the spoken word.

It is useless for us to ignore or make light of this question of breath. It is of the utmost importance, and the better and truer way is to try to get as intelligent and comprehensive a knowledge of the question as possible. Some of the advocates of spiritual science may think that we are taking too material a view of the matter; but I cannot think that such is the case. We should try to understand the power and the use of all force. I know that we can make too much of the effects of things, but it is nevertheless true that we should have as thorough a knowledge of cause and effect as it is possible to have.

It is the outgoing breath that requires the most attention: on its perfect control depends to a very great degree the incoming breath. The out-breathing corresponds to and is affected by desire: the in-breathing is the response, the inspiration, or fulfilment of desire. People do not breathe as well in the dark as in the light; hence, when the mind is darkened by wrong thoughts, there is a lack of controlled, regular breathing. Impure thoughts produce the fetid breath—pure, uplifting thoughts the sweet breath. Some may say that it is not thought that affects the breath, but a disordered stomach; but all the false conditions of life act on that organ, and an impure breath is the result. There is more malaria proceeding from the atmosphere of anxious or evil thought, expressed through impure breath, than from the earth's atmosphere.

Evil thoughts not only tend to influence our own breath-action, but there is a direct effect on the atmosphere that causes it to become poisoned, and in turn tends to poison the lives of others. Our minds, through thought

and breath, affect the physical atmosphere—to how great a degree it is not possible to say; but as to its effect there can be no question. We all know the discordant and inharmonious feelings we have when in any assemblage where there is conflict of thought and ideas—as, for instance, in a political meeting, or in shopping, where a large number of people are brought together: many already fatigued, and all intent upon their own wants and anxious to have them supplied as quickly as possible, to the exclusion, if need be, of everybody else. On the other hand, we have all experienced the peace and harmony that prevail in an assemblage where there is unity rather than conflict of thought—as, for instance, in a church in which all are in the same faith and are of one accord.

SPIRITUAL views of that image and likeness of God, the human form in the human body, and Christian belief in it as the tenement of a soul which is its life, and of a will and understanding which are its conscious, responsible inhabitants, are the first conditions of the healing art in this new age. Whenever its greater day of regeneration comes, instincts, intuitions, insights, in their order, will be given, making the incurable curable; and in some cases words again alive will be spoken as by the Word made flesh: "Be thou whole; thy sins are forgiven thee": sin and disease owning one substance here.—*J. J. Garth Wilkinson.*

THERE is yet a deeper cause than will, but one that must rise in the unsearchable mind of God—*thought,* which necessarily precedes desire and will. Of course the thought of man, and, for anything that we know to the contrary, of lower orders of being, sets the wheels of Nature in motion on lower planes of existence.—*A. J. Penny.*

HUMAN science is an uncertain guess.—*Prior.*

REINCARNATION:

A STUDY IN DESTINY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The soul and its expressions on earth have ever been a fruitful field of speculation among the learned; and during recent years this fascinating study has been so taken up by the general public that we have now a voluminous literature bearing on the subject. This is doubtless largely due to the more than superficial interest that is being widely taken in the ancient Hindu, Egyptian, and Greek philosophies. In this connection we hear much about a "new" religion, or philosophic system; but the adjective is really a misnomer, for the very views that are oftenest presented as novel are found on examination to be the most ancient of all guesses at the riddle of existence.

Among the early fathers of the Christian Church, men like Origen and some others treated so-called pagan philosophies with great respect, for they were not even tinctured with the barbaric doctrine of later centuries that arbitrarily excluded from the heavenly estate all save the few orthodox believers who laid claim to the sole key of paradise. Now that the theological eclipse is ending, and rational views of human life are coming rapidly to the fore, we find a spirit of inquiry into all systems of thought that promise to throw light on the problem of man's past and future. Did we begin our conscious career as spiritual entities when first we drew the vital breath at the outset of our present incarnation? is now a pressing question.

Did we exist before birth as self-conscious spiritual beings? And shall we so exist after death? These two questions are so closely related that a consideration of one always suggests inquiry as to the other.

The future state has been discussed for centuries in a very dark and depressing manner, for the two, three, or four distinct sections of the unseen realm admitted by current theologies have failed to satisfy students seeking for a reasonable theodicy. Prevailing eschatologic theories usually picture Deity as revengeful and unjust; yet Whittier wrote:

> "Nothing can be good in Him
> Which evil is in me,"

—a fitting rebuke to those relentless dogmatists who attribute to the Supreme Being conduct which they themselves would vehemently disown.

A chief cause for the fascination exerted over the Western mind by Eastern teachings lies in the fact that Orientalists dwell upon the perfect equity and absolute impartiality of the Infinite. Much difference of opinion prevails as to what Gautama Buddha and other Asiatic luminaries actually taught concerning God and immortality; but the words of those Swamis and other Eastern teachers who have recently appeared in America and England go far to prove the Hindu claim that Brahminism, Buddhism, Jainism, and other Oriental cults embody no such unfair views of the soul and its destiny as have long characterized Christianity. The Hebrew and Christian Scriptures throw but little light on the pre-existence and actual future state of man, though they contain many hints concerning re-embodiment and are not antagonistic to the thought of conscious pre-existence.

Can there not be an ante-natal as well as a *post-mortem* state—concealed from the mental gaze of the majority of men by that gross materiality of thought that shuts off

all views of what is superior to the routine of worldly activity in which the multitude is exclusively engrossed? It is time the world awoke out of that dull stupor of mammon-worship in which true philosophers and poets have never indulged and against which they have always protested. Wordsworth, in his "Ode to Immortality," has voiced a sentiment in full accord with the soul-findings of all truly great bards. Schiller, in his "Reminiscence," has delved deep into the mystery of spiritual being—accounting for his devotion to "Laura" in a manner befitting a genius and a seer. Wherever a truly great author appears, his works are largely streaked with light from that spiritual sphere in which memories of past experiences are stored.

Marie Corelli, in "Ardath," has finely illustrated the beneficial effects of reincarnation: Sah-Lumah, the poet of olden days, is Theos Alwyn, the poet of the present century, whose work, "Nourhalma," is reproduced in modern England as it was originally written in Al-Kyris, a city that perished by earthquake thousands of years before the Christian era. The field of Ardath was the scene of strange experiences and marvelous reminiscences, which served to make bright and hopeful an existence that had formerly been shadowed in gloom. The *use* of reincarnation is so strongly presented in that history of a resurrected soul that it seems impossible to question the wisdom of this provision of Nature as God's instrument for preserving and enlarging the sphere of true genius—while stamping out vain egotism and sensuality.

The doctrine of successive incarnations explains what must otherwise be considered inexplicable, for no other attempt to solve the mysteries of terrestrial life is at once so reasonable and so just. Among so-called refutations of the idea, a spurious view of hereditary influences is adhered to most tenaciously. While heredity and even

atavism are admitted facts, yet back of *seeming* causes there are other causes that result from still anterior causes. Although astrology be accepted as an authentic science, there still remains the query, Why were we born when and where we were born?

The accepted theory of evolution without involution is a structure minus a foundation; but when the latter (cause) and the former (effect) are *both* considered, a philosophic scheme is outlined that fully explains existence as we find it. We are in the midst of a million contending elements, without rudder or compass and with no idea of what we are here for, but called upon to listen to endless dissertations upon the only subject that the average evolutionist can discourse upon—how we got here.

But what are we here for? We are told in reply to this query that Agnosticism is the product of the ripest nineteenth century development, and that our question is unanswerable because it concerns the "unknowable." If we turn to the priests and ministers of accepted phases of religion we fare but little better, for we are either told that the whole subject belongs to "the secret things of God," or we receive the "stone" in a most depressing view of man's state and prospects from a quarter whence we are taught to expect wholesome, nutritious, spiritual bread. Next we turn hopefully to the avowed Spiritualist, as to a modern oracle in professed communion with the unseen world; but, alas! the average devotee of that cult is just as bigoted and benighted in regard to this subject as anybody else. At last we appeal to Theosophy, and again we turn away in disappointment; for the burden of Karma we are told we have to carry is so heavy and protracted that, after having entered and abandoned the theosophical fraternity, we are still drifting.

At length, however, light begins to break, usually from some unexpected quarter; and, if we are truly earnest

seekers after truth, we get an introduction to some fearless teacher (seen or unseen) who helps us to behold the Star of Destiny. From a true Master—a genuine Adept in life's mysteries—we are certain to learn gradually that, though we must fulfil our *destiny*, we can nevertheless control our *fate*. To the eyes of the illumined seer, who penetrates the veil of appearances as readily as the average person sees through plain white glass, our inner selfhood stands revealed. One who has found his own soul can help others to find *their* immortal part. We begin to dream of our storied past; scenes and events in forgotten lives troop before our mental vision one by one, and we learn to trace the undying thread of individuality—running as the vitalizing principle through a chain of successive personal expressions, each an improvement on the preceding one. We may discern ourselves through many guises, as one actor playing many parts. Some rôles may seem superior, others inferior; but when the totality of experience is presented to our prophetic vision, we view ourselves at length, not sinking into a Nirvana of unconsciousness, but rising to a Para-Nirvana of perfected individual manifestation. As Emerson has phrased it:

> "Out from the depths of Nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old."

Reopening the long-disused volume of Holy Scripture, we read of Paradise or Eden, of Eve and Adam, of the Lord and the Serpent, and we see ourselves reflected as in a looking-glass; for we are contemplating our own past history beneath an allegoric veil. We read on through histories of patriarchs and prophets, seeing ourselves in all. At length we read in the mystical Apocalypse of a New Jerusalem, and therein we behold ourselves as we shall yet appear. Once naked but finally clothed in white and shining garments, resplendent as the sun at noon, we see

ourselves (described in forceful metaphor) rising from the zero point of primeval innocence to the boiling point of angelic purity. The veil is lifted. "All the world's a stage, and one man in his time plays many parts." Shakespeare doubtless conveyed far more in his immortal sayings than the mere letter of his speech could teach.

The fundamental truth of the reincarnationist philosophy is that all souls are equal at the core, and all will finally demonstrate their essential equality in equivalent (though highly varied) manifested glory. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Death is for man what it is for the sown seed—no more, no less. "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die," and no soul ascends to glory that has not descended into gloom. In the dark chambers of the earth the vital *nucleolus* of the seed is liberated and draws to itself from all the elements those properties that when organized will constitute the body of its expression. In like manner, cherubim and seraphim (whose united symbol is the winged globe) leave their paradise and take up the cross through earthly travail ere they win the crown that decks the angels' brow.

No incarnation is accidental—no experience profitless. We are where we are and as we are because at this moment in our endless life we need exactly the discipline we are undergoing. The shades will some day depart; every mist will be lifted, and the purpose of all will be made plain. Individuality will never be surrendered, though personalities may change. All knowledge is stored within the soul. Memory is immortal, though recollection is at present fitful. Our *destiny* is to become the highest, the noblest, the wisest, and the purest we can ever desire to become. Our *fate* consists of whatever we need to encounter and to conquer on the forward and upward path that

leads to coronation. Hope chases despair and contentment abolishes complaint in the light of a philosophy of being that logically proves the truth of the divine words: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

THE MESSENGERS OF MIND.

BY MAY BROWN LOOMIS.

O man, be more than careful of thy acts!
Unspoken thoughts projected from the mind bring others
weal or woe.
Send forth the couriers of thy brain to carry joy and
peace throughout the land.
With kindred messengers from other souls they will
unite,
Making an army vast of hope and truth
To conquer hate through love and wrong through right;
To bridge the gulf between the rich and poor;
To give the feeble force, the coward heart.
There is no limit to the power of Thought!
Brave thoughts win battles; noble thoughts inspire;
And faithful thoughts in grand redeeming force
Are strong to save the erring from their ruin.
Come! Arm these ablest of earth's servitors
To fight with the great Spirit's quenchless fire
For endless good in all.

AN IMPORTANT TRIO.

BY JEANNE G. PENNINGTON.

"Heredity, Astrology, Karma—what do they mean, in the last analysis, but precisely the same thing?"

This question, put by a successful teacher of advanced thought in New York City a few months ago, was rather startling for the moment. Being merely an interpolation irrelevant to the topic under discussion, no further allusion was made to it. But later, in thinking it over, the wisdom of grouping these seemingly unrelated forces became perfectly clear.

Heredity—that bugbear to which so many of us trace all our real or fancied ills; that great volume upon whose pages are scored so many of our shortcomings and so-called defeats; that scapegoat upon whom physicians and patients alike hang the responsibility of ineffectual treatment, operations, and medicines—what is it? Simply, the direct result of *chosen* causes. You say you physically inherit rheumatism or scrofula. Why? Because your grandfather or his grandfather transmitted it to you, an unmerited as well as unwelcome legacy? By no means. But because *you* have chosen, when you stood at the parting of the ways some time, perhaps many times, that road which for you led directly to this aggregation of opinion regarding rheumatism or scrofula. Once located here, you are more or less bound to share the popular belief, and in sharing help to fasten more securely than ever the shackles of tradition upon the general mind of mankind; or to deny it, and in denying do outrage to the prejudices of those you most love, make of the family physician a

sworn enemy, array yourself on the side of the fanatics and visionaries, and brand yourself perhaps for the remainder of your natural life as mentally irresponsible and unsound.

Nevertheless, though you unwillingly invite this undesirable condition of affairs, be brave enough to deny that father, grandfather, or any other person, can have transmitted to you *any* physical or mental defect save by your own act or permission. Further, you may affirm most positively that it is your privilege to live down the idea that some time, if you are not careful, you will be convinced by actual experimental knowledge that there *is* such a thing as heredity, and that rheumatism and scrofula *do* exist. Realize thoroughly that if the weight of opinion that surrounds you, augmented by your having made all conditions favorable to the development of these diseases, is less strong than your desire to retrieve former weaknesses and blunders, you *shall* escape a personal knowledge of them. Men usually realize the opposite. If you permit fear to take possession of you, and allow even once, ever so slightly, either of these ills to touch you, you are adding new mistakes to the old list; you are forfeiting the opportunity that is plainly offered to you now to "fight the good fight" and compel your mind to master the lower material self.

Rheumatism, scrofula, etc., have their source in a higher realm than that of the physical; they are simply the outward expression of an inner condition; and, pushed to the furthest point we can now go, they represent a lack of moral development rather than a physical tendency. Most assuredly the moral should guide the mental, and the mental control the physical.

Having sown the seeds of this possible weakness of moral fibre, and of necessity received as mental vehicle, during this phase of existence, a body that would readily

respond to each mental impulse, you must now have a care that your moral unfoldment is in such ratio as to repair the weakness of the mental tissue and preclude the possibility of a physical expression of past error. In no other niche in the universe could the opportunity of outgrowing these particular deficiencies have been so advantageous as in that in which the atmosphere is surcharged and overladen with the thought and fear of these very things.

This reasoning is equally applicable to Astrology. We are told by some of the exponents of that science that, "the planets being so positioned at your birth, you are prone to such and such tendencies; because of the influence of certain conjunctions you are bound to do such and such things; you cannot escape them;" and so on through a dreary list of fatalities. Other astrologers, more liberal and advanced, teach the far more comforting philosophy that "the wise man rules his stars; only the fool obeys them."

Surely *we* have also elected to resume our human expression of life at that moment that found the planets favorably or unfavorably configurated. They did not change their positions to preside at our rebirth; but we, having disposed of our former chances as seemed good to us, did *bequeath to ourselves* the privilege of coming under the malign or beneficent aspect. Once here, the stars are not accountable, but we ourselves. As T. B. Aldrich writes:

> "Not in the fabled influence of some star,
> Benign or evil, do our fortunes lie:
> *We* are the arbiters of destiny,
> Lords of the life we either make or mar.
> We are our own impediment and bar
> To noble issues."

It is well known that no degree of strength, whether moral, mental, or physical, can be developed without

practise or exercise. If, then, some of the planets, looking down rather sardonically when we reappeared on the scene, whispered to their neighbors that we would have some work to do to regain control of energies that we had voluntarily wasted or refused to utilize in the past, so much the better. We shall have stirring, vigorous battles, and we shall not only regain all that was seemingly lost, but shall so strengthen and enrich our real selves as to force the next chart to be of less portentous promise.

"Why stay we in the world except to grow?" And how can we grow unless we find difficult (though never impossible) tasks assigned us? Yet these are but opportunities upon which the individual soul can test its strength and throw out new ripples, then soft waves, then strong currents of freshness, helping to purify and put into motion the stagnant and mistaken thought of ages regarding the limitation of man's strength and possibilities.

And Karma—the direct harvest of what has been carelessly or deliberately sown—how clearly and unmistakably does it include the other two, and is included by them! Hear the wisdom of Saint Bernard: "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and am never a real sufferer but by my own fault." I, however, should wish to substitute, for the last word, ignorance, unenlightenment, or undevelopment, being fully persuaded that all fault or sin (so called) is but another name for ignorance.

Heredity, Astrology, Karma—the dread trio—let us welcome them fearlessly, even in their worst phases, well knowing that it is through our weaknesses we become strong; through our mistakes we become wise; through our humanity we become divine; through the slow stages of imperfection all perfection is attained; and that—

"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

UNITED:

AN OCCULT SKETCH.

BY WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT, F.T.S.

"This talk of recurrent memory, reincarnation, and the like, wearies me."

"Ah, young man, the Truth often tires children. As you grow older you will know more. I meant no offense!" he hastened to add, as the color crept into the youth's face. "At your age I would have spoken as you have; in fact the white was creeping into my beard and hair before I learned to speak respectfully of things that were beyond my comprehension."

"And you now believe these occultists' assertions?"

"I know that some are true. The rest I neither believe nor disbelieve—knowing that I will be fed meat whenever I have outgrown the milk diet, which Paul prescribed for babes."

"Do you mind telling what changed your opinion?"

"Not if it will interest you—and I think it will."

Without further prelude, he continued:

"Several years ago I had left to my charge the daughter of a brother officer. To be more accurate, we *had* been brother officers in India; but I returned to England an invalid while he remained on duty. We corresponded, however, in a desultory sort of way; so I knew that he had lost his wife and that his daughter was an angel—in his eyes. Like every other father, he regarded his daughter always as a child; so I did not realize that she had reached womanhood.

"The time came when he went beyond, and she came to me. It is unnecessary to describe her. Her wonderful beauty has nothing to do with the story. She was the most intelligent woman I ever knew, and had the best disposition. She was even patient when I had the gout! In one of my moods I spoke—well, somewhat as you have. I very particularly denounced 'heathenish Buddhists.' She looked pained, and ventured to contradict me. Of course, I the more strongly asserted my belief, for it was the first time she had disagreed with me and I wished to impress her with my superior wisdom. For reply she assured me that the spirit of their religion was identical with that of Jesus; that the percentage of those who lived only by the letter was less than in England; and that she doubted whether I knew any Christians who as fully entered into the esoteric meaning of the Savior's teachings as did Buddhists whom she had known, concluding with these words: 'Understand, I am not saying that there are no heart-Christians; only that, as in the days of Jesus, most of the multitude are content with the parables, for people love darkness rather than light.'

"I was irritated, and said that I was thankful that in England we were not fakirs, believing in second sight and similar things.

" 'Have you never seen anything that mortal eyes could not classify?' she asked.

"That was a hard question, for I have had some odd experiences in my time; but I answered with the single word 'imagination.'

" 'Imagination is the most real thing in this transient personality,' she replied.

"I saw that she was in earnest, so I settled down for a good talk. She believed that she had lived on earth before, and that the memory of that past life was coming to her gradually. 'The veil is wearing thin,' she said; 'when I

am worthy, I shall know as I am known.' I felt that she gave other than the orthodox meaning to those words, but told her that she only dreamt of heaven. 'Then heaven precedes as well as follows earth-life,' she said. 'I know that I have lived before. It is borne in on me that I was a therapeutic monk. I can now almost hear the songs we then sang.'

"This was too much. I flatly contradicted her, insisting that there never were any such monks; besides, if they ever *had* existed, there were no women among them.

" 'Souls have no sex,' she quietly remarked. 'As to your other assertion, you are wrong. Even your English idol, *Britannica*, admits the probability of such an order; indeed, it states that the Apollo (or Apollonius) of the Bible was a member, and that he was instrumental in merging it into the early Christian Church. I have read every word that I can find in regard to them.'

" 'That's it,' I said, triumphantly; 'you have read so much about them that they seem real to you.'

" 'You reverse the facts,' said she. 'I was so sure that I had been one of them that I was simply obliged to find out all that I could concerning them. I know, intuitively, that the assertion that they originated antiphonal singing is correct. I try to sing their anthems, but they elude me. I feel them, but there is something lacking. I cannot begin; if I could, I know I should be able to sing them all.'

"What did I say? I laughed. Fools always do that when they are beyond their depth. She gave me a grieved look, which, as she gazed above my head, quickly changed to the most exalted expression I ever saw on a human face. It was a transfiguration—an illumination. Turning around, I saw a dazzling radiance. She sank to her knees and held out her hands, as a child to its mother, murmuring, 'My Father in heaven.' Then, from that light apparently, there came a voice like the sound of a golden

bell, chanting words in an unknown tongue. It paused, and she took up the refrain. On and on went the beauteous hymn, the voice of my ward alternating with that of the unseen being, though it was all in a language that she could not have understood a moment before. How long it continued I do not know; but the twilight and silence came together."

The old man paused, cleared his throat, and said:

"I was convinced! She *did* remember her past. I saw only a light, such as is not to be seen in the sky nor on the earth, in the form of a seven-pointed star. She saw and joined—her own soul."

LIMESTONE County, Ala., has an interesting phenomenon in an aged matron who has fallen heir apparently to another period of youth. Mrs. Polly Emery, aged eighty-seven, of excellent family, has for thirty years been an old woman with white hair, wrinkled face, and enfeebled strength. Twenty-seven years ago a dentist brother extracted every tooth from her head. About a year ago her health commenced to improve. Her strength returned, her figure became more erect, her eyes brighter, her movements more elastic. Her hair began to turn dark and her gums to swell. To-day she has a fine suit of black hair and has cut a new and complete set of teeth, has regained her erect carriage of fifty years ago, and looks like a woman thirty-five or forty years of age.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

MR. Noble Stallard, of Fairfield, can solve the most perplexing mathematical problems and he can give the time to the minute with remarkable accuracy. Many have held their watches on him and found that he never makes a mistake. He cannot explain how he does it, but he never fails. So wonderful is this phenomenon that the family have cast aside time-pieces.—*Bardstown (Ky.) Record.*

"THE faith of the future, whatever its name or symbol, will accept, transform, and transcend all that has been helpful in the creeds of the last nineteen centuries."

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

BY FRANCES B. WISECARVER.

Assuming that spiritual growth or development is being more and more sought for, and that the thinking world is turning its attention most seriously to spiritual science and philosophy, would it not be well for those who have attained soul-consciousness to try to make the way easier for others in search of the divine ray of intelligence? Without this they are as benighted travelers, with naught but the elusive star of hope ahead.

They alone that have passed through the "valley of the shadow" know the pitfalls that abound on every side. Let the seeker start upon the quest, holding himself subject to guidance or advice from some faithful one who has come forth unharmed, with face beaming with victory. No two ways are alike, save in preparing the chamber for the radiance that will sooner or later illuminate it. "Become as a little child"; go out trustingly, knowing that the light will come only after faith has opened the path. No one can show the way, or lead into the light of perfect day; but purity of thought and of desire must be absolute and unceasing: thus shall the heart be purified.

Let none aspire to this holy possession unless it be for a sacred purpose—to further the happiness of the human family. Forever cast aside those terms and appellations that proceed from wrong motives; do not confuse for a moment our beautiful philosophy with anything that ever has been or will be used for a purpose aught but pure and sacred and for the elevation of humanity.

With the development of the spiritual principle comes knowledge that never has and never can come in any other way. At the moment of its dawning we are for the first time truly conscious beings: conscious that we are immortal. What assumption of doctrinal teaching can give us that knowledge? Once attained it can never be put aside, but remains as our teacher, guide, and mentor through all time. The soul that has merely existed now begins to *live*, and the heart expands with a love and desire not previously experienced in a conscious state.

No two persons are awakened spiritually alike; therefore, the preparation should be most carefully made. Let the purpose be pure; approach the portals cautiously, trustingly, with the *ideal* ever in mind, remembering that we are subject to the law of Love alone and that there need be no compulsion. Here is where many have come to grief; for there is a tendency always to accept too much, which is far more dangerous than accepting too little. The fact should not be overlooked that it lies within one's self—one's reasoning powers—to accept only truth. The mind should be kept truly poised, not being permitted at any time to become confused.

The laws that govern these operations are not beyond our understanding; they are not supernatural, but, on the contrary, most natural, because they proceed from Nature herself. Let no man suppose that anything beyond his sight necessarily transcends that of all men. If I live in a valley, surely I cannot look upon the same landscape as he that lives upon more elevated ground. You may not be able to see the signs or figures upon an optician's chart; yet when the proper glass is adjusted to your eyes you see them most distinctly. The degree of knowledge we may acquire, therefore, depends altogether upon the conditions that surround us. No rational man, living amidst the wonders of creation, need doubt or remain in ignorance if

he will properly adjust himself to conditions leading to an understanding of the unknown—but certainly not unknowable. It all depends upon one's self. If we darken the windows of our dwelling, the sunlight will not shine in upon us. On the same principle, close your senses to everything but materiality and that is all you will receive or possess; but open the portals to spirituality and the "light that never fades" will flow in and brighten your existence forever.

GUARD THOU THY THOUGHTS.

BY HENRIETTA EDITH GRAY.

Guard thou thy thoughts!
For deeds we do and every word we speak
Are outcome of some picture of the mind;—
And thoughts are pictures. Then let thoughts be pure;
And as each image shall be true and good,
So will it be expressed in word or act.
Thoughts rule our life, our health, our happiness;
And as we think, so are we—so become.
Make noble pictures! Make the canvas broad!
Heap on the tender hues of radiant light!
Set all in just proportions, and each thing
Show forth in beauty—reach its highest law;
And make the whole a harmony divine:
No jarring tone; no careless, marring flaw.
Then frame thy image-thought in the bright gold
Of some good deed—some loving hope or prayer!

THE CIVILIZATION BACILLUS.

BY A. L. MEARKLE.

Each age has its peculiar bugbear. That of ours appears to be disease. We have seen the word "hell" banished from ethical literature; but now, instead of the preacher—warning men that to indulge their natural feelings is to endanger their souls—we have the doctor, who assures us that our unchecked emotions are a fruitful source of mental and nervous disorders. The "devil" appears in a modern avatar as *Bacillus*; and the popular mind, so tenacious of the idea that the body, with all natural emotions, must be denied in order that the soul may flourish, finds in the fear of disease the hangman's whip to keep the flesh in order. Physical fire and brimstone, the penalty for wrongdoing lately given up by the learned, reappear in lay eschatology as physical inflammation and pain—for, not only the mental scientist, but the doctor of medicine as well, now finds in the emotions a source of disease.

A writer in a medical journal, a few months ago, opened up what is called by a reviewer an interesting field of thought by warning his readers against their emotional nature as a dangerous and unsuspected nursery of physical ills. We must practise self-control, or suffer a prompt and hideous retribution in our flesh—not in a world to come, but in the present life. Now, the public has heard so much of late from the medical fraternity about the myriads of microscopic monsters in the midst of which we eke out a precarious existence, that the very word "disease" almost gives it a spasm. It expects daily to be

told about some new and deadly bacteria against whose savage wiles fresh precautions must be used or everybody will die. Bacteria, we hear, infest the food we eat and the milk our babies drink. We know that ordinary spring water should be boiled twice and filtered before being used, and that the southwest wind that sweeps so gaily over the vernal landscape floats fifteen hundred bacteria per hour into our noses, mouths, and eyes.

The usefulness of this knowledge is very evident, and no doubt bacteria now save millions of lives in the same way that pins do—according to the small boy's composition—"by not swallowing them." But an overworked theory, like a worm, will turn. And when the doctors, not content with scaring us out of our growth by the revelations of the microscope, turn to our interiors and tell us that in our very moral nature, which till now we supposed to be separated from the physical by a great gulf, lurks an insidious cause of actual disease, I feel like telling them and their bacteria to go away and leave our inward parts to the metaphysician. For what in the world shall we do if an illogical public gets the idea that neither Adam's sin nor irresponsible molecular motion, but micrococci and bacilli, are the cause of human faults and frailties? We shall soon have the expert in our courts discoursing of a kleptococcus, or an incompatibility bacillus. From "emotion causes disease" to "emotion *is* a disease" is an easy, almost inevitable step; therefore, let us pause and consider.

Does emotion cause mental and nervous disease? We all have indulged emotions of one kind or another, in the course of our lives, possibly to a degree sufficient to have given "evidence of an ill-balanced mind" if anybody was looking. Our ancestors, having no idea of the dreadful consequences in the way of neurotic constitutions they were entailing on posterity, fought and loved and laughed

and hated according to nature and their own weak wills—and thought they were advancing civilization! This shakes one's faith in ancestors and (what is worse) in civilization itself. What can be done about it? How are we to escape the frightful consequences of this huge mistake? It must be clear to any mind not utterly degenerate that the safety of the race depends on our beginning at once a crusade against emotion. Let us hope it is not too late.

We are told now-a-days that the Greeks were intellectually as much superior to us as we are to the native African. Among the intellectual legacies received from them is the Stoic ideal of subjugation of the emotional nature. Men have made little effort to realize this ideal, because, while they saw that some of the emotions were harmful, they did not know that all were intrinsically so, and they have therefore felt that Stoicism was a mistake. Perhaps, since we are informed that the danger is in emotion as such, and that (pathologically considered) a strong religious fervor must be as bad as party hatred, sympathy as discontent, love as jealousy, we may make more progress toward the cure of our mental disorders. Mr. Jevons pointed out long ago that the emotions are fundamentally a unit, lending one another their power over the moral nature. Then, if we want to make ourselves really safe against the encroachments of disease—that hydra-monster that threatens us in so many forms that it is almost "too great a risk to live"—we must eradicate all our emotions without discrimination. The person that discriminates is lost. When this is done we can smile again, knowing that though the ordinary evolved vertebrate, with his healthy human excitements, is an advance on the jelly-fish, his struggle for existence is not to be compared with that of the cool, calculating Octavius whose body and soul are never thrilled by emotional fervors.

But emotion plays so prominent a part in life that

existence without it would be "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out. Most of the phenomena of civilized life are reducible to emotion; indeed, certain emotions have been indispensable in human development. As we advance we may learn to substitute some set of rational impulses for the useful moral ones of religion, love, and patriotism: if we dispense with emotion on account of its disease-breeding quality, we *must*, of course. And need we regret it? When we say that love, religion, and patriotism have been indispensable factors in civilization, we are not saying that if those emotions had been altogether wanting in human breasts there would have been no civilization. There would have been a better one, for anything we know to the contrary. But we *have* a civilization, and we *have* emotions; and, as we always have had the latter, there is no doubt that the former, such as it is, has been formed along emotional lines.

This civilization might have been better, I admit; but, after all, it is not so unsatisfactory that we want to part with it altogether. At least we think enough of it to make the necessity of keeping it up a stock argument for perpetuating the type of religion upon which it is based. Moreover, it is not all the product of chance: it is partly the child of human volition. If evolution is civilization's father, volition is its mother, and it was not born without throes of emotion. Of course, mankind did not say to itself in the beginning: "Go to! I will become civilized!" but started out on its long journey, with no idea of its goal, in pursuit of temporary and immediate gratification; but as time went on the goal came in view, and then a higher emotion—the desire to be civilized—took the place of the lower, and chance yielded the direction of the flight to will.

All through the history, in both its stages, I view with dismay the action of desire; and I feel that to place humanity's dearest interests in the hands of emotion, which likely

enough would "cause disease" and so swamp the whole business of evolving civilization, was a very risky thing to do. It was lucky for us that *reason* got its start at about the same time, and that those irresponsible emotions of ours did not have things all their own way. Some slight headway has been made, during the course of civilization, toward subjecting them to the faculty of reason; yet even now (as we are told) they cause hysteria and hypochondriasis and enfeeble the intellect when they get the upper hand of a person. But what would have been the result if they had gained the mastery of the race in those old times before things were well started on the course they eventually pursued? This might easily have happened, if the emotions had been a little stronger or the reason a little weaker. It is just our good luck that we are not a race of neurotics or madmen, or both.

Anyhow, here we are, as we are, bearing the civilization we have achieved. We still have strong emotions, and the wonder is that natural selection did not eliminate them long ago—if they *are* really bad and deleterious. It seems to have been reserved for us to eliminate them ourselves —in obedience to the warnings of the medical writer aforementioned. Just our good luck again—for if natural selection had taken the matter in hand *we* should have been eliminated along with our emotions (that being the way natural selection works) to make room for a race born without them! Probably, however, there was no such race to take our place, and so we were left to jog along under those grievous impedimenta without ever finding out that they existed until now. We shall never know how much they have hindered us. We even think in our blind folly that they have *helped*. Much as we may strive under ordinary circumstances to control them, when we *do* yield to them we somehow feel ourselves to be nobler creatures. We live more in a minute under the sweep

of strong emotion than in weeks of jog-trot, self-complacent serenity. It gives us thrills of insight and flights of power and draughts of blessedness we can experience in no other way.

There are circumstances in which the exhibition of violent feeling by large bodies of men, where individuals do not check but excite each other, makes for social progress. If people are taught to subordinate emotion to reason in ordinary times, they are taught all the more to subordinate ordinary motives—reaching all the way from instinct to reason—to emotion in crises. These emotional crises originate religions, reforms, and benevolences, establish republics, and demolish tyrannies. They are like the fevers that leave the body in a more wholesome condition —an awful waste of protoplasm, but the quickest, perhaps the only, means of reaching the good that results.

A few persons, during the world's history, have dared to ask plainly whether, after all, what we call civilization is a good thing. The doubt is raised now and then whether mankind would not be happier and better without so much progress; but in the onward rush of conquest for commerce and the arts the doubter has been silenced, or, if not silenced, voted mad. It is generally agreed that this world is on the right tack, and that its impulse to become civilized is a healthy one. But, if emotion "causes hysteria, neurosis, and insanity," since the whole race has indulged its emotions so long and so extensively there must be an unsuspected strain of mental disease in us; and, if we are not mentally healthy, ought we to be so sure that we are right in our views about civilization, progress, etc.? Human progress is largely an outcome of the play of emotions; and, if some of the results of emotion are diseases of the brain, may not civilization itself be a disease? What if, in that remote period already referred to, the emotions *did* run away with the race? What if they *did*

have things their own way, and we are a race of neurotics, or worse, without knowing it?

We ought to be able to escape from our usual *a posteriori* point of view, in which this seems the best of all possible worlds, and to conceive for a moment that such was in fact the origin of the evolutionary process that has brought about our present ideals of morality and progress. The emotions, as we know from experience, are both unruly and tricky—capable of leading whole nations astray and making fools of them. It is possible that we have been victimized by them all along on a colossal scale. If civilization be a morbid growth, the rampant condition of our emotions after all these centuries of intellectual development can be explained—they have survived in the struggle for existence because they were part of the outfit calculated to bring about the present morbid state of things. Disease, then, must be the normal condition! Evolution, instead of eliminating disease, has fostered it! The world is a hospital and lunatic asylum combined, where disease, instead of being cured, is perpetuated!

A gruesome idea, you say? Yet how glad we ought to be that it was suggested before it became forever too late to do anything! I shall be surprised if we do not shortly hear of some bacteriologist turning from the unavailing pursuit of the cholera bacillus to that of the civilization bacillus. An aristococcus has not yet been identified; but it may be assumed that one exists without danger of gross error, since some kind of a coccus is found to be at the bottom of many varieties of mischief. Somebody will presently catch the little beast and cultivate him, and then we shall know. The same difficulties may be met in trying to nurture him as in the case of the comma bacillus, with which I understand it is impossible to inoculate the lower animals; but subjects may be induced to offer themselves for civilization in the persons of dudes, jingoes, and fad-

dists, whereupon the difficulty will be overcome. There will be no great danger connected with the experiment, for civilization, though incurable, is not necessarily fatal.

We used to shake in our shoes at the very name *Bacillus*, but we are learning now-a-days to scoff at it a little. We know, at least, that not all bacteria are disease-breeding. This world is filled with bacteria, and, if they were all fatal, we should need as many lives as a cat in order to survive even to that age when the civilization bacillus or coccus begins to affect us.

Aristococcus appears to thrive in the human subject, and at the same time to be in strange accord with our environment; for the civilization malady does not tend to run itself out, as a fatal one would, by killing off all its victims. The question is, Is our environment what it ought to be? Isn't it all wrong? Unfortunately, we cannot find an answer to this question until an aristococcus is actually discovered, and civilization thus demonstrated to be a disease—when our whole attitude toward history must change. Until then, people will of course say: "No coccus, no disease!"

Meanwhile we need to bear in mind one or two very comforting facts—that the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun; that if there is no Providence there never was one, and, similarly, if there are bacteria there always have been. Even that *fin-de-siecle* microbe, aristococcus, if there is one, has always existed, and it is still an open question whether anybody is the worse for it. Is emotion dangerous? We are at all events in no more peril than were George Washington or Alexander the Great and their contemporaries, who loved and laughed and sympathized and aspired in practical immunity from the assaults of pathogenic bacteria and of the medical genius who warns against emotionalism. Let us go and do likewise.

A DAUGHTER OF LOVE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER V.

LOST.

I went West on a journalistic mission that winter, and did not return till early in March. I reached home on the 11th of the month, and arranged to go to New York the next day and make my reports. During my absence I had heard little about my friends, and the sharpness of my interest in their affairs had been a little dulled by other events.

A great snowstorm fell in the night. That storm has never been forgotten by the inhabitants of New York. No such disaster due to the elements had been known in this region for generations. However, when I set out for the city, I had no conception of the extent of the snowfall. The wind had swept the bit of road between my house and the railway station comparatively clear, so that I had no serious trouble in reaching the train; but then the adventures began. We had two engines and a snow-plow, and forced our way slowly for several miles; but our headway gradually diminished, and at last we came to a standstill. We were in a cutting where the snow was packed fully twenty feet deep, and we had not been there long before it was piled up nearly as high behind us and was fast burying us in a white grave that shut out all external light. The fires would burn only a short time longer, and then we

should begin to freeze. The atmosphere in the cars had already become foul. We happened to be in a place where there were no houses near; but had there been, it would have been next to impossible to get to them without snow-shoes.

I had walked through the train several times, greeting several of the men whom I knew and talking over our prospects with them; a number of schemes of extricating ourselves were suggested, but none of them seemed feasible. After the last of these excursions, I returned to my seat, which I had occupied alone; to my surprise, I now found another person seated in it. He wore a fur-lined overcoat with a high collar and a fur cap. He glanced up, showing a handsome face with brilliant dark eyes. I did not recall having seen him before on the train. He inclined his head with a slight bow and said, in an agreeable voice:

"Calamity makes acquaintances. Shall I incommode you?"

"By no means," I replied. I felt an attraction to him at once.

"I know you by reputation," he rejoined, as I sat down. "I have been interested in your mission. I was in the West once myself. I know some friends of yours, too. Holinder hopes to see you to-morrow; he has something to tell you."

"It looks now as if our meeting would be delayed. But where did you know Holinder? I suppose I have heard him mention you; but——"

"I have known him a long time; also the Cathcarts and Tania. But you would hardly have heard them mention my name—Carmagno. I have a high regard for Holinder; he is capable of great things. If he can be induced to refrain from taking a step he has now in mind, there is a great future for him."

"What step is that?" I inquired, impressed by the man-

ner of this man. He could hardly be much over thirty, but his expression and tone indicated wide experience. The idea got into my mind—how I know not—that he was a personage eminent in the diplomatic service of some foreign power. High breeding, intelligence, and force characterized him in a degree I had seldom seen approached by men of any age or distinction. There was also something very winning about him. I am not, as a rule, easily influenced; but I was already conscious of a desire to stand well with this Carmagno, and even to serve him in whatever way I might. Truth, goodness, and power seemed to radiate from him.

"I was referring to his attachment to Tania," said he, after a pause. "It is very strong, and natural; it is mutual, too; but it would be the greatest pity in the world if it were consummated."

"I am sorry to hear that; it seemed such a good match to me," said I. I was also much surprised to learn that Carmagno knew the facts; Holinder had few confidants, and he had never spoken to me of this man. But of course I did not say this to my companion.

"We could talk it over better at my rooms," said he, after a moment. "Suppose we go there? It will be more comfortable than this train."

"If wishes were wings!" returned I, laughing at what I took for a jest.

"If you will trust yourself to me, it can be done," said he. "I have passed through greater obstacles than a snowstorm before now. Come!"

I cannot explain the confidence with which his words immediately inspired me. Neither, to be sure, did I at that time realize the almost superhuman difficulties that lay in our path. We could not have been less than twenty miles from New York, and to traverse that distance, under the existing conditions, might have taken two or three

days. But who could survive two or three days' exposure in that weather? Nevertheless, I at once arose and followed him down the aisle of the car. As I passed an acquaintance of mine I remember his saying, with a laugh, "Going to try it on foot, eh?" He meant it as a joke. I merely nodded, and passed on.

"You see, I was anticipating something of this kind," remarked Carmagno, turning, with his hand on the knob of the door. "I think we shall find my cutter here, with a good horse. A good sleigh-ride will do us no harm. Here; take my hand."

As I did so, he opened the door, and I felt the keen rush of air. But it seemed only exhilarating. The fine, wind-blown snow sifted about my face; but I felt equal to anything. I could discern little, but I felt I was being drawn outward and then upward over a great mountain of snow. Instead of sinking in it, I trod easily on its surface. After a few moments we seemed to have surmounted the drift, and I was now aware of something resembling a horse and sleigh standing in front of us. It was enveloped in a whirl of snow that made it look half visionary. But in a breath or two we were ensconced in it side by side, with a heavy, soft fur rug drawn up to our chins. How exquisitely comfortable I felt! We began to glide forward smoothly and swiftly.

"It won't take us long now," said the pleasant voice of my companion. "You must be tired from your long journey the last few days. A little nap will do you good. Close your eyes and take it easy; I know the way."

Yes; a delicious drowsiness crept over me. I was perfectly warm and wholly free from anxiety. The motion was most soothing: we seemed to be floating through the air. My eyelids drooped, and almost at once I must have gone fast to sleep.

I awoke much refreshed, and with a pervading sense of

luxury. It was like magic. I was stretched out in a reclining-chair, in front of a clear coal fire, which glowed and flickered in a wide grate. The room was exquisitely furnished; there was beauty, softness, delicate comfort everywhere. Over the mantel-piece was a glorious picture, representing a young woman seated on a sort of throne, listening to a veiled figure that bent over from behind. The fancy struck me that her face bore a likeness to Tania's. The ornaments and decoration throughout the room had a touch of the Oriental about them, but so modified as to harmonize with Western taste.

"You are none the worse for the trip, are you?" said Carmagno, appearing through the portière of an adjoining room. He had a flask in his hand, containing a golden-hued wine. "You slept sound: we were able to get you up here without awakening you. And now, a glass of this will set your blood moving. You are welcome here!"

"This is like an Eastern enchantment," said I, taking the glass he had filled, and pledging him. The wine had a fine, gentle bouquet that filtered like warm life into the heart. I had never felt such mental and physical well-being. I looked at Carmagno. He had removed his furs and was dressed in a caftan of dark blue silk, confined at the waist by a golden-colored sash, and leaving his round white throat and magnificent head free. He appeared in every way splendidly endowed by Nature, and in the prime of his powers.

"We can talk more at our ease here," he observed, throwing himself into a chair on the other side of the fire-place. "I see you recognize the likeness in that picture. She was not born for the common routine of life. The world has waited for her; she must not be wasted, now that she is come."

"I know her as a lovely girl. What is she more than that?" I asked.

He fixed his sparkling eyes upon me. "A lovely girl," he repeated; "but not to be loved—not to be narrowed down to a husband, however worthy. That is her temptation; she must not fall—though, beyond a certain limit, the decision must rest with her. The law of human freedom is immutable. The thing of a day may be changed or swerved aside; but not the immortals. Their temporary conditions may be modified, and some transient persuasions insinuated in that way; but the final effect must come from an independent source. The choice made in freedom is the only one that has creative power and lasts forever."

"What higher thing can a woman be than a loving and beloved wife?"

"The highest souls are solitary," said Carmagno, "and belong to no person, time, or world; the expedient that necessitated male and female does not apply to them. They are human beings in the full sense: not restricted to this planet, nor to this system. The force for good that they embody is beyond estimating. Powers meet in them that might, comparatively, be called infinite and irresistible. But they must undergo a test, trying in proportion to their possibilities. You have read how Christ was taken up into the mountain. What if he had yielded? Let all who love mankind pray that Tania may not yield!"

"What warrants you in speaking so of that girl?"

"We have known each other from the beginning," said Carmagno. "But there are things that I cannot tell you. And I ask you to help me."

"I should think that, in a matter concerning Tania, Holinder is the one you should apply to. I have no concern with her."

"You are his friend, and hers," he replied. "You can exercise a power over them that I cannot. The influence of friendship is all but the greatest. It is unselfish. In the state they are now in, their eyes are blindfolded. They

are swayed by the senses. Marriage love seems to them the highest good. And for the rest of the race it is so; but not for them. If you can save them from that, you will have deserved the favor of the immortals. And none will hereafter confess it more freely than they themselves."

"It is a serious thing to meddle with the happiness of human beings," said I. "What guarantee can I have that I shall not be working mischief?"

"What can be shown you, you shall see," Carmagno replied. "Look in this mirror."

He put in my hand a small oval looking-glass, in an old-fashioned jeweled frame. I gazed into it, speedily becoming lost in what I saw. I may refer to this vision later. I lost outward consciousness, and cannot determine how long I remained in that condition; nor am I able to say exactly what series of events followed. There is a veil over my memory during the next two days. The first clear recollection I have is of standing at the Cathcarts' door and ringing their bell. It was then three days after the great snowfall. I was admitted, and went upstairs with the freedom of an old friend. I was met by Mrs. Cathcart, who wore a strange look.

"Have you any news?" she asked.

"Of what?"

"Tania—don't you know that she is gone?"

"Gone? Where? Since when?"

"Three days ago she disappeared. There has been no trace of her since."

"Have you no clew—no suspicions?"

She grasped my hands and looked at me; there were tears in her eyes. Then, all at once, I knew that Carmagno was the man whose apparition I had seen in the gold room with Tania. And I understood much that had been dark to me.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE DETERMINATION OF SEX.

THE scientific world has recently been startled to its foundations by an alleged discovery which, if verified, bids fair to work a revolution in human society. The announcement is made by no less a personage than Professor Samuel L. Schenk, of the University of Vienna, that he has at last unraveled Nature's closely-guarded secret of the principle of sex. This question has occupied the attention of biologists for many centuries, during which a number of attempts, more or less successful, have been made to regulate the proportion of males to females in the offspring of the lower animals. And now arises a European scientist of the highest standing to declare that the whole problem resolves itself into a simple matter of *nutriment*; that his theory is applicable especially to the human race; and that, by regulating the diet of the mother, he is able to predict the sex of a child months in advance of its birth.

Observation of the fact that the blood of the male usually contains the more red corpuscles has led Professor Schenk to conclude that if the mother be nourished on food that will increase the number of these vital constituents the fœtus shall be predisposed to assume the masculine form. He claims to have made a number of successful experiments along this line, and proudly points to his own family of six sons as evidence of his capacity as a scientist as well as a father. Moreover, his services are much in demand by ladies of the nobility who dread having girl babies on account of their alleged civic or legal unimportance.

Much fancied support of the theory herein outlined is found in the well-known fact that periods of war, famine, and pestilence are invariably followed by an astonishing increase in the birth-rate of males. It is held that this results from insufficient nutrition, due to the scarcity of money and food that is among the ravages of these curses of mankind. We are of the opinion, however, that this attempt to "improve" on Nature by interfering with her laws will prove susceptible of very limited application. Nature always asserts her averages. "Male and female created He them"—the greater liability to death of one sex, under certain conditions, being always offset by an increase of such births to the same proportion and no more. Says the *Springfield Republican*:

"For forty years in Massachusetts the male birth-rate relative to the female has not noticeably changed, the number of male births to each 1,000 female births being 1,053 in the past twenty years, as compared with 1,059 in the two decades preceding, and holding at about 1,055 year by year of late. In Europe a ten years' observation in various countries revealed the fact that to every 1,000 females born an average of about 1,060 males were born, the extremes being 1,038 in England and 1,071 in Italy. This excess of male births in the long run appears almost exactly to offset the greater male death-rate: and while the distribution of sexes in particular countries is often very unequal from other than natural causes, a correct census of the civilized world to-day would unquestionably reveal practically an exact equality in the numbers of the sexes."

The fundamental error made by materialistic science, when dealing with the problems of biology, is that it leaves wholly out of consideration *the spiritual nature of life*. Sex is no more a matter of blood-corpuscles than is poetic genius. Lying much deeper than chance or human artifice will allow, and manifesting far anterior to maternal conception, sex is an eternal principle involved in the very nature of the individual being. It is not any more subject to the "control" of mankind than is the proportion of clouds to sunshine. The aftermath of war, in its effect on human offspring, instead of

supporting the low-nutriment theory of Dr. Schenk, is rather a proof of reincarnation, and of its complementary, the pre-existence of the soul. When, through the selfishness, covetousness, or "pride" of misguided men, whole bands of soldiers are shot prematurely into the other world, outraged Nature seems quickly to force them back—to complete the purposes of their interrupted incarnation.

Interesting comments on Dr. Schenk's alleged discovery have been made by eminent medical authorities in various lands; but, as usual, the "doctors disagree." Professor Virchow pertinently asks: "If the sex of a child is determined by the nature of the food eaten by the mother, how are we to account for the birth of twins of opposite sex?" This, combined with other facts of common knowledge, will doubtless put a quietus on further experiments along the dietary line. And eventually, let us hope, our friends of *materia medica* will be led to admit that natural principles can be utilized, but never successfully thwarted, by man.

AN ECHO OF THE PAST.

FOR the appended document we are indebted to the Western representative of the Society De Sigionoth, a very ancient Eastern order of Tantric philosophers. Their "Code of Reconstruction of Self" has not hitherto been published in full in English, and the following translation is direct from the original Arabic. While apparently Pythagorean in sentiment and textual embodiment, yet it is declared by the members of this order to be more than six thousand years old, though modifications of it are traceable in the rituals of the Essenes and other fraternities of less remote antiquity.

The word *Sigionoth* refers to the chanting of hymns, tunes, songs, etc., according to the fundamental chord of being. It is claimed by the society of this name that the veritable heart of God is love, sound, and color, united with the divine, creative Light that subsists anterior to all suns; that the divine root of the science of being is

contained in certain *luminous* points of vital force; that, when set in harmonious motion through octaves of sound and color, these atomic centers of vitality produce cell-life, and that through this primal agency both solar systems and the human race attain material or physical expression. It is also held that, through this ancient philosophy, students of mysticism may obtain the best knowledge of the divine *Logos*, or manifesting Word of God.

Following is the ritual to which the neophyte is required to subscribe:

"He who loves, lives; but he who loves and lives only for himself, lives in hell. He who loves and lives for others, and strives to unite his higher self with that of every other living creature, lives in heaven and shall find peace.

"I believe in the service of love and the true brotherhood of man. I believe in truth, justice, and equity among all men and to all men, and I do herein make a most solemn vow not to injure any one of my fellow-beings; and I promise ever to abstain from causing the least loss or suffering to another, unless my higher self informs me that person is intentionally injuring another. Then I shall protest.

"I fully believe in the higher selfhood of the soul—in one universal brotherhood in God. Wherefore I, by the divine light of Truth from God and good-will toward all men, do make a solemn promise and declare that I will keep a clean heart and guard my mind from sitting in judgment upon any human being—through or by the lower animal code of morals (sensual thought) in human measurement. For it is well known that any one having no moral code for determining man's higher virtues other than the standard of sex (animal man), must aid sooner or later in producing a metaphysical miasma of disease and death.

"If I pollute the mind I corrupt the heart. I have learned from the sages and prophets of old that human lips cannot be true or speak truth when the heart is corrupt; and, as it has been written, 'To the pure all things are pure,' so to a selfish and impure mind nothing can be clean or good, because the heart abides in darkness. Purity is the highest good. In true purity all is clear light. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Only through purity can

the clear light of God be seen. I will ever strive to maintain a pure heart by keeping my thoughts pure and good.

"I do most solemnly affirm that I will ever keep my higher self and heart in fellow-feeling and sympathy with my brother man—will give him the full measure of divine love. Nothing can be imperfect or impure in God's great laws, though man's way of thinking may teach him otherwise. True morality is a blending or coalescence of sympathy with action in the harmonial laws of the universe.

"I promise that I will not permit persons to remain in my presence who slander, defame, or maliciously report any calumny against another without immediately protesting, and afterward withdrawing myself from them and their associates: to which promise I most solemnly pledge my true higher self. And I shall ever strive to maintain in patience and silence the deeper will of purity, pressing ever onward to the triune center of being in God; for no human soul is ever forced into touch with the divine, creative Light—the divinity in man awaits quickening in patience ever-enduring. Opportunity is given to all; and the soul may use, neglect, or even abuse the same—as it chooses. Wherefore I solemnly pledge myself to strive to know opportunity, and to embrace it for the highest good.

"By the path and light of wisdom I have learned that every man leaves behind him mighty influences (for good or evil) that never fully exhaust themselves—be they small or great, light or darkness—in the daily life or sphere in which he lives and moves. And the Higher Wisdom shows us that the echo of good words once uttered and kindly sympathy once exercised continues to vibrate in space to all eternity.

"Hereunto, by my own free will and accord, I subscribe myself—to which may the invisible presence of the new age bear witness."

THE whole of Plato may be considered an undogmatic system of education. It is an inquiry into the nature of ideal good, and the means of realizing it in human souls and societies; for the philosophic educator is not an empirical politician, aiming successfully at the material equipment of a State: he is an improver of the mind and character of the people.—*R. W. Mackay.*

PHOTOGRAPHING THOUGHTS.

Doctor Baraduc made recently some very curious experiments, his object being to ascertain to what extent, if any, human thoughts could be photographed. He succeeded in showing that it is possible "to impress sensitive plates with invisible rays emanating from a vital fluid, of which we as yet know very little." According to scientists, his experiments can hardly be considered as being in the line of thought photography, for, however ample the evidence may be that psychical forces are at work, there is no evidence that they accomplish their work directly, or without the aid of an intermediate agency. However this may be, Dr. Baraduc's experiments caused a great sensation, and in the scientific world there was much speculation as to the possibility of making further and more reliable tests. Such tests, we are told, have been made by Mr. Inglis Roger, of Plymouth, England. An ardent photographer, he has for some time been trying to produce clear and exact photographs of human thoughts, and now at last he claims to have succeeded.

He produced his results in this way: First, he stood in front of a sheet of white cardboard, on which was drawn a cross surrounded by a circle, and at this cardboard, which was placed under a bright jet of gas, he looked steadily for half an hour. Then he removed the cardboard and put in its place a sensitive plate, at which he gazed steadily for another half hour, having first taken the precaution to extinguish the gas. Finally, he tried to develop the plate, but with no success whatever.

Nothing daunted, he resumed work next morning. Again he looked at a sheet of cardboard, on which was drawn a plain cross without any circle, and again he entered into a long tete-a-tete with the sensitive plate. On this occasion, however, he placed between his eyes and the plate a box, from which all air had been removed. His experiment over, he examined the plate and found on it two images, one representing the simple cross at which he had just been looking and the other representing the cross and circle at which he had looked on the previous evening.

Emboldened by this success, Mr. Roger determined to attempt a more ambitious experiment. He had seen a shipwreck scene in a

Plymouth theatre, in which Miss Daisy Wallace played a prominent part, and, the scene having made a strong impression on him, he determined to try to produce a thought-photograph of the actress. So his wife and he went to see her, and the result was that on the following day Mrs. Roger found herself unable to attend to any work for the reason that the actress seemed to haunt her. She finally complained to her husband, saying, "I see Daisy Wallace's figure everywhere." Then this strange scene occurred:

"When I heard these words," says Mr. Roger, "the pen fell from my hands. 'Remain as you are,' I cried to my wife, and straightway I placed a bandage over her eyes and led her into my dark-room. There I took a sensitive plate, and placing it in a proper position I arranged the box in front of it, and then, having removed the bandage from her eyes, I urged my wife to look fixedly at the plate and to think meanwhile of the actress as intently and as earnestly as possible. She did so, but only for the space of four minutes. Under these circumstances I had little hope of obtaining a satisfactory result; and yet, when the plate was developed, I found thereon a perfect image of Miss Wallace, so perfect, indeed, that it could be recognized by any one."

Mr. Roger's experiments have naturally caused a great deal of talk, especially among photographers. Of the latter many are exceedingly skeptical, insisting that more ample proof and further tests are necessary, and the editor of an English photographer's journal, in which an account of the experiments first appeared, says distinctly that he simply tells the story as he heard it, and that he is unable to give any guarantee as to the efficacy of the experiments. On the other hand, Mr. Roger's story has excited considerable interest among French scientists, and it is generally admitted that, if his experiments have really been so successful, he has accomplished work far in advance of any accomplished by Dr. Baraduc.—*New York Herald.*

TRUE worship is a venerating of the right. There can be nothing really learned, nothing really known of the superior truth, except the knowledge be reverently sought and entertained.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

Do I then believe in spirits and in spirit intercourse? Assuredly I do. For am I not a spirit, like every one of you? Do I not communicate with this visible world by my natural body, my visible apparatus of relation with the phenomenal world, without being thereby shut out from my spiritual prerogative of communicating with such other spirits as I can reach on another plane, by the spiritual body appropriate to that plane of existence? Ask me for my authority for this statement, and I point first to the ascertained facts of psychic science. But if other authority be acceptable, I may quote one whom not many will be inclined to dispute when I repeat the solemn words: "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."—*Professor Elliott Coues.*

So soon as life, the divine gift, passes into the organic structures of the human spirit, it ceases to be God's life and becomes man's life, subject to man's will, which is capable of reacting, if it chooses, against God. Otherwise it would either be God or a senseless automaton. Hence the free agency and moral responsibility of man.—*W. H. Holcombe, M.D.*

We first share the life by which things exist, and afterward see them as appearances in nature, and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and the fountain of thought. . . . We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth.—*Emerson.*

Medicine now craves above all things State protection—a very measure of its loosening hold on public love and esteem. It asks for power—not of heaven, to enable it to cure more and better, or to leave alone and "expect" more wisely—but to compel the people to submit to its authority.—*J. J. Garth Wilkinson.*

In the commonwealth of Plato, freedom is rescued and the moral character preserved by the true spirit of Idealism, depending on self-regulation, mutual co-operation, and a philosophic education of the highest kind.—*R. W. Mackay.*

LOVE means much more than blind affectionate instincts, or clinging attachments, or sudden emotions. It is far more noble than that. It is that flame in the soul, caught by the sight of superior beauty and truth and good, which animates and elevates one's whole being, bringing one into harmony with the ideas of those we love. It implies some intelligent sympathy, however small, with their best aims and purposes. Love, true love, attaches itself to that which is better, nobler, higher than what we have in ourselves. Love looks up to receive a higher influence—to be inspired by a purer life. Love must elevate us, or it is not really love.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

CRIME and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.—*Emerson.*

THE sad experience of thirty years has shown that political enfranchisement of itself is not freedom, nor is it even a bettering of conditions. Only personal virtue constitutes liberty; to be skilful, industrious, thrifty, with resolute purpose, will make men equal to their fellows.—*Alexander Wilder, M. D.*

AN uncontrolled bad temper marks the extreme limit of individualism. It is a trespass on every one's rights and happiness—a flagrant violation of the rudimentary laws that bind men together. —*Rev. Lyman Abbott.*

IF good men were to govern a country for a hundred years in succession, they would be able to transform those who are violently bad and to dispense with capital punishments.—*Confucius.*

IN this little nutshell of entire unselfishness lies enwrapped the open secret of God.—*Jonathan B. Turner, LL.D.*

EVERY noble work is at first impossible.—*Carlyle.*

A MAN of original power of mind can never be confined within the limits of a single field of interest and activity, nor can he ever be content to bear the marks and use the skill of a single occupation. He cannot pour his whole force into one channel; there is always a reserve of power beyond the demands of the work he has in hand at the moment. Wherever he may find his place and whatever work may come to his hand, he must always be aware of the larger movement of Life that incloses his special task; and he must have the consciousness of direct relation with that central Power of which all activities are inadequate manifestations.—*Rev. Lyman Abbott.*

IT is the eternal nature of the soul to appropriate and make all things its own. Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue—is not that mine? His wit—if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.—*Emerson.*

THE only money of God is God. He pays never with anything less or anything else. The only reward of virtue is virtue: the only way to have a friend is to be one.—*Emerson.*

SOCIETY is an arrangement for producing and sustaining human happiness, and temper is an agent for thwarting and destroying it. —*Henry Drummond.*

ONE blood rolls uninterruptedly, an endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and, truly seen, its tide is one.—*Emerson.*

TO THE poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine.—*Emerson.*

IT would be hard to find a civilized people who are more timid, more cowed in spirit, more illiberal than we.—*Emerson.*

"HE that uses his own will to establish his moral strength will soon find a divine guidance."

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

CLAIRVOYANCE. By J. C. F. Grumbine. 109 pp. Cloth, $3.50. Published by the author, Chicago.

A series of twelve lessons that embody a system of philosophy concerning the law, nature, and unfoldment of the clairvoyant faculty. The author is instructor of the Chicago School of Psychical Sciences and claims to be a seer. He puts forth the present volume as a product of direct illumination under the guidance of a band of spirits known as "The Order of the White Rose." It is something of a novelty to find an "inspirationally received" book properly punctuated, typographically correct, and showing some regard for the syntactical requirements of the language. The illiteracy that distinguishes most spiritistic literature is perhaps its greatest drawback; but here we have a work of genuine literary merit. It covers a wide field, conveys a message of personal instruction to the reader, and points out an alluring goal of true spiritual development. While it is probably the best work on the subject of clairvoyance issued thus far, yet we fear that, in this age of cheap literature, its high price will seriously interfere with its usefulness.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH. By Harriet B. Bradbury. 103 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. The Philosophical Publishing Company, publishers, Boston.

An excellent little book on the science of spiritual healing and true philosophy of life. It is admirably fitted for the perusal of those who have been repelled from an examination of the claims of spiritual science by the fanaticism and personality worship of certain schools. It is written without emotion or sentimentality, presenting the pure principles of the New Thought in simple and practical form, divested of the mystical jargon and platitudes that so obscure the truth in much of this literature. The "philosophy" is inoffensively stated, no matter from what standpoint it be regarded; and the author is entitled to our gratitude for embodying the subject in this succinct and convenient form. The book is an assured convert-maker.

A MANUAL OF MENTAL SCIENCE. By Jessie A. Fowler. 235 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Fowler & Wells Company, publishers, New York.

The sub-title of this book is "Childhood: its Character and Culture," which more accurately furnishes the key to its subject-matter. While intended primarily as a text-book for teachers, yet it appeals with peculiar force to all who have any share in the education or care of the young. From the purely metaphysical standpoint the work cannot be fully commended—the spirituality of mind and of mental operations in general has but little credence in its pages. Based chiefly on phrenology, physiognomy, and other semi-material sciences, it seems to us to transpose cause and effect in many instances. More clearly, however, than any similar book, it points out that craniological peculiarities and brain conformation are but *symptoms* of an interior mental state, which should first be reckoned with. The volume is embellished with a number of diagrams and charts and over fifty half-tone illustrations.

THE DREAM CHILD. By Florence Huntley. 229 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, Chicago.

This intensely interesting romance has reached its fifth edition—a success that is no doubt due in part to the scarcity of volumes of fiction that inculcate metaphysical principles. While suggestive of Marie Corelli's best work, it is yet in no sense imitative. What love really is, or should be when it has a sexual basis, is shown in an admirably pure and cogent way. It is pointed out that the penalty for wrongdoing is a *duty* to perform, and the obligation proceeds, not from the fiat of any judge, but from natural law. The mysticism of the East is beautifully blended with the metaphysics of the West, and the correlated doctrines of reincarnation and Karma are practically applied to Occidental conditions.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RHYMES OF REFORM. Poems. By O. T. Fellows. 54 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Pasadena, Cal.

ZODIACAL INFLUENCES. By Charles H. Mackay. 26 pp. Paper, 30 cents. T. J. Gilmore, publisher, Chicago.

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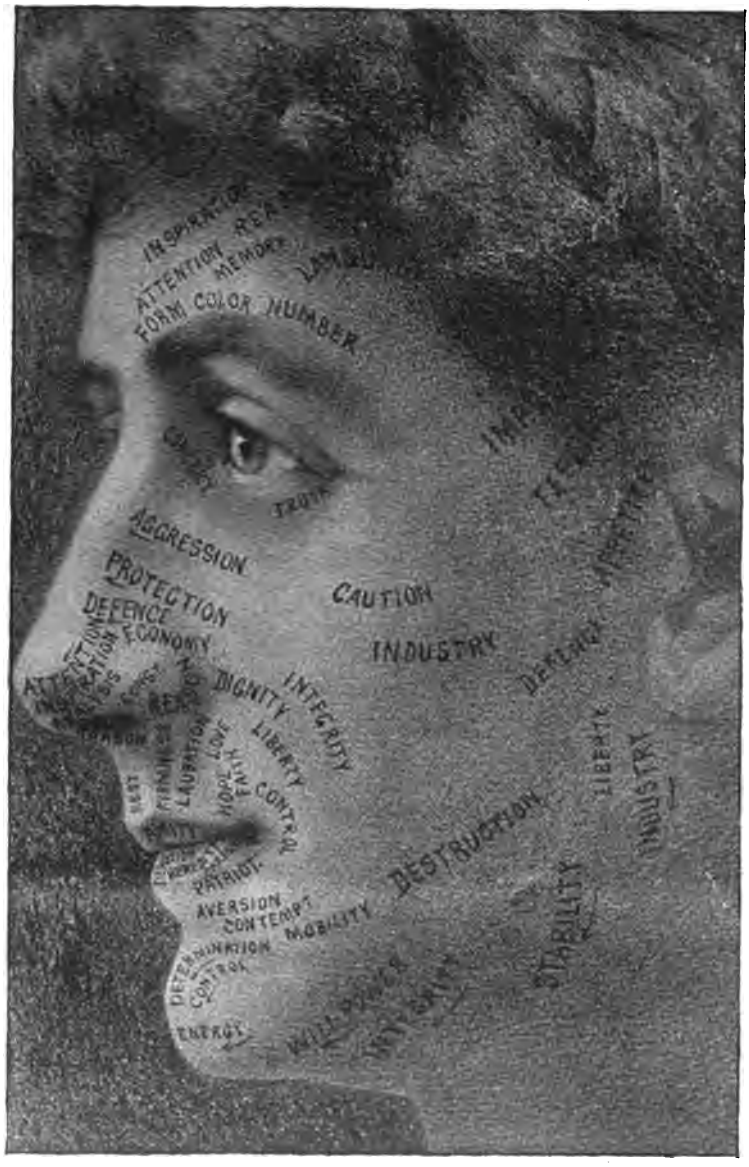

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